CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 108,000.

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# TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

OUR NEW CHINA SET OFFER. SEE FOURTH PAGE.

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## Poetry.

### OLD AUNT MARY'S.

Wasn't it pleasant, oh brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth, when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the Sunday wood in the kitchen too,
And we went visiting "me and you,"
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear to-day,
Though I am as bald as you are grey—
Out by the barn lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dusk again,
As light as the tips of the drops of rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's!

We cross the pasture and through the wood
Where the old grey snag of the poplar stood;
Where the hammering red-heads hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the clearing sky
And lolled and circled as we went by
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again,
And the teams we met and the countrymen;
And the long highway with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind and our hearts ahead,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof! And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see,
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

And, oh, my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits to-day
To welcome us. Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering "Tell
The boys to come!" and all is well
Out to old Aunt Mary's.
—[James Whitcomb Riley.

### AN OLD SAW.

If Christmas day on Thursday be
A windy Winter ye will see;
Windy weather in each week
And hard tempests, strong and thick.
The Summer shall be good and dry;
Corn and beasts shall multiply,
That year is good for land to till;
Kings and princes shall die by skill.
If a child born that day shall be,
It shall happen right well for he;
Of deeds he shall be good and stable,
Wise of speech and reasonable.
Whoso that day goes thieving about,
He shall be punished without doubt;
And if sickness that day betide
It shall quickly from thee glide.

## Our Story Teller.

# HIS FINANCIAL FAILURE

### A PICTURE OF OILDORADO,

BY STEPHEN W. BOLLES.

Written for THE BLADE.

I.

IF THERE ever had been an odor of spruce, and pine, and hemlock about The Bend, it had disappeared before Paul Weston came. Perched in a straggling row, upon the hillside, looking down into Roaring creek and a valley of innumerable new derricks and strong, ill smelling tanks of crude oil, it had lost its glory to a lover of nature and settled down in o a home of sordidness. A few of the leading citizens of former days; the postmaster, the keeper of the village inn, and the blacksmith, told glorious tales of the healthfulness and romantic beauty of the spot before Progress and Col. Bainbridge came. But Paul Weston could see nothing in it which bore the faintest evidence of poetry, romance, or glory. As he stood on the long verandah of the Hotel Cumberland, and looked out upon the hillsides half covered with snow; the dark deciduous trees, with their limbs nearly nude, standing out in greater prominence because of the few hemlocks and pines growing near by, he wondered how people lived in such a wretchedly dreary wilderness. The Bend was a town of shanties, and tents. It was the typical Oildorado city. They were numerous in the days from '63 to '78, and even down to '82. There was the same odor of petroleum; the same crowd of blue overalled men; the same sort of stores and shops; the same fraternity which drank and gambled; the same painted women; and the few capitalists and speculators, seen in all of them.

The sun had set behind the long, cold blue line of hills, to the West, and the air was frosty, but Weston did not go inside the close and hot hotel. Down the street, the lights began to glare out upon the frozen mixture of mud and snow, from many windows, and the crowd passing from saloon to saloon increased in size. Dozens came from the hillside and the valley, where they had been working at the derricks, and Weston listened curiously to the peculiar technicalities in their conversation. He buttoned his overcoat about him, at last, and strolled down the street.

He had arrived in The Bend an hour before, entering in truly royal style for Oildorado, having been perched high upon a heavy wagon seat beside a driver who hurried his horses desperately and recklessly over logs and through wood ruts, with apparently no thought but the journey's end. The largest building in town, and in front of which the Jehu stopped, bore across its verandahed front, in letters of blood-red, "Hotel Cumberland."

The clerk behind the counter arranged his paper collar and smoothed his greasy necktie as Weston entered and wrote his name on the register.

"Is Col. Bainbridge in town?" he asked of the clerk.

"Naw! Gone to New York."

"When will he be back?"

The clerk marked "S" on the register in pencil before he answered.

"Dono."

"Has he—ah! a family here?"

The clerk looked at Weston sharply.

"He did, but took it with him."

"Does he have a house here?"

"Yes."

"Leave anyone in it?"

The clerk pulled his moustache nervously, and looked at Weston again. The pale, thoughtful face of the well dressed man brought the answer which he would have been suspicious of giving to anyone else.

"Yes, the man."

"Col. Bainbridge has a business partner?"

"Not as anybody knows of."

Paul Weston mechanically fingered the corners of the register leaves and looked at the clerk without speaking.

"Well?"

"Show me to my room."

Amazement was expressed in the face of the clerk. He looked at Weston.

"Well, I'll be d——d! Room! You ain't up in oil towns!"

"I don't think I am," replied Weston, uncertain as to what he should do.

"Got a sleeping-place, but nary a room."

"I'll take that, then;" and getting a check for his gripsack, went out into the air. The close bar-room choked and stifled him.

"She's gone!" he ejaculated, as he went outside.

II.

Paul Weston had lived to the age of 26 without having achieved any particular fame and no fortune. He had graduated at college, knowing more of foot-ball than Latin, and gone out to struggle in the world immediately after. He had first written for magazines, but that was too precarious a mode of livelihood to follow. He had cut miscellany for the supplement of a Sunday paper, but it had in it too much of the machine for him. His verse made some very pretty pages in children's papers, but he felt shamefaced every time he saw one of them. As a newspaper correspondent he had spent a few months of each year at seaside or mountain resorts, and knew a great many people socially. There was good blood in Paul Weston, as the censors of society count blood. He was the only one left of a family of five. As the days passed he found himself drifting nearer and nearer Bohemia; and he had always been a hater of Bohemianism. But he knew his own nature so well that he realized, should he ever enter its domains, he would never escape. Sometimes he felt like taking a mad plunge and never swimming out. Lately he had done better. He was the associate editor of the *Magazine of Progress*, and was rising.

The glories of a single life had been a theme upon which he had dwelt with pleasure and earnestness. Indeed, the best hit he ever made in magazine work was an analytical paper in a Sociological Quarterly, wherein he had successfully established that the present system of marriage was a failure.

He was poor. All he had was his salary and he spent nearly every cent of that week by week. Thus he had arrived at the age of 26 a handsome, well-dressed gentleman, without a penny, as pennies are enumerated, and found himself thinking seriously of marriage.

Weston's dark and earnest face had never been more earnest than when he once read a paper before a literary club in Boston on the wrong married men, engaged in literary pursuits, did both to themselves and the unnocent wom enthey had selected. But he had changed of late. All his fine theories had been crushed. His eye was just as bright; his face a trifle paler, perhaps, but he was just as strong, just as athletic as when he had been center rush at Princeton. The change was inward. He felt a new emotion stirred within him; one which on the death of his mother he had let die out, and since, women had been nothing to him, except, perhaps, like flowers and pictures, things to admire.

He was angry at himself for it at times, but each time he surrendered, and let his sensibilities master his will. This was what had taken him away from his work in December, and brought him down into the Roaring Creek Valley in winter time. *She* was at The Bend, and he must see her and end the war in his breast and brain. Uncertainty kills many people each year, and Paul Weston was floundering in a sea of Doubt.

Weston had walked two blocks when the heavy stage coach, drawn by four horses, came down the street at a gallop and halted at a building close by him. His head swam, and every nerve in his body tingled as he heard a voice from the interior—a merry, laughing voice, full of sincerity. It was saying something very common-place, but the sentence was music to Weston.

"Let us walk. It will save the horses, and it is so muddy. Why, if we'd tip over it would bury me, along with the coach."

"Just as you say, Dot," and a silk hat, followed by a bearded face and a body came through the stage door.

Weston leaned against a post in the shadow, as he watched.

*She* came.

I don't believe she would have been a model for a venus in face, or ever get her picture into the newspaper columns among "Beautiful Americans," though the editor of the *Valley Signal* always referred to her as "the handsome and accomplished daughter of Col. Bainbridge."

Her eyes were bright, her cheeks just ruddy enough, her mouth a bit too large, her hair brown and wavy; her step was elastic, and she knew how to dress.

Weston's heart beat violently. The woman he loved was before him. He had not seen her face for two months, and then they had parted in the same perfunctory manner that summer guests at a hotel usually do. Did she love him? That was the uppermost question. He had come to Roaring Creek to find out. He had lived without knowing the answer as long as possible.

Col. Bainbridge aided her from the stage with the stiff courtesy which had given him the reputation for being pompous. It was a little too deliberate however. In leaping out Miss Dorothy caught her foot in one of the loose planks of the sidewalk, and would have fallen.

As Weston caught her, he felt that for once in his life that he was fortunate. She faced him at last.

"Paul!—Mr. Weston!"

"Miss Bainbridge!"

She laughed lightly as she pushed away the hand which had gently pressed hers.

Col. Bainbridge was looking sternly at Weston.

"I beg your pardon—" he started to say.

"Oh! it's Mr. Weston, papa," interrupted Miss Dorothy. "You remember I spoke of meeting him last summer at May's. Isn't it strange, too?" and she laughed merrily.

Col. Bainbridge extended his hand.

"I am glad to meet you, sir. Are you going to be long in town?"

Weston looked at Dorothy. She turned her face away and began to prod the walk with her umbrella. He stammered his reply.

"Only a day or so."

"Well, we must see you at the house before you go," said the colonel. "This is a dreary place to a stranger, as I take it you are, though Dorothy and I find that by a liberal use of money we can get along even here. My business is here and Dorothy and I prefer this to being separated."

"Yes, Mr. Weston, you must come and call upon us. I want to talk New York to you, so much. To think you should save me a fall the first thing. How clever of you, wasn't it?"

III.

She was gone—and Weston still remained by the post. He had always known he should dislike the colonel, and it was no surprise to him, that he did not change his mind at the first meeting. Col. Bainbridge had evidently, so Weston judged, one object in life, and that was money. He felt a heart-sinking as he thought of his own salary, so small, compared to the princely income of the colonel.

"Colonel Bainbridge must be worth half a million," said some one passing.

"Weston, you're a fool!" he said to himself. "What business have you to marry? Love and marriage are pretty things to write about, but are fit only for millionaire nobodies and brainless recipients of stated incomes, in real practice. What would brains count with Bainbridge? Bah! If I won the prize for the highest literary work, or became a French Academican, he would sneer at me, and show the latest bond quotations."

He walked on down the street, down the long slope, until he came to a little footbridge over the turbulent creek. For a short time he stood watching the eddying and swirling waters below. They were a welcome change from the rush and push of the street. There was a song in this splashing and leaping even though the water was scarcely visible in the gathering darkness.

What should he do? Give it up, return to New York, and go on writing, digging, plodding, rising perhaps to be great and famous? But that ache in his heart, that discontent, which rose at the very thought: would that go away? She had called him Paul. It was her first word. It doubtless came from her heart. But he had seen so many of these financial marriages, that his confidence was very weak.

Why not go to money-getting?

The question came with startling suddenness. Others had grown rich, why not be? With a fortune he could lay it at her feet and demand her hand of the sordid Bainbridge.

Become a money-getter; lay away the ambitions of his life, and drop into the procession which crowded and struggled and fought for the dollars! It staggered him. He pressed his hands to his temples. They were hot and throbbing. Stand still, he could not, and moved on across the bridge, and into the road which led through the woods. A by-path in the snow caught his eye, and he followed it.

How could he start? In his pocket he had $500. It was every dollar he had in the world. It was too small—too insignificant to think of. An oil derrick loomed up in front of him. The huge walking beam was moving up and down. The men at the drill paid no attention to him. They were talking earnestly. Something in their words made Weston listen.

"The old man will be fooled on this hole," said the tall one.

"Yes, he will. He thought she'd be dry," answered the other.

Weston drew near, but unseen.

"Wish't I had the stuff. I'd buy her."

Silence for a few moments as they adjusted a rope.

"What'd he take?"

"Five hundred for the chance."

"She's worth five thousand before Christmas."

"The colonel hain't made all he's going to out of Roaring Creek holler yet. This hole will be givin' him a heap by Christmas time."

Preston walked away. He had come to a hasty conclusion. "By Christmas," he repeated, "and for $500."

IV.

Weston had called twice at the home of the Bainbridge's, before the week was over.

"Papa tells me you are speculating a little yourself," said Miss Dorothy on the second evening.

"A little," replied Weston. "I have leave of absence until New Years, and that gives me three weeks in which to make a fortune."

"Look out, you are not disappointed. Are you like all other men? wild after money?"

He stammered a reply. "Well, money is a good thing to have."

"But it isn't everything, Mr. Weston. It's a hard master."

"You are philosophical, Miss Bainbridge." In a moment he had added, "It is not for myself that I want a fortune. It is ——"

The sentence was never finished. Col. Bainbridge entered at this point. Weston excused himself a few moments later.

He went immediately to his oil well. He was becoming an enthusiast in the venture. If he struck oil, he would have to pay a thousand more; if he failed, the five hundred dollars in Col. Bainbridge's pocket was all he would be out. That was a good deal, but, on the other hand, if he won! Ah! if he won? If the drill went into the sand when the men said it would, and the black, greasy fluid gushed forth? He would then be on the high road to wealth, and wealth meant Dorothy. He dreamed of fortunes, of palaces of his own; of fountains of gold; but most of Dorothy.

He kept away from her now, and only called once before the 23d of the month had come.

"We shall know to-night," the boss driller had said.

"Any signs?" asked Weston, anxiously.

The driller's face bore a look of disappointment.

"I won't lie to you, Mr. Weston. She'll probably be a dry hole. We'll know by 8 o'clock in the morning."

Weston did not go away that night.

I need not give details. At 9 o'clock the boss turned to Paul:

"No use. I'm blamed sorry. She's dry as a bone."

V.

The fortune had disappeared in a moment. Paul Weston, in the little room at the Hotel Cumberland, which the clerk had finally conceded him, sat with bowed head. He was crushed. Once he thought of suicide, but he was too strong-minded for that. The ache in his heart was driving him mad. He broke once into loud cursing, but horror-struck, became silent again. He looked in the mirror. His face showed the agony he was passing through. It was the first fierce struggle of his life. Everything had been so smooth until Dorothy had come into his existence. But he had no words against her. He preferred the pain, the terrible disappointment, and all, to having lived without knowing her and loving her. He must have money. He must. And he repeated the sentence continally. He took no heed of the day and only ate a mouthful of food, brought to his room. Several people wished to see him, but he excused himself on the grounds of illness.

He never for a moment thought that she might accept him without a fortune. He loved her so madly that he could not think of speaking to her of his emotions without knowing that she must answer yes. His head felt so dizzy. His eyes were staring; his blood hot. The excitement of the week had kept his appetite down, and it was telling upon him. He rose to cross the floor, something snapped in his head, he reeled and fell across the bed.

It was dark when he awoke. Who was he? Where was he? He could not answer for a moment. It seemed as though he was a new and strange man. Paul Weston was no longer there. He heard voices in the next room and stealthily crept across the floor and listened. They were talking about money. Every instinct was awake.

"Where is it?"

"In the top of the big desk.?"

"Bah! am I a fool."

"No, no. You don't understand. The $50,000 was put in the desk because it was safest."

"How, safest?"

"Because, burglars would go for the safe first. Bainbridge is watching."

"He's a good watchmon. I'll bet he's sound asleep before midnight."

"Well he's good for it, that's one consolation."

"Yes."

"Bainbridge said he would stay at the Globe company's office. He would be in the back room, and no one could enter without disturbing him."

"He was probably afraid the rest would not be equal to a burglar."

Weston heard them go out and down the stairs. He rose and searched for his coat in the darkness. Without uttering a word, he went down into the bar-room. He had not been so cool for two weeks. It was 15 minutes past eleven.

"At midnight he will be asleep," rang in his ears as he stood in the veranda, and looked down into the silent valley.

VI.

Paul Weston had determined to have the $50,000 in the Globe company's office. The few hours had changed him completely. Speaking with me about it afterward, as he told this story, he had but one excuse; he was insane. The events which led up to this mental breakdown; the crushing out of Paul Weston, scholar, literateur, and respectable citizen, and made Paul Weston, the cool, scheming villain of an hour, have been briefly told. Money was in that office, and he must have it.

The Globe company's office was away from other buildings in a dark part of the street. Weston strolled by it, and then went into a saloon. He scarcely recognized his own face in the glass. The next two hours he spent in the drinking places and the concert hall. It was nearly 2 o'clock when he stole through the shadow and to the rear of the office. Everything was silent as death about the place. The night watchman had gone by a few minutes before, and was out of hearing. Weston drew a chisel from the folds of his overcoat, and in a second had pried open the door. It made so little noise that he halted, almost afraid to push it back. Slowly he opened it, standing to one side for fear of bullets. Still no sound. He entered cautiously. A dim light burned in the front office.

His head whirled so much that he leaned against the wall for support. Twice he listened but heard only a man's deep breathing. Assured that Col. Bainbridge slept, he gained the front office, and crept to the desk. He had no fear. There was no feeling of guilt as he touched the rolling top. The curtains were drawn and no one could see from the outside. He rose from his stooping posture, and as the top of the desk rolled back easily he gave a gasp and fell to the floor.

The money was gone.

Weston did not faint. With a shudder of horror he gained his feet and staggered out of the room and into the open air. He could hear Bainbridge breathing heavily in the rear office.

Weston had come back to himself.

He had been mad. He realized it. The reaction made him weak and faint. He went on down the hill and toward the bridge. "Great God! how narrowly he had escaped," he thought. But the money? It was gone. Some one had been there ahead of him.

He stood for a few moments on the foot bridge looking into the water. It was growing lighter now. The heavy clouds were scurrying away, and the stars were shining. He wondered if the water was cold and how hard a death drowning would be. The rustle of garments roused him. A woman was coming hastily toward the bridge.

Something in her walk set his heart beating. Instinctively he stopped in front of her.

"Dorothy!"

Her face was pale, her eyes open and staring. She was gazing straight ahead, but she was asleep. This cry awoke her. She halted, looked at him in dismay, an expression of horror came into her face. Two packages which she pressed tightly in her arms were dropped, and she slipped past him, running down the road like a deer. It was in a direction away from the Bainbridge house. Weston saw it, stooped and picked up the packages.

A suspicion broke upon him. He tore a corner of one of them open; bank notes greeted his eye. Without a word he followed Dorothy.

"She has saved me," he whispered to himself, "saved me!" He could hear her deep breathing. She dropped something, a slipper, and he picked it up."

"Dorothy, it is I—it is Paul!" he exclaimed in a tone just loud enough for her to hear.

She stopped suddenly and dropped to the ground. Weston was by her side in a moment.

What was said on that occasion will never be known to anyone except Paul and Dorothy. Weston would never tell me, and I never pressed the question.

VII.

The sun light was streaming in long shafts across the sky above Ransom's Hill, touching the snow piles here and there with bits of brilliant color, making the dark green hemlocks look even darker; the peaks of the ridge beyond to stand out like grim giants, and the valley below, just beginning to break into life, damp and cold. The stage coach was whirling in a mad race around the dugway on Gordon's ridge. Paul Weston, from his seat beside the driver gazed back. He could hear the murmur of Roaring creek, could see the tops of derricks here and there; even the one he had called his own. "What a glorious Christmas day!" he thought, and then said it aloud.

"You bet," said the driver.

And Weston's heart answered in the slang phrase, "you bet."

* * * * * * *

When the secretary of the Globe Oil company went down to the office in the morning he was surprised at the state of affairs. The desk in which the money had been kept was open, and the two bundles of bank bills were in the rear office, with Col. Bainbridge fast asleep. It was with the utmost difficulty he was awakened, and was then loud in his protestations that he had been chloroformed.

I may say the mystery was never explained to these gentlemen.

"Dorothy, my darling, I want to ask you a question," said Paul Weston to his wife a year afterwards.

"You may, but just one."

"It's about last Christmas morning."

"I guessed as much," she replied, smiling.

"What would you have done with that money?"

"I should have given it to you for a Christmas present. You were such a financial failure."

Weston reddened and turned his head away. She did not know how near he had been to being a moral failure.

* * * * * * *

"The irrational mind," says a noted writer on mind and nervous diseases, "appears to be a necessary corrollary to human existence. Every person is insane at some period of their lives."

### BY A LITTLE GIRL.

#### She Gives Her Childish Ideas About Boys.

My answer to a boy:

You say girls are a nuisance in a family, will tell you a few facts. You say that a girl will eat all the candy that is brought into the house, but I never saw a boy when there was candy in the house but what had his mouth full all the time.

Boys are always throwing their things around the house, and then storming around the house, turning things topsy-turvy because they can't find them.

When you want a small boy to help entertain company he acts foolish by lying down on the floor and kicking. That is, a small boy.

As for being out nights, they are out and stay out as long as they please. They have their latchkey, and come and go as they please. If their father and mother go to bed early, he tells them in the morning that he was in before 10, so they let it pass. It goes on, and he is ruined by having a key.

If a girl goes to a party she is told that her father will be after her at 10 o'clock. A boy goes, stays as long as he pleases, and goes home with a girl if he likes.

If a boy sees his sister walking with a boy, he will go home and tell his mother and father that he saw her walking with such a one, and then she will get a lecture from her mother.

A boy is forever bragging about what he can do. In vacation he has a fine time. A girl has to help take care of the baby or practice music or singing.

If a boy is sent to a store on an errand he meets a boy; he puts down his can beside the fence and on he goes, fishing, or playing ball, or something, forgets his can, and mother is wating for the oil; but she waits in vain. He comes home toward night and is asked where the oil is. Why, he forgot all about it—he had such a fine game of ball!

There are lots more disagreeable things about boys, too numerous to mention.—[Lewiston Journal.

### THE GIDDY GIRLS.

The girl with the reddest cheeks will, when she sees a mouse, change to a yeller.—[Boston Traveler.

A seaside engagement, Alicia, is like a politician after election, because it is always "broke."—[Boston Traveler.

A girl should remain under her mother's wing—especially if she's a little chic.—[Richmond Recorder.

He—"I love you passionately, my darling." She—"Ah! That remark has the genuine engagement ring."—[Town Crier.

Ethel—"How do I look in this dress!" Maud—"Charming. Isn't it wonderful how much a dress can do for one?"—[Munsey's Weekly.

Rural Auntie—"My dear, your mother tells me you are going to get married." Miss De Fad—"Yes, Auntie, it's all the style now."—New York Weekly.

Miss Slimpurse—"Of all things! Here comes Clara Shortcash with a fur cloak on." Miss Nocash (shivering)—"I should think she'd roast."—[New York Weekly.

### "The Results."

The occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Representative C. B. Smith, of West Virginia, which happened last Wednesday, was called to his mind by the following dispatch, received by him from his children:

"PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Dec. 10, 1890.

"Hon. C. B. Smith, House of Representatives:

"Is marriage a failure? December 10, 1865. "THE RESULTS."

Representative Smith sent in reply:

"Marriage is not a failure, and I hope the results' will not be."

### REVERSIBLE WHIST.

#### To Make the Game a Better Test of Skill.

Few have enjoyed the pleasure of reversible whist. The improved method, as given herewith, is not a theoretical one but is the survival of the fittest as evolved from an entire winter's play. The object aimed at was, by exchanging hands between opponents after a fixed number had been played and then playing these same hands again, to determine from the resulting score by tricks the comparative skill with which each side managed any particular hand, and from the higher of the totals also as to the entire game.

The number of hands to be played before reversing was fixed at twenty as a minimum, and necessitated that number of packs of cards. As, however, each pack was used so little, cards of a high quality were not required, and cards costing $1.50 per dozen were found sufficiently good. A hand having been dealt—it being immaterial as to the first dealer—each one recorded it upon a small slip of paper, at the same time marking on the opposite side the number of the hand, and, in the case of the dealer, the trump, also. After the hand was played, each one by means of his slip picked out his cards, and with a gum band around it and the numbered slip on top, placed it in a small box provided for each player. At the end of the twentieth hand the cards in A's box were transferred to Y's, those in Y's to B's, those in B's to Z's, and those in Z's to A's, and the reversing play began, the trump card being turned by the one holding slip so marked. The score of one of our games is given below.

There are many no doubt who will at once condemn this method as entailing too much preparation and paraphernalia, but I feel assured that any such who are true lovers of the present game will become so much interested after one trial of the "reversible" as to refer to the old game as "ordinary whist."

SCORE NO. 2.

| Hands. | First time A.&B. | First time Y.&Z. | Second Time A.&B. | Second Time Y.&Z. | Totals A.&B. | Totals Y.&Z. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 4 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 12 | 14 |
| 2 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 12 | 14 |
| 3 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 13 | 13 |
| 4 | 1 | 12 | 13 | 0 | 14 | 12 |
| 5 | 9 | 4 | 1 | 12 | 10 | 16 |
| 6 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 9 | 12 | 14 |
| 7 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 14 | 12 |
| 8 | 4 | 9 | 9 | 4 | 13 | 13 |
| 9 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 13 | 13 |
| 10 | 3 | 10 | 10 | 3 | 13 | 13 |
| 11 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 13 | 13 |
| 12 | 0 | 13 | 13 | 0 | 13 | 13 |
| 13 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 9 | 12 | 14 |
| 14 | 9 | 4 | 3 | 10 | 12 | 14 |
| 15 | 10 | 3 | 3 | 10 | 13 | 13 |
| 16 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 14 | 12 |
| 17 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 14 | 12 |
| 18 | 10 | 3 | 3 | 10 | 13 | 13 |
| 19 | 4 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 12 | 14 |
| 20 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 13 | 13 |
| T'l | 126 | 134 | 129 | 131 | 255 | 265 |

—[New York Times.

### JUST FOR FUN.

What a shock it is to find out that the man whose conversation you have been admiring is not worth a dollar.—[Indianapolis Journal.

Shattuck—"How are your bantams growing, Dinwiddie?" Dinwiddle—"Finely, finely! They are getting smaller every day."—[Inter Ocean.

"Your bookkeeper is quite an expert in accounts, isn't he?" "I should say so; he owns a trotting horse and three suburban residences."—[Washington Post.

"Yes, I once failed for a hundred thousand," remarked the red headed man who hadn't treated yet. "You see the girl was worth that in her own right and refused me."—[Philadelphia Times.

"I have thought of one or two clever things in my lifetime," said Willie Wishington, "but I didn't say them." "Why not?" "It would have been such a disappointment whenever I opened my mouth afterward."—[Washington Post.

### It Has Caught On.

The officer had interferred and broken up a row among a lot of boys in Essex street, and then called to one and said:

"Now, then, tell me what this ruction was about."

"Well," replied the boy, "me and Wounded Knee were coming along here, and we met Man-Afraid-of-his Horse. He struck us for ten cents. Just then Man-on-a-Buffalo came up and give us—"

"What on earth do you mean?" interrupted the officer.

"And then Mud-on-his-Back, Man-who-talks, and Fire-on-a-Hill cum along and put in their gab, and—"

"Who are all these boys?" demanded the officer, in great astonishment.

"And the first thing I knew Walk-Down-a-Hill he hauled off and hit White Crow on de chin, and den Little Antelope he guv it to Bear-in-the-Night on the eye, and we was retreating to the Rose-bud when you cum up and skeer the life out of every Sioux and Cheyenne in the pack. It is all over now, and me'n Horse-who-Limps and Sore-on-his-Nose is going up to Pine Ridge Agency to train for a wrestling match."—[N. Y. Sun.

### LETTERS OF CREDIT.

The man who doesn't think his baby is the prize baby hasn't got any baby.—[Binghamton Leader.

Some men are so stingy that they expect you to pay rent on the place you occupy in their esteem.—[Bangor News.

The laziest boy in school is always closest to the head of the procession when the circus is in town.—[Binghamton Leader.

Snooper—"Have you seen Staggers in full regalia?" Simeral—"Oh, yes, and I've often seen him full without his regalia."—[West Shore.

"They say Dr. Koch's lymph is dutiable under the McKinley bill. Now, why should it be?" "It interferes with home consumption."—[New York Sun.

### The Monkey Up a Tree.

Here is the latest puzzle: I see a monkey up a tree. He sees me and gets behind the trunk of the tree. I start to go around him and he keeps going around as I do, keeping the trunk of the tree between him and me. I reach the place I started from, with the monkey still opposite me on the tree. Now, I have been around the tree. Have I also been around the monkey?

A Boston woman is quoted as saying: "I tried it on my husband. I had him for the monkey and I took a whisk broom and went around him, brushing his clothes. He kept turning around just as I did, and when I had been clear around I had brushed only one side of him and one leg of his pantaloons. Now all the professors of Harvard university couldn't convince me that I had been around that man, and neither had the man been around the monkey in the tree!"

What do you think?—[Buffalo Express.

### Why He Was Called Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull was more of a great Sioux chieftain than a great warrior. He was a venerated medicine man, and that made him an influential leader. He gave out to his friends that he was between 57 and 58 years of age. How he acquired the singular surname of Sitting Bull is thus explained:

Early in life, according to the most generally accepted story, while but a lad in years, in fact, he killed a half-grown buffalo. He dragged the carcass many weary miles to within a short distance of his father's tepee when he sank to his knees exhausted, the head and fore legs of his prey dangling over his shoulders. Hence the name of Sitting Bull, given, as all Indians' names are, on the spur of the moment and with some noteworthy occurrence as a basis.

### Didn't Believe in Puns.

"No, I can't see any fun in playing on words," said the man with the big mackintosh, gloomily. "A pun once cost me $100,000."

"How was it?"

"You needn't gather round me. It isn't much of a story. A fat old aunt had come to visit us. They told me to go in the parlor and pay my respects. I was a very smart young man. I went in and told her in a cheery, off-hand way that I had come in to make obeisance to my obese aunt. That's all there is of it."

"But how about the $100,000?"

"She left it to her other nephew."—[Chicago Tribune.

## Our Serial Story.

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# A ROMANCE OF TWO BROTHERS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Author of "The Confessions of Claud," "An Ambitious Woman," "The Evil That Men Do," "A New York Family," Etc.

### CHAPTER I.

"If I shut my eyes real tight I can see it," Sylvan would sometimes declare; and then his little brother, Gerald, would try to see it in that way, too, and dismally fail. He had not yet reached that imaginative age of childhood, when we may summon at will the genii of mental vision.

Then, too, Gerald had been very young when he and his elder brother had lived in London. Sylvan, however, perfectly recollected those transatlantic lodgings, where both boys had passed many early days.

For good cause the abode bit itself into the memory of Sylvan. You could easily find it if you strolled along Marylebone road, where that fascinating old thoroughfare stretches between Portland place and Baker street. It was a small house, and it lay beyond the somber, ochre-tinted brickwork of the walls that rise to left and right in this dreamy and drowsy region. The boys' father, Egbert Maynard, occupied the lower floor of a big building that grimly overbrowed a long, ivy-clad garden. Sylvan could recall some exquisite spring days when those wonderful white English clouds, in all their sun-drenched flocculence, floated over the green tangles of that damp old garden, and made a smile touch even the sad, faded face of his mother.

Once, on such a day, while they stood in the flagged pathway that led between the mounds of freshened and shimmering ivy she wrapped her arms about him and tenderly said:

"Doesn't this beautiful day make you happy to breathe its air, Sylvan, and catch the smell of its new leaves, its timid young flowers?"

"Yes, mamma," the boy answered.

"And don't you feel, darling, that merely for being allowed to live in so lovely a world you should grow very grateful to God?"

"Oh! yes, mamma."

"What rubbish you do talk to that child," said Egbert Maynard, who had been watching and listening from the

"WHAT RUBBISH YOU DO TALK TO THAT CHILD."

near porch. He spoke coldly, but not with harshness, and came in a loitering, absent way down the steps into the garden. He was a man with large, gray, worried eyes, a face unhealthily pale and a consumptive stoop of the shoulders.

At his words, Mrs. Maynard put her hands over the child's ears, and while she still preserved her stooping attitude, cried in plaintive protest:

"Oh! Egbert! *Before* the child! You've always till now been at least a little circumspect in your blasphemies!"

"Blasphemy is an affair of geography," said Maynard, with a lazy satire in his American voice. "Among the Turks you could make a bonfire out of Bibles and not cause the faintest popular shock. Here in London you could do the same with Korans and hardly a person would stop to look twice."

His wife shuddered, and drew Sylvan closer to her breast. She was a woman, this Georgina Maynard, who had lost her looks early in life. A sweet, tall eglantine of an English girl when Maynard had married her so brief a time ago, she was now prematurely aged, with threads of gray in her golden hair and a pathetic droop at the corners of her mouth, but yesterday, as it were, the rosiest of little fleshy Cupid bows. She had been the daughter of a country parson, dwelling not far from Cambridge, whither Egbert Maynard had come full of youthful ardor to pursue a course of chemistry and physics. Maynard was a Massachusetts man, who had been graduated high at Harvard. Soon after his collegiate success in his native land he had fallen heir to a moderate inheritance left him by an uncle, almost the last of his living relatives. Until chance brought him face to face one day, with Georgiana Selwyn, he had never dreamed that love could slip its glamours between himself and the stout resolve to pack his mind with scientific lore at one of the greatest universities on earth.

Some men wade into love, getting deeper and deeper, as indifference grows desire. Some men plunge into it like a diver from a wharf. Egbert Maynard took the latter course, and almost before he knew it had told a tale of passion to the last woman whom he should ever have dreamed of making his wife. The dominant influence of Georgina's being was religion. She had no flamboyant piety such as cynicism often sneered at her father for possessing, but since childhood she had set her spirit in tune with a strong faith, and her adorer swiftly found that he must either woo her cloaked with deceit or not at all. Maynard was a man who had long ago recoiled from orthodoxy. He believed in nothing but science and stood amazed at the very idea of his own capacity to care for a girl whose prayers and church-goings were the regnant forces of her existence. Hypocrisy, however, soon came fatally easy to him. Georgina's beliefs clothed themselves with that same shining tissue of sorcery which invested the turn of her white wrist or the curves of her still pearlier throat. He wanted her just as she was, and in amorous hatred of displeasing her he recklessly forgot the gravity of his own falsehoods.

But her father, hedged in by what he loathed as the most autocratic conservatisms, became such a keen bore to him during the term of courtship that one day he hailed with secret relief the calamity of the old parson's abrupt death. Maynard's last year at the university had then just ended. Georgina had suddenly been made an orphan and one dowerless to the degree of penury. This fact expedited the marriage which in any case would now shortly have occurred.

And a miserable marriage it had proved. The bride's awakening was inevitable; it was also cruelly speedy. The very word "infidel" had long been a horror to her. She was now called upon to meet that horror, palpable and persistent, at almost every step she took. Some women might have loved a husband all the more dearly because delusion had thus roughly handled him; there are feminine affections hoarding that self-creative energy of repair which is like the way its recurrent grass heals the raw gash in a meadow. But Georgiana was not wrought of that clay. She bore Maynard two boys, and by this time her love had grown as autumnal as her look. To save these babes from the withering blight of her husband's impiety was alike her purpose and her prayer. There were moments when her strained mind came near breaking its bonds of sanity and reeling into that sort of medea-like bloodshed which now and then bespatters the columns of our newspapers. Her sufferings increased as those four little childish ears grew maturer and more receptive. Maynard would be sure to try and impregnate the hearts of either son with his devilish theories. There began to glimmer a hope concerning Sylvan, however. The lad showed signs of having inherited his mother's religious temperament. Georgina felt that the devotions which she imposed upon him were far from unwelcome. Gerald, on the other hand, would often yawn and pout with an irreverence that seemed full of dark forebodings to the vigilant maternal eye.

Meanwhile Maynard, who had been blameworthy for not having told his sweetheart that he was quite without all conventional creed until the law had made them one, now acquitted himself amiably and gently in the extreme. Perhaps the bitterest thing that he said to his wife for a long period after their marriage was the following chain of sentences, delivered more in depression than reproach:

"Well, Georgina, I suppose there's no use of my asking you to sponge off the slate and begin all over again. You probably think some things are there which no sponge could wipe out. And upon my word, if you were to say so, I should quite agree with you. Only, they're not all marks of my making, Heaven knows."

"Heaven!" she repeated. "What a strange word from *your* lips, Egbert! Do you believe in one?"

"Who is so devout," he answered, "not sometimes to find such a faith very hard?"

"Oh, I won't listen to abominable thoughts like those," cried Georgina, hurrying toward the door. She paused before quitting the room, and hurled forth angrily at her husband: "As if any better proof of Heaven's goodness were wanted, Egbert Maynard, than that you're permitted to stand there and insult it without being struck dead."

"What conceivable satisfaction would there be for it in striking me dead," began Maynard, "if, as you state—" But she had fled from his profane presence, and so he left the sentence unfinished.

He did not usually wound her like this; he indeed sedulously avoided doing so. She was always ready with some attack, peevish or irate. One summer day, a few months later, some compulsory visit of courtesy took them past the immense pillared pile of Marylebone church. Gushing in rich umbrage from behind their solemn brick walls, rose the maple-tree, plenteous and vocal; through the iron bars of old gateways the passer could glimpse occasional gardens radiant with geranium and rose. Bathed in the moist, silvery air of an English June, over this entire quarter brooded a witchery not woven by beauty alone. You felt that behind those dingy walls a prodigious amount of life must have lived—perhaps some of it poetic or dramatic—and that the murmurs of the big boughs overhanging those secluded doorways might mean some sort of airy saga concerning it. The dusky and stately church, with all the huge columnar sobriety of its architecture, and with the beggars and other loungers along its steps, gave to the sun's bright search many a steel-gray or smoky tint which gloomier weather would have left hid.

Maynard, though of late his days had become more than ever dedicated to science, loved the pictorial element in things with a hearty fondness. "How gloriously sunshine and good weather improve this town of ours!" he said to his wife as they strolled onward. "I don't believe there is a more fascinating part of London than just this strip of road; and as for the effect of that sedate old church yonder, it is simply enchanting in the absence of cloud, fog or rain."

Georgina gave a pained start. "What!" she queried, with grim irony. "*You* admire *a church* under *any* circumstances, Egbert! I'm greatly astonished to hear you say the least good word for one."

Maynard sighed in a wearied way, and touched her arm in transient remonstrance.

"Georgina," he appealed, "will you always keep harping on our different views? Lots of husbands live happily

"WHAT," SHE QUERIED, "YOU ADMIRE A CHURCH?"

with their wives though as opposite from one another in creed as pole from pole."

"Creed!" she returned, with a sullen hardness. "I did not know that you had *any* creed whatever!"

He laughed propitiatingly. "Well, I haven't, in your sense. But come now, you've the best of one; you've got the children to bring up in your own faith! I let you do it. I don't try to make the little chaps agnostics. That's a concession surely. Why, look at our neighbors, the Mosqueras. He's a Spanish Catholic; she an English Episcopalian. Yet he forces her to bring up their two girls and three boys with a tremendous respect for mass, confession, and all the Roman canons. Am I not right?"

"Oh, quite right."

"And are they not a couple who get on charmingly together? You must grant that they do."

"I grant it," acceded Georgiana, though tartly, and with the tips of her lips; "But you forget one point: Lydia Mosquera married her husband, Englishwoman and Church-of-England woman though she was, with a full understanding of his true tenets. Senor Mosquera never deceived her *before marriage*."

Georgina pronounced those last two words with a most telling emphasis.

Maynard drooped his head a little, and they walked along in silence for several seconds, till at last he said, softly and almost despairingly, while the sweet breeze rustled the maples and those monstrous argosies of white-cloud, which Turner and Constable painted in such perfection, rolled overhead through the lucid azure.

"I understand you. You mean never to forgive."

These words were at once a challenge and a resignation. From that day Maynard finally understood the inflexible posture of his wife. He attempted no further expostulation. He devoted himself still more zealously to his scientific studies in the chamber which he had already filled with phials of chemicals, with electric batteries, with anatomical charts, with a hundred aids for his eager daily pursuits.

These his wife had soon got to loathe. They represented what she held to be the horrid materialism of his mind. For a good while she affected to ignore them wholly, but at length (being spurred, perhaps, by his evident pleased absorption) she volunteered certain querulous comments.

"It really seems too bad," she said one day, "that we should be living in this cramped fashion. Our income is so small, you know, Egbert. And if you only would do something we might all four of us be much more comfortable." If he would only do something! He tried not to let the least hint of self-betrayal creep into his face. "I suppose, then, you think me the most idle sort of fellow," he said.

"You certainly don't appear to do any real work," she retorted, bristling a little as though she scented covert rudeness. "You potter there among your Leyden jars and your bad-smelling drugs, but nothing comes of it."

"Nothing, eh?" he muttered, as though he spoke more than half to himself.

"Surely, no money comes. And we may not need money though we want it."

"I see, I see," he said, with his eyes downcast, and his beard caught ruminatively in one hand.

If he still cared for her as he did in the old days, or if he had not felt certain of the disgust and sorrow his irreligion had roused in her, he might at once have addressed her in a way both confessional and exultant, but as it was, his lips remained sealed. This project of his, which had now grown a dominant passion with him, she would hear of without a sign of graciousness or sympathy. Oh, yes, beyond a doubt!

And yet, pondering the matter for several days, he finally resolved that he would tell her all. To do so might put a spoke, as it were, in their matrimonial wheels, which now seemed slipping down some sort of risky slant, he hardly knew what. On the other hand, he dreaded her almost scoffing ridicule, mixed with that accusative melancholy to which he had now grown drearily used. But, all in all, he decided it was best to tell her. The faded colors of his pristine love might revive, by this means, below the tender stress of some new congenial warmth.

He made his determination, and chose a certain hour for their fateful talk. It was now the end of June, and that perfect weather which sometimes visits London at this season had tempted him to quit his laboratory by about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and take a long walk through Hyde Park. He entered this noble stretch of city-girt landscape at the Marble Arch, and gained one of the bridges that span the Serpentine. Here he paused, and tried to let the green glory of his environment calm and soothe his rather tremulous nerves. A few swans were floating in all the dim pallor of their lovely curves along the silken gloss of the sinuous river. Slopes of emerald turf stretched from either verge, dying away under the shade of monstrous trees. The bustle and flare of Oxford street seemed miles aloof. He felt how ripely and candidly pastoral it all was, how Arcadian in its bounty of stream-cleft verdure, how averse from the secret fever of his late longings and dreams. And when he explained these moods of unrest to his wife, with what

HE SMILED AND PUT HIS HAND ON HER SHOULDER.

manner of response would she meet them? He wanted to be quite collected when the time for disclosure came. If she only caught some of the consuming fire perhaps a joyful semblance of their perished past would bless them both.

When he came back from dinner he found her unwantedly grave. A large tradesman's bill had just been sent in, and she told him of it with a meaning sigh. He answered her so blithely and indifferently that she stared at him in cold surprise. The boys were more jocund and clamorous than usual, and once or twice she reprimanded them with a frown and a sharp word; but Maynard playfully took their parts and even craved grace for them as regarded a second helping of dessert. while they watched him with astonished eyes, knowing well that papa was never frosty like mamma, and yet that such tropical clemency in him was plainly rare. After dinner it was still bright with all the limpid lure of an English vernal gloaming. The boys went out into the ivied garden, and their merry voices came to Maynard as he waited for the moment in which the interview should begin. His wife gave a few more orders to the maid, and then was quitting the room, when he softly went up to her side and said in a low voice:

"I want a little talk with you. I mean *now*. Will you come into that den of mine? I'd rather speak there, if you don't mind."

She turned and looked at him in a surprised and petulant way. "I had some things to mend," she answered. "I'm behind in my mending. You see, we can only afford two servants."

He smiled, and put his hand on her shoulder. "Soon it will not be like that with us, Georgiana."

She bit her lip, and a keen gleam pricked the dullness of her eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked.

He almost whispered his next words now, for the maid was still present, making her little official tinkles with the glasses and forks of the deserted dinner table.

"I mean that I've a great and precious secret to tell you, my dear. At times my breath almost fails me as I think of it. A kind of accident has put me in the way of making an immense discovery—one that shall not merely enrich you and me, but one that shall be a priceless boon to the whole world!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Fiction and Truth.

Here is a story of the sea from the New York Sun:

"Steward!" cried the miserable passenger. "Yes, sir. Anything I can bring you, sir?" "Nothing, steward, but an acre of real estate—anywhere—ban, the neighborhood, as long as it's good, solid ground."

This is worked up by the imaginative "professional humorist." It is not half as good as a veritable sea-yarn we can spin of a lovely little 4-year-old girl. She was on board a steamer, the sea was high, and the vessel rolled a good deal; "Mamma" was sick; brother and sister were sick; the poor nurse was thoroughly nauseated, and the four-year-old did not feel well herself. She did not know why it was; but she persisted in walking, and she made the nurse walk holding her hand until she was ready to drop. Finally the disgusted little one cried out: "Oh! Letty! let's go!" "Go where, my dear?" "Oh, go somewhere. I don't care where, if there is only a pavement."—[Buffalo Commercial.

### A Sabbath Reflection.

Auntie—"Katie, you must not cut out those dolls on Sunday. Remember the fourth commandment. God made this beautiful world in six days and rested on the seventh."

Katie (after a little reflection)—"Auntie, did he make everything in six days?"

"Yes, my dear; everything."

"Well, I reckon he did rest, 'cause he didn't have anything else to do."—[Christmas Life.

## Talmage's Gymnasium.

**His Account of His Own Acrobatic Exercise in a Garret—Gymnastics in Moderation Next to Religion.**

That a sound mind and a healthy body should go together no one can dispute, and I believe that physical exercise in youth is a highly important thing to be attended to in preparing a young man for the battle of life. There is an enthusiasm accompanying perfect health that spurs the mind to greater efforts. It responds more readily to the will, and work, whether mental or bodily, ceases to be a drudgery.

In these days, however, when physical training is becoming a well recognized feature in our public institutions, there is a tendency to a worship of mere muscle which is to a certain extent demoralizing. A man must aim at something more than being a magnificent animal. There is a medium in everything.

It is not the athlete whose whole life is spent in training for athletic feats who lives the longest. The men who become centenarians as a rule are not athletes. They are men of good constitution and moderate strength, who live in moderation and take moderate exercise.

For a man who has lived until the golden period of youth is past to begin to take violent exercises on the cross-bar, or endeavors to become an acrobat in a month, there is no chance of success. A tendency toward biliousness cannot be cured by straining at heavy dumbbells, or tugging at heavy weights, after the muscles have been formed. Such a man may take moderate exercise and be the better of it, but if he thinks he can become an athlete all at once he is more likely to become a candidate for the undertaker.

**How Talmage Chased a Horse.**

There is a right way and a wrong way of doing everything. I never was more thoroughly convinced of this than in an effort I once made to catch my horse, which was loose in the pasture field, in the early days of my ministry.

It was almost time to start for church, and I needed the animal harnessed. The boy came to me and declared that it was impossible to catch the bay mare and requested my assistance.

I laughed at him, and vaulting over the fence heavily—I was not good at it—I approached her cautiously, taking a pail of water in the one hand and holding the halter behind my back.

I spoke in flattering terms to her and she seemed to like it. When I thought

"I SPOKE IN FLATTERING TERMS TO HER."

the moment had come for producing the rope halter; I put it over her neck, when the beast wheeled and I seized her by the point where the copy-books say we ought to take time, namely, by the forelock.

But I had poor luck. I ceased all caressing tones and changed the subjective mood for the imperative. She pulled one way and I pulled another. Then she turned, flung her hoofs in the air and trotted contemptuously away.

Every time I approached her she seemed conciliatory, but the result was always the same. Meanwhile quite a household audience lined the fence, the children and visitors shouted like excited Romans in an amphitheater at a contest with wild beasts, and it was uncertain whether the audience was in sympathy with me or the bay mare.

Just then she who took me for better or for worse came to the rescue, finding me in the latter condition. She advanced to the field with a wash basin full of water, offering that as a sole inducement, and gave one call, when the horse went to meet her, and under a hand not half so strong as mine gripping the mane the refractory beast was led to the manger. This showed me that there were two ways of doing it, a right way and a wrong way, and I had taken the wrong way.

**Talmage's First Gymnasium.**

Coming to the time when I considered seriously the importance ot taking physical exercise—I had been reading a book on the subject—I remember well how decidedly wrong was the way I took to strengthen my muscles. The subject of physical exercise flashed so overpoweringly on me that I resolved to make a gymnasium in the garret of my country parsonage. I had just entered the ministry and was full of enthusiasm.

I speedily extemporized such an institution, and with coat off and slippers on began exercise. I ran and jumped and swung and lifted and climbed and took frightful positions. Several times there was a knock at the door, and fears were expressed for the demolition of the parsonage.

But I dislike to stop after I have started in anything. So I kept jerking away at the pulleys and walking the

"SO I KEPT JERKING AWAY AT THE PULLEYS."

horizontal bars and bending away backward till my head touched the floor and going through every variety of tumbling.

The second day my exercise was excruciating because of sore ligaments and muscles. On the third day I resigned forever the duties of that particular gymnasium.

**Two Crippled Legs.**

I sat two days with my feet upon a pillow in a state of disgust with all those who had written on the subject of sanitary conditions. I doubted whether physical exercise was of any advantage after all. It certainly had been a damage to me. Against all the learned advocates on the other side, I had before me two immovable arguments in the shape of two crippled legs. I would have continued that quiet position still longer, but Sunday had come and I must preach.

Getting to church was one of the most difficult exercises I have ever conducted. I went early, for the pulpit was to be climed, and I did not desire to excite the sympathy of the audience. There was no one in church except the sexton, and I waited until he went to ring the bell before I began to climb the sacred hill.

The six steps seemed like the sides of the Matterhorn for difficult ascent. The first step I took sideways, the second backward, the third by a strong pull on the banisters. I then stopped to wipe the prespiration from by brow, all flushed with the many achievements of the last five minutes. Nothing but the fact that I was half-way up, and that it would hurt me as much to go down as to go up, encouraged me in the work of ascent.

But the last two steps were stimulated by the sound of advancing feet in the vestibule and an indisposition on my part to create unseemly mirth in church

"I BENT BACKWARD TILL MY HEAD TOUCHED THE FLOOR."

or to tempt anyone to irreverent laughter at an ambassador from the skies. The audience coming in were surprised to find their pastor so early waiting for them. If I had that day taken the text nearest my heart it would have been Paul's advice to a young minister by the named of Timothy:

"Bodily exercise profiteth little."

I learned by these experiences that anything overdone had better not be done at all. Gymnasiums are great things, but let common sense dictate quantities and qualities, and do not allow the dumb-bells to drag down the shoulders, nor had you better hang by your feet to a ring until you get black in the face.

**Don't Fence With Loafers.**

Fencing is good, but do not be rough, nor play with loafers.

Pedestrianism is healthful, but do not forget that the road back may be a little further than the road out, although it may be the same road.

Hunting is good if you do not shoot sparrows nor go to sleep on the edge of a marsh.

Rowing is good, if you do not take a bottle in the boat, nor pull so hard that you get aneurismal trouble with the heart.

**Gymnastics Next to Religion.**

When I forsook the fitful and extravagant use of gymnastics and came to their gradual and intelligent use I found them, next to religion, the best panacea for all earthly ills.

They are the best medicine in the world to build a man up again who is run down, if taken in moderation. But moderation is a big word, which it takes some of us a long time to learn how to spell.—[T. De Witt Talmage, in New York Morning Journal.

## Recent Literature.

**The Latest Volumes That Have Reached the Blade Book Table.**

One of the most charming books of the season is "Friend Olivia," by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. The time of the story in the last part of the Protectorate of Cromwell, and the characters introduced are a mixture of his adherents and those who would be royalists if they could. The book is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"The Young Folks' Cyclopedia of Games and Sports," by J. D. Champlin, jr., and A. E. Bostwick, is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. This is a portly volume of 831 pages, and covers the games and past-time of all ages, from the wee ones to mature age. Mothers and fathers will find much of value and interest in the pages.

"My Uncle Benjamin," by Claude Tillier, is translated from the French and published by Benjamin R. Tucker, Boston, Mass., with a sketch of Claude Tillier's life and works by Ludwig Pfau.

The seventeenth volume of the International Education Series is entitled "Essays on Educational Reforms," by Robert Herbert Quick, rewritten from a former most popular and useful work. D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

"Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads, and Other Verses," by Rudyard Kipling, is published by the United States Book Co., New York. These poems are full of interest because they are the first collection of verse from this young author who has so early challenged the attention of the literary world.

The third number in the Wyoming series of stories for youths by Edward S. Ellis is the "Cabin in the Clearing." This series is published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, and should be very popular.

A book that ought to find many readers at the present time is the one entitled "The Distribution of Wealth; or, the Economic Laws by Which Wages and Profits Are Determined." by Rufus Cope. The volume is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"The Voice in Speech and Song," by Theodore E. Schmank, is published by John B. Alden, New York city.

No. 2 of the Rose Library series, published by the Worthington company, New York, is entitled "Asbein; from the Life of a Virtuoso," by Ossip Schubin, translated by Elise L. Lathrop.

"A Boy's History of the United States," edited by Annie Cole Cady, and copiously illustrated, provides, in clear and simple language, a compact summary of the history of this country, for young readers. This forms the second volume of "Our Boy's Library, which will be published monthly, price 50 cents, the first volume being by "By Pyke and Dike," by Henty. Published by Worthington & Co.

Another volume in the Rose Library from the same publishers is "One of Cleopatra's Nights, and Other Fantastic Romances," by Theophile Gautier.

Worthington & Co. also publish in their International Library the "Children of the World," by Paul Hayse; translated by Frank M. Gregory; and "Heimburg's Christmas Stories," translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis. Both are fully illustrated.

The United States Book company, New York, bring out in pamphlet form the following in their International Series:

"Wormwood," by the brilliant Marie Corelli, the author of "The Romance of Two Worlds," "Ardath," etc. The object of the present strong story is to set forth the evils of the absinthe habit which has gained such ground in Europe.

Another of the same series is "Famous or Infamous," by Bertha Thomas, author of "The Love of a Lady;" "The Kilburns," etc.; and a third is "The Honorable Miss," by L. T. Meade, author of "A Girl of the People;" "Frances Kane's Fortunes," etc.

The same house also publishes in the Novelist's Series, "On the Heights of Himalay," by A. Vander Naitten, a mystical story which is claimed by the author to be true.

Laird & Lee, Chicago, issue "The Rich Man's Food," by Robert C. Givens, an illustrated story of love and sorrow and happiness, full of incident and very readable.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, issue in their series of select novels, "A Hamburg Beauty," by Mrs. Edward Kennard, author of "A Crack County," "The Girl in the Brown Habit," etc.

"The Magnet of Death," by Lew Vanderpoole, author of "The Red Mountain Mines," "The Pilgrims of Lost Hope," etc., is published by the Lew Vanderpoole Publishing company, New York.

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"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla Today he is sound and well, notwithstanding it was said there was not enough medicine in Illinois to effect a cure." J. CHRISTIAN, Illipolis, Ill. Be sure to get

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## Siamese Royalty.

**Something About the Rulers of teh "Land of the White Elephant."**

The government of Siam is vested in a duarchy, but practically it is a monarchy. There is a second or vice king, but the first or senior king is the real ruler. The crown is hereditary, but any son or the queen may succeed his father with the consent of the princes and nobles. The queen consort, who is chief among hundreds, must be a native and of royal blood, and she is kept rigidly from all possibility of contact with in-

THE QUEEN OF SIAM AND HER TWO CHILDREN.

feriors of the male sex. There are always numerous princesses of pure royal blood who are unable to find husbands of their own grade and never marry at all. These are always found in the court of the queen consort. The number of females within the palace is about 5,000.

The present king ascended the throne on the death of his father and while still a minor in 1868. He was given the title of Phrabat Somdetya Chula Lankarana. His dominions are of unsurpassed fertility, and his rule is liberal and enlighted. The religion of the people is Buddhism. The population is about 5,700,000. The civilization of the country resembles that of the Chinese, but the people are indolent and slavish. Siam is famed for its white elephants, which are now becoming very scarce and are all the property of the king. The national standard is a white elephant on a crimson ground, and the royal seal and the coins bear the same device. The

the abode of transmigrating souls. There are numerous European and American missionaries in the country, but they have made few converts.

The heir apparent to the throne is named Somdet Chowfa Maha Vajirunhis. He was born in 1878, and his numerous half-brothers and sisters are debarred from the succession. The vice king is Kroma Pharatcha. He assumed the title in 1875 and had a conflict with the first king, which obliged him to seek refuge with the British consul. The trouble was settled by a compromise and peace has since reigned.

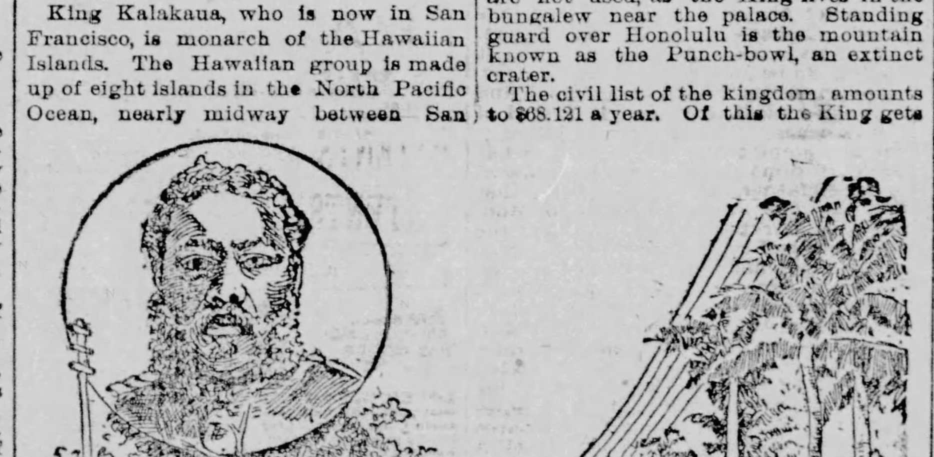
Siam has an area of about 300,000 square miles. The people are of Mongolian origin and somewhat resemble their neighbors, the Chinese. They are people believe that white animals are

olive colored with thick lips, capacious mouths, large heads, broad faces, low foreheads, prominent cheek bones, thick noses and black eyes without the Chinese turn of the lid. They stain their teeth black, the hair is all plucked out in youth and the head is shaved twice a month. They are of medium height. The national dress consists of a cotton cloth, to which the women add a silk shoulder scarf, a jacket for the cold weather and a straw hat for the summer. Children under 7 years of age are arrayed only in palm leaves, jewelry and flowers. Polygamy prevails among the well-to-do Siamese, but the common people rarely practice it. Marriage is permissable at 18 for males and at 14 for females and is performed without the aid of priests or public functionaries. Socical distinctions are very numerous and slavery is common. The military force is small and is officered by Euporeans. In time of war every male is liable to military service.

## The Hawaiian Islands.

**The Domain of King Kalakaua in the North Pacific Ocean.**

King Kalakaua, who is now in San Francisco, is monarch of the Hawaiian Islands. The Hawaiian group is made up of eight islands in the North Pacific Ocean, nearly midway between San



KING KALAKAUA—A STREET IN HONOLULU.

Francisco and Auckland, New Zealand. All are of volcanic origin, and all have the same general characteristics as New Zealand in high cliffs descending to the sea, several good harbors and tropical vegetation. Honolulu is the only city of importance in the entire group. The king's palace is surrounded by a park of three acres, filled with trees and shrubbery. On the lowest floor at

the right of the entrance, is the throne room, handsomely frescoed and furnished, and on the other side the royal reception rooms. Above the latter are the King's apartments, and across the hall are the Queen's rooms. These rooms, except the throne chamber, are not used, as the King lives in the bungalew near the palace. Standing guard over Honolulu is the mountain known as the Punch-bowl, an extinct crater.

The civil list of the kingdom amounts to $68.121 a year. Of this the King gets $25,000, with $10,000 for palace expenses and $18,000 for palace stables: the Queen has $8,000; Princess Lilokolani, $5,000, and her daughter, the Princess Victoria, $2,500. The chief justice of the Supreme court receives $5,000, and the associate justices $4,000, while the five ministers draw a yearly salary of $6,000. In addition to his regular revenue the King receives about $100,000 from the rent of the crown lands, that comprise about one-third of the fertile land of the island.

### A FLEMISH LEGEND.

**How a Shrewd Fleming Got the Better of the King.**

The Flemish people of Belgium and Holland are a simple and slow-going race, but are by no means without a sense of humor. They have an imaginary character—La Guerliche they call him—of whom they tell all manner of stories; a bantering, boastful old fellow, who speaks in parables and proverbs, but often to the point. He is always very ready in his replies, as the following story of his wisdom illustrates:

On a certain occasion the King of the Netherlands visited his faithful subjects of Flanders. On his way through the country he passed through what he declared was the finest farm he had ever seen; and within but a step he came across the most beautiful windmill that had ever met his gaze.

"Whose mill is that?" the king asked.

"It is the miller La Guerliche's mill, sire."

"And whose farm is that?"

"It belongs to the bailiff Carefree, sire."

"Carefree, eh? Well, he must be a happier man than I am. Let word be sent to him at once that I shall give him audience to-morrow, in order to put three questions to him: first, how much the moon weighs; second, how much his king is worth; and third, what I am thinking. If he answers any one of these questions wrong he will be hanged."

Bailiff Carefree was in despair when he heard this summons from the king, but La Guerliche offered to take his place before the king on condition that he, Carefree, should renounce his claim to the hand of Trinette, who was beloved of both.

Carefree accepted the terms, and next day La Guerliche appeared before the king.

"Well, well," said the monarch fiercely, "and can you tell me how much the moon weighs?"

"Exactly a hundred weight," said La Guerliche.

"How do you know that?"

"Because it consists of four quarters."

"That's a fact," said the king. "Now tell me what you estimate my value at."

"Twenty-nine silver pieces."

"What! Scoundrel, what do you mean?"

"Ah, sire, our Master was sold for thirty pieces, and as a good Christian, I should have to rate you a little lower."

"Um—very well," said the king. "And now, perhaps you can tell me what I think?"

"Precisely, sire. You think I am Bailiff Carefree."

"Yes."

"Well, I am not. I'm La Guerliche!"

"I appoint you my prime minister on the spot!" said the king, with great enthusiasm.

Daimio persimmons weighing eighteen ounces have been grown on the place of Col. Church, just east of Orlando, Fla.

### OLD CHRISTMAS SAYINGS.

**Proverbs and Saws Appropriate to the Merry Season.**

After Christmas comes Lent.

A warm Christmas, a cold Easter.

Now's now, but Yule's in winter.

A light Christmas, a heavy sheaf.

A Yule feast may be quit at Pasch.

A green Christmas, a white Easter.

He hath eaten many a Christmas pie.

They keep Christmas all the year.

A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard.

It smells of Muscadel, like an English Christmas.

Christmas, long looked for, comes at last.

A wind on Christmas Day, trees will bring much fruit.

St. Andrew the king, three weeks and three days before Christmas comes in.

If Christmas finds a bridge he'll break it; if he finds none he'll make one.

The devil makes his Christmas pie of lawyers' tongues and clerks' fingers.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas it will not bear him afterward.

He that maketh at Christmas a dog his larder, and in March a pig his gardener, and in May a fool a keeper of wise counsel, he shall never have a good larder, fair garden nor well-kept counsel.

The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas Day than the sun.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas Day there will be an abundant crop the following year.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer

At Christmas time, or a little after,
A crab in the hedge, and thanks to the grafter.

Bounce, buckram, velvet's dear
Christmas comes but once a year.

If Christmas day on a Sunday fall,
A troublous winter we shall have all;
If Christmas on a Monday be
Then a great winter we shall see.

Yule is come, and Yule is gone,
And we have feasted well;
So Jack must to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel.

**Three Jokelets.**

"So the old gentleman kicked you down the stoop when you called to see his daughter? Did he break anything?" "Yes, he broke our engagement."—[Philadelphia Times.

Husband—"The marks on my collars are getting so faint I can't read them." Wife—"Then I wish you would get another bottle of that indelible ink."—[New York Sun.

She—"That was a funny story you told me yesterday about a donkey, Mr. Griggs." He—"Do you think so?" She—"Yes, indeed. After this whenever I see a donkey it will remind me of you."—[Munsey's Weekly.

### THE SCHOOLMARM'S PLUCK.

**It Was in Ohio, and She Cut Down the Tree to Bring the Boy Down.**

I was driving along a highway in Wood county, Ohio, with a man who was selling farm machines to farmers, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we came along to a district school-house. The schoolma'am and about twenty scholars stood under an elm tree, about forty feet high, near the house, and in the topmost branches of the tree was a boy about 14 years old.

"Anything wrong here?" asked my friend, as we halted before the door.

"Budd Hawkins says he won't, and the teacher says he must!" called a little girl.

The teacher herself then came forward. She was a plain-looking girl of about 20, with a mouth showing great firmness, and with some embarrassment she explained:

"Its the terror of the school. He refused to mind, and I started to whip him. He broke away, and ran out and climbed the tree. I've been up about twenty feet, but had to give it up and come down."

"Yer can't conquer me!" shouted the boy.

"Budd, I order you to come down?"

"I won't!"

"I have sent for an ax, and here it comes," she said as she turned to us. "He'll come down with the tree, if not before."

We offered to use the ax, but she declined the offer with thanks, and stepping to the tree, she swung the implement around and buried the blade in the wood.

"You dasn't!" shouted Budd from th top.

"I'll do it or resign," she answered, as she struck several blows.

At the end of three minutes the tree began to totter, and Budd to yell in alarm, and a few minutes later it fell with a crash. I thought the boy was badly hurt, if not killed, and was relieved as the school ma'am sprang forward, yanked him out of the branches, and while applying a gad with one hand she pulled him into the school-house with the other, saying:

"Now, Budd Hawkins, you've got to do some of the awfullest begging ever heard of in the state of Ohio, or I won't leave enough hide on you for a flea to bite!"

He was hard at it when we drove on.—[New York Sun.

### INGERSOLL POSED.

**Wash McLean Puts the Great Agnostic in a Corner.**

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* tells this story of the late Washington McLean: One terribly snowy, sleety day in Washington he was sitting in the Riggs house reading room, looking out upon the dreary scene on Pennsylvania avenue. Presently in came Colonel Bob Ingersoll, the great agnostic. As he entered the apartment he held out his hand, saying: "Hello, Wash, how do you do?" Mr. McLean took his hand and, as he did so, said: "Bob, I wish you could have been here a little while ago. I saw a scene out there that made me wish I was 20 years younger. A poor, old, crippled soldier was limping across the avenue, when a young, lusty fellow ran by him, and, as he did so, kicked the crutch from under him and tumbled him down into the slush." "The villian," said Ingersoll. "He should have been sent to the penitentiary." "Do you really think so?" said McLean. "Why, certainly," replied the colonel. "What else could I think?" "And yet, Bob," said McLean, "that is what you are doing every week in the year. Here are poor, old, infirm Christians with nothing to aid or support them but their belief in religion; nothing to keep them out of the mire of despair but faith; and yet you go about kicking the crutch from under them worse than even this fictitious fellow did to this fictitious soldier."

### A BIG EGG FARM.

**How the Sea-Birds Are Plundered to Supply San Francisco.**

The Farrallone Islands are about 80 miles from the mouth of San Francisco bay, off the coast of California, and are the homes of innumerable sea fowls. When San Francisco began to blossom out as a city her constant cry was for eggs. There being no poultry raisers on the coast made the egg want hard to gratify. To supply this want the project of stealing the eggs of the gulls and muhrs that nest by the thousand on the Farrallone Islands was tried, and proving successful, has ever since been one of the unique west coast industries. The birds of the island are too plentiful to count or even estimate, as may be inferred from the fact that the egg-gatherers often bring in 500 dozen eggs per day. This, however, gives but a partial idea of their immense numbers, a great many of the nests being inaccessible, and many others devastated by the rivalry of the birds themselves. The egg business of the islands is conducted by a company, who pay the collectors five cents a dozen for collecting them. The season is from May to August, which, even at 400 dozen a day, makes the annual harvest about 500,000 eggs.

**The Coming Man.**

"Bub!" he called at the market yesterday morning after he had disposed of all of his potatoes, "is there any toy store near here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just show me the way, will you? I've got to buy a few things for Christmas."

"Got children?"

"Yes."

"Got a boy as big as me?"

"Just about your age."

"What are you going to buy him for Santa Claus?"

"I dunno yet. I was thinking I'd git some sort of toy."

"Say, lemme give you a bit of advice," said the lad, as they walked along together. "Let toys alone. Steam engines are dangerous, toy mules won't kick for shucks, and Christmas jack-knives fall to pieces in a week. If you've got a boy, and you want to tickle him most to death, I'll sell you my roller skates for half prices, 'cause we ain't got no place for skating this winter, and I want to sell 'em and spend it all in cocoanut candy."—[Philadelphia Press.


"The world grows weary praising men,
And weary grows of being praised—"
But never wearied grows the pen
Which writes the truths that have amazed

the thousands who have been given up by their physicians and who have been restored to complete health by using that safest of all remedies for functional irregularities and weaknesses, which are the bane of womankind. We refer, of course, to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the only *guaranteed* cure for all those chronic ailments peculiar to women. Read the guarantee on the bottle-wrapper.

To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pellets excel. One a dose.


**"Encores" in Church.**

"A very queer new custom in this city," said the deacon, "is that some of the preachers permit their hearers to appland those passages of the sermon with which they are pleased. I don't think the practice is yet allowed in any of the regular orthodox churches, except by Brother Talmage over in Brooklyn, but there are outsiders who like it. I heard of a New York preacher not long ago who got off a bit of eloquence that was cheered, and then gave some chips of humor that were laughed at, and ended with something sensational that caused a sensation. I can't tell what we'll see next, but I know there are some queer new customs in our time."—[New York Sun.

**Knows How it Feels.**

Dolley—Jaysmith says he doesn't approve of vivisection.

Cumso—I don't wonder. He's been cut by all his acquaintances.—[Munsey's Weekly.


# ST. JACOBS OIL

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| SCIATICA. | LUMBAGO. |
|---|---|
| N. Ogden, Mich., May 17, 1890. "My brother—Rev. Samuel Porter, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of excruciating sciatic pains in his thigh." J. M. L. PORTER. | 410 Kearney St., San Francisco, Cal. April 28, 1890. My wife and I both have been afflicted with lame-back and sore throat, and have found permanent cure by use of St. Jacobs Oil. E. J. IMHAUS. |

**IT IS THE BEST.**


## The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

*The Nameless Soldier.*

IT WAS on September 1, 1862, that a youth of 20, named Hugh Thompson, enlisted at Van Wert, O., in the 15th O. V. I. There was nothing to distinguish him especially from a thousand other farmer lads who donned the blue and marched away to the front in the early days of the war. At the battle of Chickamauga, as a comrade relates, while they were lying on the ground at the front to escape the tempest of balls that swept the thin woods where his regiment was engaged, a case shot, deflected from a tree, struck him in the head, and his face was instantly covered with blood. His companion spoke to him, but he did not answer. Just then the order to fall back was given. He was assisted to his feet, staggered a few yards in a dazed kind of a way, and then fell in a heap as a Confederate brigade swarmed into the woods. His comrades were forced to leave him, and he never rejoined them.

The War department records bore opposite his name this note:

Wounded and missing in the battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.

And so he disappeared from comrades and friends and home, one of the unknown dead. His father, years afterwards, applied for a pension on account of his service, his mother having died prior to his enlistment. No doubt was raised as to his death in the army, but the claim was rejected on the legal ground of non-dependence.

The next scene in this strange history opens on a lonely country road, where, on a freezing February evening in 1870, Hugh Thompson, the wounded soldier of Chickamauga, "came to himself," as he expressed it. It was just as if at that moment he had awoke from a dreamless sleep of seven years and became conscious of existence. But his memory was gone, totally and absolutely. His other faculties were keen enough, but he could not recall his own name, where he had been, his family or his home. His entire past up to that moment was simply a blank.

The cloud on his darkened mind gradually lifted, and old scenes and incidents came back to him more or less vividly. He became aware that he had been in the army and had been wounded. Along in the '80s he drifted to Kansas and entered a homestead, on which he settled, having married in Illinois. He finally became satisfied that he had served in an Ohio regiment, and then aided by the Grand Army men of Kansas, to whom he told his story, he set about discovering his home and his family. The local newspapers took up the matter, gave accurate descriptions of him, and the strange story of the "Nameless Soldier," as he came to be known, traveled to Ohio and was read by Thompson's aged father, who recognized in the description his long lost son Hugh. Correspondence ensued, and the result was that Hugh returned home in 1887, was easily identified by his family and former comrades, applied for a pension, and at last the certificate directing payment to him as the wounded and missing Hugh Thompson, of Chickamauga, has been forwarded.

Through all his wanderings he carried a little Testament, given to him by a sister, when he enlisted. The sister, still living, recognized it at once when he exhibited it upon his return. All his efforts have so far failed to recall to him anything that occurred from the time that he tumbled over on the bloody field of Chickamauga until the strange awakening of his dormant perceptive faculties in 1870.

It is a strange tale of real life, in which is hidden material for a more thrilling romance than Rudyard Kipling ever dreamed of.

*Kilpatrick's Raid.*

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Hoping that out of the 5,000 men that participated in the raid around Atlanta, with Kilpatrick, there are some yet alive, I submit this brief account of the affair, trusting that it will be the means of bring out other accounts. We left Cross Keys August 17, at 11 o'clock p. m., and marched around to the right of Atlanta about three miles, when we came to a halt. We went into camp and remained all the next day (18th) until nearly sundown, when we were ordered to mount and form in line. When informed by the commanding officers the object of the raid, they stated that if there were any that were not willing to give their lives in the attempt, they would have the privilege to rein back out of line three paces. There were a few that reined back, but they claimed their horses were not capable of the undertaking. When everything was ready we again started out. Soon after dark we were fired on by the rebel pickets. We returned the fire and dismounted one of them. On coming up to him we found him badly wounded. I saw, by the moonlight, in the road, a revolver that the Southern soldier had dropped. I dismounted and picked it up. I brought it home, where it is preserved as a war relic. We went on and tore up about twenty miles of the Montgomery & Great Western railroad; thence on to Jonesboro. After demoralizing more railroad and burning the enemy's commissaries, we proceeded toward Lovejoy Station, which place we did not quite reach, the rebs having a trap set for us. They let the advance guard pass, then, as the advance column came up, poured in a volley of musketry from the dense woods; but did not do much harm, oply stampeding the horses and riders for a little while. We soon became organized, only to find out that we were completely surrounded by Hood's forces. Hood sent a delegation to Kilpatrick, asking for an unconditional surrender. Kilpatrick's answer was: "I'll give you ten minutes' time to get outside of our lines!"

With a salute the delegation of Confederates started back as fast as their horses could run. In the meantime Kilpatrick gave the order:

"Draw sabre! Forward, trot! Gallop! charge!"

We charged through their artillery, captured all their guns, and spiked such as we did not take along. We lost about three hundred men in the charge. It soon began to rain so hard that everything was filling with water. We had a narrow river to cross, it being so deep our horses had to swim, and the water running so swiftly that it swept horse and rider down the stream. Some men and horses were drowned in the attempt to cross. We got back inside our lines on the 21st, badly used up for the want of sleep and dry clothes.—P. R. EGOLPH, Co. F, 1st O. V. Cav.

*Traded Foot Gear.*

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—When the disabled veterans of the National Home are fighting the battle o'er again (i. e., "swapping lies") I am always an interested listener, ready to catch the drift, for I dearly love a war yarn, even if it flavors just a little of the late Baron Munchausen. The following was told by a one-legged warrior from "Illinoy," whose word is never doubted by his friends that gather around him in the smoking room. This is how he told it:

"Boys, while the big guns on Island No. 10, down the Mississippi, were shaking nearly all the glass out of the windows in Cairo, and scarin' most women into fits, me and some other fellers were skirmishing round for grub in the rear of New Madrid. We hadn't been soldiering very long, you know, an' wasn't used to hard tack an' salt hog, you see. We had met with some luck durin' the day, but had lots of room in our crazy old wagon. Towards evening we struck the Aikens plantation, 'bout half way between Madrid and Sikeston. Golly, boys, but I shall never forget to my dyin' day what a powerful streak of the darndest luck we run into, right there! Christmas couldn't hold a candle to that! Pigs squealin' in a friendly way, half a dozen young fat calves bellerin' for all that was out; whole trees full of chickens, just fixin' for the night; bee gums all round the yard, and more corn than you could shake a stick at.

"For a spell we didn't see a single cuss, white or black, about the farm. No, not till Joe McMillan, who was chasin' a big, fat secesh hen, crawled under a great long crib after her.

"'Hello, Joe!' says I, a-gittin' down on my knees; 'have you got her?'

"'No, by Jinks, says he; 'the crazy critter's got away somewheres.'

"All at once there was awful doin's goin' on under the blessed crib. My hair kind o' raised straight up under my hat, for thinks I, 'Joe's struck a nest of gray-backs, sure as I am a sinner, and our cake's dough.'

"'Lordy, massa! old missus done gib me dem red-top boots, kase she's 'mazin' 'ticular 'bout her niggers!'

"While I was lookin' round, kind o' bamboozled, Joe came crawfishin' out from under the crib, draggin' a greasy-lookin' young duffer, with a face blacker than the ace of spades after him.

"'Now darn you and your red-top boots,' says Joe. 'You've nearly scared the life out o' me under yonder, and besides that, you black devil, you caused me to lose the fattest hen in all Missouri. By ——, I've the allfiredest notion to skin you alive!'

"Down went Mr. Nigger on his knees, a-beggin' and a-prayin' so hard that I told him to git up and not make a baby of hisself. The shoes my pardner wore were awfully holy—big toe lookin' out o' one, heel out o' tother—and Joe swapped them off, even up. The nigger had a stavin' good bargain—his life and a pair of Uncle Sam's no-'count shoes; and as the red-tops didn't fit Joe's feet at all, but fit me to a T, of course I had the best of them both."—FRED ROGGE, Co. E, 38th O. V. I.

*One Chip Better.*

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Comrade J. B. Stouffer, 3d Mich. Cav., speaks of marching 10,000 miles in four years' service. I will "see" his 10,000, and "go him" one bean better. I enlisted August 15, 1862, in my 16th year, at Mt. Sterling, Ky., in Co. B., 10th Ky. Vol. Cav., and my first ride was on Uncle Sam's horse, from Mt. Sterling to Covington, 100 miles. That was about the time that Kirby Smith invaded the state of Kentucky. We left Covington the last of September, driving old Kirby and his 60,000 graybacks in front of us. He drove first-rate as far as Perryvile, then he made a stand. It was a short and bloody enconter, on November 8, 1862. However, we drove him out of the state at the same hole he came in, at Cumberland Gap. There my regiment was sent with prisoners back to Covington. We had then gone 1,000 miles, and they call us featherbed soldiers yet; and if I could tell the Camp Fire the rest of our three years' service I would take the 10,000 belt, and have many miles left.—J. W. ROBINSON, Co. B, 10th Ky. Vol. Cav.

*The Rebs Got a Square Meal.*

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Some three weeks after the capture of Holly Springs, Miss., by Gen. Grant's forces, we were following "Pap" Price's retreating column, that was slowly falling back and resisting our advance at all streams or positions of advantage. During one of our halts a detail from Co. A, 3d Mich. Cav., was picketing the main road to Granada. About 2 p. m. the vidette saw a company of rebel cavalry approaching, carrying a flag of truce, and halted them at a proper distance, and notice was sent to headquarters.

Official dispatches were sent to Gen. Grant, some distance in the rear, and then they went into camp and awaited an answer. In conversation with the Johnnies I learned that they had no rations with them. Capt. Wilson and myself proceeded to our camp and procured a good supply of coffee, hard-tack, pork and sweet potatoes, and returned. And while supper was being prepared and the rebs were eating a good square meal of United States rations, we had a very friendly chat. They belonged to the 2d Miss. Cav. The regiment was recruited at Holly Springs, and was on guard there at the time we attacked the pickets, killed and wounded two of their company, and captured five more. They spoke very highly of the comrade that was killed. He was corporal, and was in charge of the post. He had let two comrades go home the evening before, and supposed it was them returning, instead of us. When ordered to surrender he saw his mistake, and preferred death rather than surrender, giving no warning to his sleeping comrades. We had met on several occasions before, and met an enemy worthy of a foeman's steel. We shook hands when we left, as friends, but met again as enemies. I think their captain's name was either Washington or Jackson. Would like to hear from some of them through the Camp Fire.—SEGT. M. C. McCURDY, Co. A, 3d Mich. Cav.

*The Helena Engagement.*

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Of all the battles that were fought in the Southwest during the war, that at Helena, Ark., on July 4, 1863, ranks as high as any, everything considered. Not simply because Helena, with all its government property was saved, but because the Confederacy on that day received its deathblow. The main attack of the enemy was made on the Little Rock road, where they staked everything on forcing an entrance. They captured Battery C and drove the gallant 33d Iowa from its support; but when our other batteries and infantry got a cross-fire on them they had to abandon their dearly-won prize, for at this point they left the most of their men on the field. Our pickets were driven in at 3:30 a. m. and the fight lasted till 11 a. m., when the enemy retired, wiser and considerable less in numbers. With our little band of only 3,500 actually engaged on the field, we killed, wounded and captured almost our equal in numbers, and drove the enemy pell-mell from the field, and saved those piles of commissaries from falling into the hands of the enemy; and all with a small loss in comparison to that of the foe.

We were not caught napping, for we were in line, with stacked arms, three mornings previous, at 3:30 o'clock, and when the pickets were fired on the fourth morning, we were up and ready for the fray, with 80 rounds to the man to start in with, and it did not take us long to get from camp to the front line. From the best information we could get from intelligent prisoners (and afterwards as a prisoner myself) I learned that we had six times our number to contend with; at least we had the entire trans-Mississippi department to fight. They admitted that Holmes left one-fifth of his entire division dead and wounded on the field. About 9:30 our gallant commander came galloping up to his headquarters on his almost exhausted steed, to exchange for a fresh one that was standing ready. The prisoners we had captured were going aboard the only steamer that was at Helena that day, when the captain of the boat informed our commander that he could not put all those prisoners on his vessel. The general replied:

"Store them in the hull!"

When the vessel was stored full, from the hull to the top of the pilot-house, she steamed up and started for Memphis, while the cannon were yet booming.

When we turned our eyes toward the river and beheld the prize, a mighty yell went up from the Yanks that could be heard above the roar of the heavy siege guns at Fort Curtis, gunboat Tyler, mortars and field pieces. I helped to bury the dead, and some of those ravines were so full of dead bodies we just dug trenches and rolled them in. Every canteen we examined contained whisky and gunpowder, and the dead Johnnies were as black as negroes, and very much decomposed. It was a horrible task. One thing was very much in our favor—we had for a commander a man who was in the army for pure patriotism; one who had the entire respect of every soldier under his command, and after the wounded and dead were cared for he called around him his little band of soldiers, and with a smile on his countenance for those around him, and tears in his eyes for the dead and wounded, he told us he hoped soon to lead us across the state, and drive the enemy therefrom; but it was not to be, for in a short time he was relieved of his command. One thing Gen. B. M. Prentiss has to console him in his declining years—he did his duty as a soldier, both to his country and flag, and those entrusted to his care.—B. F. GORDON, Co. D., 36th Iowa.

Charles W. Hall writes: "My father was a soldier, and fought for his country three years, under Gen. Thomas. He enlisted at Coshocton, O., as a member of the 97th O. V. I. I am a reader of THE BLADE, and enjoy the soldiers' letters in the Camp Fire."


**Personal Liberty vs. Physical Slavery.**

We are all free American citizens, enjoying our personal liberty; but most of us are in physical slavery, suffering from scrofula, salt rheum, or some other form of impure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier which dissolves the bonds of disease, gives health, and perfect physical liberty.

*"It makes me tired!"*

People ask me—is marriage a failure? Of course 't'aint; s'pose I don't know my biz—what am I here for?" If the women only keep healthy they keep in good spirits and cupid is in demand. Let every enfeebled woman know this—there's a remedy that'll cure her, the proof's positive.

Here's the proof—if it doesn't do you good within reasonable time, report the fact to its makers and get your money back without a word—but you won't do it!

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right remedy in nearly every case of female weakness. It is not a miracle. It won't cure everything—but it has done more to build up enfeebled and broken-down women than any other medicine known.


### OLD WAR SONGS—LXXXVII.

**THE OLD VETERAN.**

The veteran lay on his rustic bed
Where we had laid him, for the dread
Messenger was near to claim
Him as his own; his worth and fame
Were nought to him; but sun and sky
He wished to see—then he could die.
But mild delirium seized him then,
And saw he hosts of well armed men
In weird ranks were marching grand,
And he, a leader in command.

"Stand firm! Stand firm!" the veteran said;
"Close up the ranks, bear off the dead;
We'll waver not, 'neath shot and shell
While drops of blood can rivers swell.
Stand firm, my comrades; firm till death
Shall swallow up our latest breath.
The eyes of all the world, 'tis true,
Are turned upon the ranks of blue!

"Stand firm, my lads, as rock and steel—
The ship of state, with iron keel
And oaken heart, must ride to-day
Upon the billows of this fray.
Hark! hark! I hear the bugle's call—
It sounds the charge; now, one and all,
For freedom's flag, strike home with might
And let no comrade shirk the fight!

"Stand firm! Strike home! the bugle hear,
Perish the heart that yields to fear—
They come! they come with yell and thrust—
A thousand souls must bite the dust.
Our ranks of steel shall stand as rock
And roll away the threatened shock.
The bugle call! the hosts I see—
My race is run—'tis victory!"

He heard the call: the bugle call
That set him free from earthly thrall.
Was mustered out—that veteran gray—
Ere morning kissed the early day.
He heard the call and stacked his arms
And marched to fields where no alarms
Can shake the air of peace profound;
Nor martial tread shall shake the ground.

**THE SOLDIER'S TEARS.**

Upon the hill he turned to take a last fond look,
Of the valley, and the village church, and the cottage by the brook.
Thus listening to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
The soldier leaned upon his sword, and wiped away a tear.

Beneath the cottage porch, a girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a fine white scarf, which fluttered in the breeze;
She breathed a prayer for him—a prayer he could not hear.
He paused and blessed her as she knelt and wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot, but do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart, though tears ran down his cheek,
Go, watch the foremost ranks, in battle's dark career;
You'll find the hand most valiant there has wiped away a tear.


The seeds of sickness and of death
In a disordered mouth are sown;
When bad the teeth or foul the breath,
Both soul and body lose their tone,
Till SOZODONT'S brought into play,
And sweeps those dire defects away.


### THE LITTLE TACK

**Proves to be an Enemy not to be Despised.**

A prick may be less heroic than a blow, but it is apt to be more effectual. One hornet will rout a squad of soldiers; and a ready-witted seaman once vanquished a horde of savages with tack nails. In 1819 the whale ship Syren, while on a voyage to the Pacific ocean, met with an adventure which would have proved fatal to all hands but for a quick stratagem of the mate. One fine day, off one of the Pelew islands, all the boats being after whales, and but a few men left aboard the vessel, a large band of armed natives suddenly swarmed over the bulwarks. The crew flew to the rigging, leaving the naked, howling savages in full command of the ship. The mate, on coming alongside, took in the situation at a glance, and quickly ordered the men to open the arm-chests and scatter on deck all the tacks they could find. In a moment it fairly rained tacks upon the naked savages. The deck was soon covered with these little nails. They pierced the feet of the islanders, who danced about with pain, which increased with every step they took, until, with yells of rage and agony, they tumbled headlong into the sea and swam ashore.—[The Century.


"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.*


**A VICTIM OF CHRISTMAS.**

It is Christmas month, and the frosty air
Bids all for the merriment prepare.
There is merry Christmas in look and tone,
In the larders whose weighted shelving groan;
In the lighted windows whose treasures meet
The gaze of the passer down the street.
There is merry Christmas for those who give,
And for those who the tokens of love receive,
And possibly some for the pale-faced girl,
Who silently watches the busy whirl,
And stands, till her muscles and mind grow sore,
On her feet all day in the notion store.
—*Washington Post.*


**Weak, Nervous Men!**

Send for sealed particulars, free, of Common Sense Home Treatment, which will speedily restore you to complete vigor and manhood. No electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich.


**Politics For Women.**

It is pleasant to know that we have in this town a regularly constituted body known as the Society for Political Study, by which women acquaint themselves with the workings of politics. There is no earthly reason why women should not be well up in the study of how we are governed, for upon that question depends the welfare of the entire family. Politics touches us at all points. It involves the way the streets are kept as well as the prices we pay for the necessaries of life; it involves the way our public schools are run as well as the Indian question, and so forth, and so forth. Nothing covers the ground, in human affairs, so completely as politics, and why should not the women understand all about it and make their influences felt whenever a wrong is perpetrated?—[Epoch.


When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

# Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

### *Eli Whitney.*

Subscriber, Monroe, Ind.: Eli Whitney was born in Westborough, Mass., December 8, 1765, and died in New Haven, Connecticut. During the Revolutionary war he was engaged in making nails by hand. Subsequently, by his industry as an artisan and by teaching, he was able to defray his expenses at Yale, where he graduated in 1792. In the same year he went to Georgia under an engagement as a private tutor, but on arriving there, found that the place had been filled. He then accepted the invitation of the widow of General Nathaniel Greene to make her place at Mulberry Grove, on Savannah river, his home while he studied law. Several articles that he devised for Mrs. Greene's convenience gave her great confidence in his inventive genius, and when some of her other visitors regretted that there could be no profit in the cultivation of the green seed cotton which was considered the best variety, owing to the great difficulty in separating it from the seed, she advised them to apply to Whitney, "who," she said, "could make anything." A pound of green seed cotton was all that a negro woman could at that period clean in a day.

Mr. Whitney, up to that time, had neither seen the raw cotton nor the cotton seed, but he at once procured some cotton from which the seeds had not been removed, although with trouble, as it was not the season of the year for the cultivation of the plant, and began to work out his idea of the cotton gin. He was occupied for some months in constructing his machine, during which he met with great difficulty, being compelled to draw the necessary iron wire himself as he could obtain none in Savannah, and to manufacture his own iron tools. Near the end of 1792 he succeeded in making a gin of which the principle and the mechanism are both exceedingly simple.

By its use the planter was enabled to clean for market by the labor of one man 1,000 pounds of cotton in the place of 5 or 6 by hand. Mrs. Greene and Phineas Miller were the only persons permitted to see the machine, but rumors of it had gone through the state and before it was quite finished the building in which it was placed was broken into at night and the machine carried off.

Before he could complete his model and obtain a patent a number of machines based on his invention had been made surreptitiously and were in operation. He had much trouble in the manufacture of this machine and was involved in many suits regarding the infringement of his patent. He afterward went to work at manufacturing fire arms in Connecticut and in this business he acquired a large fortune. His advance in the manufacture of arms has laid this country under permanent obligations by augmenting the means of national defence. Several of his inventions have been applied to other manufactures of iron and steel and added to his reputation. He established a fund of $500 at Yale, the interest of which is expended in the purchase of books on mechanical and physical science. In 1817 he married a daughter of Judge Pierpont Edwards.

### *The "Patroon."*

G. A. G., Perrysburg, Ind.: Stephen Van Rensselaer, known as the "Patroon," was the fifth lineal descent from Killaen Van Rensselaer, the original patroon or proprietor of the colony of Rensselaerswyck, who in 1630, and subsequently, purchased land, which in 1637 formed a tract of 45 miles by 24, extending from the immediate vicinity of Fort Orange, (now Albany) over the greater part of the present counties of Albany, Rensselaer and Columbia. His mother was Catherine, daughter of Philip Livingstone. He entered Princeton college, but owing to the proximity of the British army, removed to Harvard college, where he graduated in 1782. In 1783 he married a daughter of Gen. Philip Schuyler. He was a member of the House of Assembly of the state in 1789, and of the Senate from 1790 to 1795, when he was chosen lieutenant governor, which office he filled for six years. He presided over the constitutional convention in 1801, and in 1810-11 he was one of the commissioners for exploring the route and considering the feasibility of a Western canal. He was made commander of the cavalry of the state with the rank of general in 1801, and in 1812, in command of the New York militia, he assaulted and took Queenstown, Canada, but was ultimately defeated by the refusal of the militia to go out of the state, whereupon he resigned. After the war he devoted his energies in connection with De Witt Clinton, to the prosecution of the Erie canal, and from 1816 to his death, was one of the board of canal commissioners, and for 15 years its president. He was again a member of the legislature in 1816; in 1819 was elected a regent of the state university, and subsequently its chancellor; in 1820, president of the agricultural board of the state, and in 1821 a member of the constitutional convention. Under his direction and at his expense geological surveys were made by Prof. Amos Eaton, of Albany and Rensselaer counties, and along the line of the Erie canal in 1823, and the reports published in 1824. He also employed Prof. Eaton to deliver familiar lectures on natural science through the state. In November, 1824, he established at Troy a scientific school, which was incorporated in 1826 as the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute. Fully half of its current expenses were borne by him, and he continued to aid till his death. He was a member of Congress in 1822-9, and his vote secured the election of John Quincy Adams as President. In 1825, Yale university conferred on him the degree of LL. D.

### *Mother Shipton.*

G. M. C., Toledo, O.: Among the common people the name of Mother Shipton has, for several centuries, been regarded with awe, and by simple folk she is still looked on as a prophet. She flourished in the reign of bluff King Hal, and lived to a great age. She was born at Knaresborough, says tradition, and was generally regarded as a witch, the popular belief being that she sold her soul to the Evil One in return for the power of lifting the veil shrouding the future. But although universally believed to be a dealer in the black art, she died quietly in her bed near the village of Clifton, in Yorkshire, and in the churchyard near by a headstone bore this inscription:

> "Here lies she who never lied,
> Whose skill often has been tried;
> Her prophecies shall still survive,
> And ever keep her name alive."

It is said that each morning of her life was signalized by the utterance of some remarkable prediction of weal or woe to her neighbors or her country. Apart from the legendary flavor which is sure to surround such a unique character, enough is certainly known of her utterances to show that she at least must be credited with making some extremely accurate guesses at future events.

Henry VIII., Elizabeth and James I. did not disdain to consult her, either in person or by proxy. To Henry she foretold his suppression of the monasteries, his marriage with Anne Boleyn, Wolsey's downfall and death, and the fagot fires of Smithfield. To Elizabeth she also made equally true predictions and also to King James. It is recorded that on the occasion of her last public utterance, Mother Shipton gave forth the following prediction, which has been thought to have reference to the present century:

> "The time shall come when seas of blood
> Shall mingle with a greater flood;
> Great noise shall there be heard, great shouts
> and cries,
> And seas shall thunder louder than the skies.
> Then shall three lions fight with three and
> bring
> Joy to a people, honor to a king.
> That fiery year, as soon as o'er,
> Peace shall then be as before;
> Plenty shall everywhere be found,
> And men with swords shall plough the
> ground."

### *National Banking System.*

W. S. P., Gooseberry, Ore.: A system of national banks authorized to issue bank notes secured by the pledge of the United States bonds, was recommended to Congress in the report of Secretary of the Treasury Chase in December, 1861, as a means of raising the revenue necessary to carry on the war. The alternative put by him was a further issue of demand notes, of which fifty millions had already been issued, and the continuance of which he regarded as dangerous. The advantages claimed by him for the national bank system were a safe and uniform currency, greater ease for the government in obtaining loans, a decreased rate of interest equivalent to the participation of the people in the profits on circulation, avoidance of a money monopoly and the distribution of government securities among the monied institutions of the country, thus identifying their interests with those of the government.

On February 25th, 1863, the National Bank Act having been passed by Congress was signed by the President. It provided for the organization of National banks by not less than five persons; for all capital stock to be fully paid up; for circulation to the extent ninety per cent. of the market value of government bonds deposited but not to exceed ninety per cent. of the par value; the circulation guaranteed by the government which had in return a first lien on all the assets of the bank to cover any deficiency, provided the bonds deposited did not fully protect it. The total circulation was limited to $300,000,000. This was subsequently in 1870 raised to $354,000,000 and finally in 1875 all restrictions on the total amount were removed.

### *International Arbitration.*

W. L. M., Cameron, West Va.: The earliest method of settling international disputes was by war. This method has not yet entirely ceased but the growth of the industrial spirit among nations whereby the property subject to destruction in war has been vastly augmented and peaceful habits have been cultivated and the growth of a spirit of equity in dealing with other nations has caused the settlement of many disputes in modern times by arbitration instead of war. The contesting nations select some arbitrator, or arbitrators, to whom the disputed point is referred and whose decision is to be final or subject to the approval of each according to the terms of the submission.

The submission is sometimes the result of a treaty and sometimes it merely grows out of state correspondence and is intended to clear the atmosphere in international discussions by the aid of an impartial opinion. The situation of the United States, remote from most foreign nations, her lack of a large navy and standing army, the peaceful habits of her people and the conciliatory habits of her government from the outset, have inclined her frequently in the history of her foreign relations to submit disputes to arbitration. The Treaty of Washington was, from this point of view, a remarkable one, both because of the importance of its subjects and the success attending the reference of them to arbitration, and its example, has not been without its effect in increasing respect for the United States and the method of arbitration among other nations.

### *The Presidential Succession.*

A weekly subscriber asks: 1.—If the President-elect was to die before he was inaugurated, who would be President? 2.—And if the Vice President would succeed to the Presidency, who would be Vice? 3.—And if the President and Vice President were both to die before they were inaugurated, who would be President?

Should the President-elect of the United States die after the electors have met and before his inauguration, it is a question whether the Vice President-elect should become President, or whether the secretary of State would become President, or whether the House of Representatives would elect a President. No such case has ever arisen and the matter is by no means clear. It would be carried undoubtedly to the Supreme court of the United States, but the probability is that the Vice President-elect would be declared President.

2.—If the Vice President-elect should die or become President, no one would become Vice President, but the Senate would elect a president pro tempore.

3.—Should both the President and Vice President-elect die, the case would be a very doubtful one. It would either come under the Presidential succession law and the secretary of State would become President, or the House of Representatives would fill the vacancy under the 12th amendment to the constitution.

### *Electrical Ore Finder.*

E. B. C., Toledo, O., inquires for some method of locating or finding metallic ores in the earth. The only thing that we recall of the sort is one described in a recent number of the *Electrical Engineer*. It is intended to detect the presence and nature of a mineral where the latter is exposed in the rock or earth. This apparatus, which is intended for the use of prospectors more particularly, consists of a battery and spark coil, which are inclosed in a box, and the conductors end in two platinum points.

It is evident that if these points be connected to a conducting body and the circuit ruptured, a spark will be formed, the flame and color of which will give some indication of the nature of the body which the electrodes have touched. Thus, by placing the two points against a rock containing metal in a free state, its presence may be detected by merely applying one electrode and passing the other rapidly over the surface. Another use to which it may be put is to the sorting of ores, the color of the flame enabling the sorter to separate the different kinds. The apparatus, which weighs about 10 pounds, is arranged to be carried on the back, and can be used to explode blasts in connection with electric primers.

### *Old Coins.*

A. E. M., Gagetown, Mich.: The copper cent of 1848, of which you send a rubbing, bears no premium.

G. C., Thomasboro, Ill.—It would take several colums of THE BLADE to print a list of all old coins on which there is a premium, and we can not spare the space.

W. C. M., Stewart, Ky.: The silver half dollar of 1794, with flowing hair, if in good condition, is worth $4. The silver 5-cent piece of 1830 has no premium.

J. H. L., Rock Rapids, Iowa: The silver coin of which you send a rubbing is a Spanish peso, or dollar, coined in the reign of Charles IV., 1796. It is worth a dollar. It has no premium. American old coin collectors care only for United States coins.

F. S. B., Cape Vincent, N. Y.: The silver quarter of 1834 bears no premium. The arrows each side of the date did not appear on our coins till about 1850. The only silver 3-cent pieces that bear a premium are those of 1855, 1863 to 1869 inclusive, and 1870 to 1873, inclusive.

### *Filibusters.*

G. H. H., Glen Alpin, Neb.: This word comes from the Spanish *filibusteros*, who were West Indian pirates. Their name was derived from a small fast sailing vessel which they employed called a flibote (originally fly boat) and said to have been so styled from the river Fly in Holland. The term filibusters came to be applied to all military adventurers. In the United States it has two meanings. First, it is given to the members of the minority in a legislative body who seek to delay or defeat the adoption of measures obnoxious to them by obstruction and dilatory tactics, such as constant motions to adjourn or calls for yeas and nays. Secondly, the name filibusters is applied to adventurers who organized expeditions in the United States to gain control of the West India and Central American regions with the hope of having them annexed to the United States, and thus extending the slave territory of the nation.

### *"Free Speech, Free Press."*

W. L. M., Cameron, W. Va.: Free speech and free press is an expression of a state of affairs said to exist where the government does not attempt to control the free expression of opinion on the part of the people or the press, whether it is in criticism of the government or not. It does not exist in Germany or Russia, but Ireland, as part of the British Empire, is popularly supposed to have both, although it is doubtful whether it exists there to the same extent that it does here. 2. When a large business firm or banks whose credit has been considered of the best, fails, it perhaps owes money to other firms, which cannot be paid; this may seriously embarrass the firm owed, and if several large firms fail, why some of their heaviest creditors may perhaps go under also. Scarcity of money is as a rule the cause of the failure of a great many large business houses.

### *Rhode Island's Two Capitals.*

D. S. M., St. John, Kan.: The state of Rhode Island was at one time, before the Revolution, two separate colonies, one being called Rhode Island, with Newport as its capital, and one Providence Plantations, with Providence the capital. They were, however, united and made into a single colony. It was decided then to continue both Newport and Providence as capitals, and have the legislature meet alternately in each. This was done and the state also given the name of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, which name it still bears. 2.—There was a special act of Congress after the Chicago fire, admitting building materials free, in order to expedite the rebuilding of the city.

### *Complexion and Temperament.*

E. E. M., Middletown, Mo., asks: "Is it true, that red haired persons are more ill-tempered and cross than those who have light or dark hair? If so, what is the philosophy of it? Or is it a superstitious idea of the American people?"

The idea is very wide-spread and not confined to the American people. It is as prevalent in Europe as it is here. There are many more correlated ones—that blonde women—golden hair, blue eyes and fair skins—are deceitful; that persons of dark, sallow skins, black eyes and coarse black hair are morose and sullen in temperament. We have never heard any good reason assigned for these beliefs, and are inclined to think they are largely fanciful.

### *Tin in the United States.*

S. N., Jarvisville, W. Va., says: "There is a party here claims there is no tin found in the United States. To settle this matter, please answer whether there is any, and, if so, where."

There is plenty of tin in the United States; the Black Hills are full of it. A quantity of the ore was taken out of one lode last summer, and shipped to London for assay. THE BLADE published the result at the time, showing that the ore is much richer than the Cornish ore, from the mines of Cornwall, England. One ledge shows a vein of ore 50 feet thick. These mines have not been developed, because block tin was free under the old tariff, and there was no money in the business. They will be opened and at work by the time that paragraph 209 of the new tariff law goes into effect.

### *Free Coinage.*

C. B. M., Holmesville, Neb.: The silver dollar weighs 412½ grains, of which 371¼ grains are pure silver. The rest is copper, put in to harden the coin, so it will not wear away so readily. The silver law authorizes the secretary of the Treasury to buy silver, until the price reaches $1 for 371¼ grains—that is, he must not pay more than $1 for the amount of silver in the silver dollar. You will find the whole silver question discussed editorially in the Weekly BLADE of December 11, on 4th page, 4th column.

### *Pinkerton Detective Force.*

W. H. O., Slubboleth, Kan.: The Pinkerton detective force is simply a private organization controlled by Alan Pinkerton, a well known detective. It is not part of the police force of any city or state, but often works in conjunction with them in ferreting out crime. The Pinkerton detectives are as a rule employed by business men to discover theft or irregularities in business, where the official force could not afford to give the matter so much consideration. They are never employed in cases pertaining to divorce or the marriage relation, and thus are free from the odium which sometimes attaches to private detective agencies that are employed in those matters.

### *The Alhambra.*

H. P. A., Doniphan, Kan.: The Alhambra is a suburb of Grenada, Spain, fortified in the strongest manner known to the Middle Ages, capable of containing 40,000 men, and enclosing the exquisite remains of a Moorish palace, whose beauties have been celebrated by all travelers and admirably illustrated by the pen of Washington Irving. Situated in the midst of noble woods, surrounded by gardens and built with sumptuousness, and yet with taste, this beautiful spot contained everything that could contribute to the security and gratification of the Granadian princes.

### *"Selah."*

A subscriber asks: "What is the meaning of the word selah, so often used in the Psalms of David?"

This word, which is only found in the poetical books of the Old Testament, occurs 71 times in the Psalms and three times in Habakkuk. In sixteen Psalms it is found once, in fifteen twice, in seven three times, and in one four times, nearly always at the end of a verse. It is probably a term which had a meaning in the musical nomenclature of the Hebrews, though what that meaning may have been is now a matter of pure conjecture.

### *War Governor of California.*

D. D., Mason, Texas: In the Weekly BLADE of December 4, in the list of war governors, the name of Milton D. Latham appeared as war governor of California. Mr. Latham, who was governor, was elected United States Senator at the beginning of the war, and Mr. J. G. Downey became governor. He was succeeded in 1863 by Leland Stanford.

### *National Bank Notes.*

S. C., Langdon, Kan.: When a national bank obtains its notes of the government, it pays the expense of printing them, the same as if it had the work done by a private engraver. The object of the government's doing the work is to reduce the chances of theft or counterfeiting to a minimum.

### *Miscellaneous.*

L. H. C., Bozeman, Mont.: THE BLADE does not pay for volunteered contributions.

J. H., Stiles, Iowa: It is not true, as far as we know, that Washington ever had such a dream as you refer to.

A. H., Oregon City, Oregon: We are unfamiliar with the facts in the life of Buffalo Bill, which you request.

R. L., Trinity, Texas: Washington's body is buried in the vault at Mt. Vernon, his old home, and is not petrified.

Little Constant Reader: It is the doctrine generally upheld in orthodox churches that a crazy man would go to heaven if he was a Christian when in his right mind.

D. E. S., Hedgewood, Kan.: Through a typographical error in the Question Bureau, which appeared in the Weekly of December 4, in the list of war governors, the name of Leonard P. Hewey, of Wisconsin, appears instead of Louis P. Hawey.

C. B. S., Grove City, Ill.: 1.—There are in the Fifty-first Congress House of Representatives 330 members, including the representative from Wyoming, but not from Idaho, as he has not yet qualified.

2.—There are in the Senate 86 members, again including two senators from Wyoming who have qualified, but not from Idaho, as they have not yet qualified.

3.—Both Idaho and Wyoming have been admitted as states some months ago.


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# Talmage's Sermon.

## TALMAGE ON JOSHUA'S BATTLES.

### The Lake by Which Joshua Fought His Last Battle—The Triumphant Campaign Under the Great Chieftain.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 21.—Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning in the Academy of Music in this city, and again in the evening at the service in New York. His text was Joshua ii, 5—"And when all these kings were met together, they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom to fight against Israel."

We are encamped to-night in Palestine by the waters of Merom. After a long march we have found our tents pitched, our fires kindled, and though far away from civilization, a variety of food that would not compromise a first-class American hotel, for the most of our caravan starts an hour and a half earlier in the morning. We detain only two mules carrying so much of our baggage as we might accidentally need, and a tent for the noonday luncheon. The malarias around this Lake Merom are so poisonous that at any other season of the year encampment here is perilous, but this winter night the air is tonic and healthful.

In this neighborhood Joshua fought his last great battle. The nations had banded themselves together to crush this Joshua, but along the banks of these waters Joshua left their carcasses. Indeed, it is time that we more minutely examine this Joshua of whom we have in these discourses caught only a momentary glimpse, although he crossed and recrossed Palestine, and next to Jesus is the most stirring and mighty character whose feet ever touched the Holy Land.

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him, and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying law-giver. He had been buried, only one person at the funeral, the same one who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness but he has some one ready. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place. Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the start: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." God fulfilled this promise, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet; and the next with a stone wall; and the next, leading on a regiment of whipped cowards; and the next battle, against darkness, wheeling the sun and moon into his battalion, and the last, against the King of terrors, Death—five great victories.

It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting, and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Ah! aha! they cannot disturb us in time—until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "What's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among these troops and they are going to fly; or, perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain, looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim or the water with their feet, than by an almighty fiat Jordon parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank 30 or 40 feet high, and having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals, and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage.

Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heaven, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument, and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven preists were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day, the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall—not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet, he can overthrow the stone wall. Why it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It isn't philosophy." And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out, and showing it was not possible that such a cause could produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position, he would not have got many votes.

Joshua's stock was down. The second day, the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walk all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only on more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry: "Down, Jericho, down Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash! go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces; the air blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Isrealites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for her kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw the red cord they knew it was the divine indication they should not disturb the premises; making us think of the divine cord of a Savior's deliverance, the red cord of a Savior's kindness, the red cord of a Savior's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God and no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, even by the trumpets of the judgment day, and the hills and mountains, the metal bones and ribs of nature, shall break, they who have Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is: "Forward march!" There is the city of Ai, it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do without you; it is going to be an easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeer. The Northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as the Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says, "Oh, Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

I am very glad Joshua said that. Before, it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and, therefore, could not be an example to us; but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about everything being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust.

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says, "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now, let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends comparatively small regiments up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. The small regiments of Israelites in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of these scattered, or seemingly scattered regiments, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city; and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying regiments of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory.

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march," cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send word, "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days march more than double-quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say, "That is Joshua; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron, pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Bethhoron.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." "But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon, and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cries: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halted. Whether it was by the refraction of the sun's rays, or by the stopping of the whole planetary system, I do not know, and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth, and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

A long time ago there was a Christian woman, very consecrated, and she had a drunken husband, and so on came the night of domestic trouble. She lost her children, and there came the night of bereavement. She was very ill, and there came the night of sickness. Her soul departed, and there came the night of death. But all these nights of trouble, and sorrow, and sickness were illumined by the grace of the gospel; and people came many miles to see how cheerfully a person could be sick, and how cheerfully a Christian could die. The moon that illumined the night of trouble was a reflection from the sun of righteousness. In the last hour of that night—the night of darkness and sickness and misfortune, as she lifted her hand toward heaven, those who stood nearest her pillow could hear her whisper—for she wanted to live on in the generations that were to follow, consecrated to God; she wanted to have an influence long after she had entered upon her eternal reward, and while her had was lifted and her lips were moving, those who stood nearest her pillow could hear her say, "Thou moon, stand still in the valley of Ajalon."

But Joshua was not quite through. There was time for five funerals before the sun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five dead kings—King of Jerusalem, King of Hebron, King of Jarmuth, King of Lachish, King of Eglon? Let it be by Joshua. What is his text? What shall be the epitaph put on the door of the tomb? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But before you fasten up the door, I want five more kings beheaded and thrust in—King Alcohol, King Fraud, King Lust, King Superstition, King Infidelity. Let them be beheaded and hurl them in. Then fasten up the doors forever. What shall the inscription and what shall the epitaph be? For all Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it. What shall the inscription be? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is a hundred and ten years old. Washington went down the Potomac and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After a hundred and ten years he is to meet a king, who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the King of Terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather, or great-grandfather seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight and show how the old battles were won—so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept his promise all the way through. As he lies there he tells the story one, two or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A dying parent can not be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them forever at the door of the tomb we can not. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part, we can not part. Jehovah Jireh, we take thee at thy promise. "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over one hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot, the moon that stood still in the Valley of Ajalon.

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## THEY MUST STUDY.

### The Supreme Court Judges Have to Learn Queer things.

From time to time there comes to the attention of the supreme justices something relating to every branch of human endeavor. The rights of every man which he guards most carefully are those relating to the business or occupation by which he earns his living. Disputes upon these rights lead to law suits, and out of them grow the Supreme Court cases, and in considering them the justices must learn something of the trade or profession of the mechanical or the scientific point involved. Justice Lamar said, after making a very careful study of a patent case the other day, that he had learned something he never knew anything about before; he had learned all about the gussets and seams and bands of a corset. He had learned all about the different stitches used and of the number of steels and where they should go to support the female form. He had almost to learn the corset trade in order to deliver a proper opinion in the case, and he found it quite interesting. Thus the justices have to acquire all sorts of mechanical and scientific knowledge in order to understand all the cases that come before them.

There are great land lawyers, great railroad lawyers, lawyers who make a specialty of patents, and some who know all about the marine law; but the justice of the Supreme court must be all these, and more; his powers must be universal; he must deal with all the branches of the law, and with the laws of all the states. The Supreme court does not divide its labors, one taking patent cases, one railroad cases, etc., but though one justice is named by the chief justice to write out an opinion on a case, the case itself must be thoroughly studied by every member of the court. They consider the case together, after having studied it carefully each by himself, and they all vote upon it.—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

### How It Rolled In.

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## THE LARGEST FARM.

### It is a Hundred Miles in Length and Twenty-five Miles in Width.

In the extreme southwest corner of Louisiana lies the largest producing farm in the world, measuring 100 miles north and south and 25 miles east and west. It is owned and operated by a syndicate of northern capitalists. The 1,500,000 acres of the tract were purchased in 1883 from the state of Louisiana and from the United States government.

At that time it was a vast grazing land for the cattle of the few dealers of the neighborhood, over 300,000 head of half-wild horses and cattle being thereon. Now this immense tract is divided into convenient pasture stations, or ranches, existing every six miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of $50,000. The land is best adapted for rice, sugar, corn and cotton. All cultivating, ditching, etc., is done by steam power. A tract, say half a mile wide, is taken, and an engine is placed on each side. The engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four plows, and under this arrangement 30 acres a day are gone over with only the labor of three men. Harrowing, planting and other cultivation is done in a like manner. There is not a single draught horse on the entire place.

Of course horses are used for the herders of cattle, of which there are 16,000 head. The Southern Pacific railway runs for 36 miles through the farm. The company have three steamboats operating on the waters of their estates, of which there are 300 miles navigable. They have also an ice house, a bank, a ship-yard and a rice mill.


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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for* CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

KIRK'S ASTHMA REMEDY.

PERSONS SUFFERING FROM Asthma, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Influenza, Whooping Cough or Bronchitis Cured. Immediate relief obtained by using KIRK'S ASTHMA REMEDY. Price $1.00, of Druggists or by Mail. Send for free Sample. Mention Paper. F. K. Kirk Mfg. Co., 94 Thompson Street, N. Y.

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If any boy or girl under 18 years of age wants a strictly first-class safety bicycle, they can obtain it without one cent of cost. We intend to give away on certain easy terms, 1000 or more. We have both boys and girls styles. If you want one send your name and address by mail. WESTERN PEARL CO., 33 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN GEMS FROM LIFE! A one dozen 12 rich, rare pictures! All full length. Charming gems of feminine loveliness. Ours the BEST photos ever offered. Boys all crazy over them! You'll WANT MORE when you see them. They are clear! Every feature plain as life. You'll be very sorry if you MISS them. Don't delay, secure something new which others have not got. A little different. Full cabinet size card! (12 pictures) all for 25 cts. silver. No free samples. Catalog 4 cts. Address Art Photo Co., Ltd., Augusta, Maine. [To all mentioning this paper in ordering, we send a crisp sample (x and y greenback, new,) a coupon worth alone 50 cts., also our illustrated catalog. All for 25 cts.] We are importers.

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MARRY—Marriage Paper and particulars of Marriage Association that pays $500 to $5,000, mailed free. GUNNELS' MONTHLY, Toledo, O.

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample pkg., 10c. The Pedine Co., New York.

MEDICAL.

CATARRH SURELY CURED 25 CTS.

Nasal Catarrh can be easily, quickly, pleasantly, and lastingly cured, providing one KNOWS HOW. I do know how, can do it, and guarantee just such a cure. MY HEALING CATARRH POWDER (perfectly soluble) will positively and effectually cure in a few days only any ordinary case not complicated with scrofula. There is no humbug and no disappointment about it. I know what I am talking about, and what I say is the TRUTH; if not, denounce me in this paper as a fraud. Many thousand packages sold in past twelve years, and I hereby declare upon oath that I seldom have a complaint, and do not know of a failure to cure in all that time. It is perfectly harmless, safe and pleasant to use, clears the head without sneezing, purifies, heals, stops and cures every discharge from the nose, sweetens the breath, and cures catarrh in all its stages. A package, enough to last two weeks, and more than enough to surely and infallibly cure nearly every case, sent post-paid for only 25 cents by GEO. N. STODDARD, 1226 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Have been in drug business in Buffalo over 22 years. Have my own good reasons for offering this incomparable remedy at so low a price. Mention this paper.

EARLY DECAY

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION self-abuse or excesses results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SMELL, HEARING AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.

ALL MEN, young and old, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery.

A LINGERING DEATH the reward of their ignorance and folly causes many to contemplate and even commit suicide, and large numbers end their days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS. PARESIS IN BUSINESS AND THE RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH.

WILL YOU BE ONE MORE numbered with these thousands of unfortunates? Or will you accept

A CURE

and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfection, as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor yourself, send your address with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an instrument worn at night, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY. DR. JAS. WILSON, BOX 156, CLEVELAND, O. MENTION THIS PAPER.

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An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c.

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Original and Only Genuine.

SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. Philada., Pa.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

HE DID—HE DIDN'T! Five years ago both sought our advice. We cure all WEAKNESSES & DISEASES of MEN. OUR NEW BOOK explains all. Its advice is Vital. Free for limited time. Don't Trifle with Disease! ERIE MED. ICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y. Don't fail to HEED OUR WORDS!

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

Manhood Restored

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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We have a positive cure for the effects of self-abuse, Early Excesses, Nervous Debility, Impotency &c. So great is our faith in our specific we will send one full month's medicine and much valuable information FREE. Address G. M. Co., 835 Broadway, New York.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S COTTON ROOT PILLS Ladies' Favorite. Always Reliable and Safe. 38 years' use and not one bad result. Send 4c. for sealed particulars. DR. WARD & CO., 117 N. 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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MANHOOD restored, sufferers from youthful errors, wasting weakness, early decay, etc. I will mail you full information FREE of a wonderful remedy. A simple and certain means of self-cure. Address, Dr. F. B. CLARKE, East Haddam, Conn.

MEN ONLY REMEDY FREE! Rushed restored, parts enlarged. I have found a means of certain cure which I will send sealed free to any sufferer. CHAS. ANBERG, Box 26, Marshall, Mich.

ASTHMA CURED NEVER FAILS. DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE. THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. FREE

PILES. QUICK RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free by addressing C. J. MASON, P. O. Box 3179, New York City.

$15 A WEEK. Any lady, employed or unemployed, can make from a few hours' work each day. Salary or com. $10 samples free. Address H. Benjamin & Co., 115 N. 8th st., St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

CANCERS and Tumors Cured, without the knife, at the Iola Cancer Infirmary, Iola, Waupaca Co., Wis. Book free.

FREE TRIAL. In Nerve Debility, Lost Vitality, Weakness and decay, sent free for 10c postage. Address Dr. Ward Office 117 N. 8th st., St. Louis, Mo.

IF ANY LADY can get a valuable secret that cost me $5 and a rubber shield for 30 cents. Mrs. V. M. App. Co., 111 N. 8th st., St. Louis, Mo.

BOTTLED Electricity cures Catarrh, Colds, etc. $1. N. B. LITTLE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

# TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1890.

**Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!**

TOLEDO BLADE CO.........Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE................Editor.

*TERMS—Postage Paid:*

Single copy, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 108,000.


### WE WANT AGENTS!

THE BLADE pays the largest commissions to agents, and offers the largest inducements for clubs, of any paper in the United States, or in the world, for that matter. Any one wanting to make money should investigate our offers. *Everybody* should write for terms to agents at once! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

## Our China Sets.

**The Blade's Offer Being Taken Up By Hundreds.**

THE BLADE's china set premium offer is being largely accepted. We are sending them out by hundreds. Take particular notice of this fact: While, under each offer, a price is made at which we will sell this set (including the Weekly BLADE one year) so low that everybody can afford to buy it; if you will read further you will find terms upon which we will give away these sets—which you will find are even more liberal than the offer to sell; this is because we wish to secure additional clubs for the Weekly BLADE.

Of course, we shall gladly fill all orders for sets in connection with one copy of the Weekly BLADE, because we know there are many who have not time nor inclination to get up a club; but there are others who are so situated as to be able to raise clubs, and we make the most liberal offer possible to them, as clubs are what we want.

The best way is, to enter on the work of getting up a club at once to secure the $20 BLADE dinner set. Almost any one can raise a club of 20 subscribers in a single day: but if you should fall short, you can certainly raise 11, and thus get the 80-piece tea set. Then, after resting a few weeks, you can make another effort and obtain 10 more, for which we will give you the No. 4 set—which, added to the tea set, makes the complete dinner set.

Get at the work at once, for two reasons: first, so as to be before any one else in your neighborhood; second, if you raise one club now, you will get that out of the way, so that later you can raise another, to obtain an additional premium in this line, or on some offer we may make later.

We have a special word to say to the 1,000 and more who obtained the tea set last year, in reply to many inquiries: The No. 4 Blade set is just what you want. It has been made up specially so as to be added to the 80-piece set and make a complete dinner set. So go to work at once to secure the No. 4.

It is a proved fact that the 80-piece tea set, which we offer for $7 with the Weekly BLADE one year, or which we *give* for 11 subscribers and $11, can not be bought at retail at the stores for less than $15 or $16; and the same holds true as to the other offers.

Read the advertisement on the 5th page. It is really a remarkable offer. If the sets cost us nothing, we should make but a narrow margin of profit. Offered as they are with THE BLADE, we make no profit at all—merely wishing to extend our circulation, and help our friends and subscribers to a first-class article.

Renewals will count the same as new subscribers in getting up clubs for this premium.

Don't wait! Begin work *at once!*

### THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

There have been so many failures in washing machines that THE BLADE has hitherto been loth to offer one in connection with the paper, notwithstanding we have, in the past few years, received hundreds of requests that we should offer such a premium. However, we have at last found one that has stood the test here in Toledo, and given satisfaction to the families using it.

We are now having made for us, here in Toledo, by a leading manufacturer, a large number of these washing machines. It is the best ever offered the public; if we did not thoroughly believe this, we should not offer it. By referring to the advertisement on the 5th page of this issue, the reader can see a cut of it, and read the splendid offer we there make.

This machine retails at $7.00. We offer it, with the Weekly BLADE one year, for $5.00. The machine thus costs $4.00, which is a saving of $3.00 to the buyer—one of the profits all our subscribers have an opportunity of making. The machine is carefully crated for shipment, and being of wood is very light. The freight is to be paid by the purchaser, and should not be over 50 cents to $1, owing to the distance.

Also—we will send a washing machine *free* for a club of ten subscribers, and $10.00. Address all letters, "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

We have received a number of letters and postal cards asking the above question. To answer all at once, we will say: The interior has corrugated wooden sides; the operation of the lever, shown in the cut, gives a reciprocating motion to a corrugated wooden rubber, inside the machine. The clothes are worked between this rubber and the corrugated wooden sides. The machine has been tested by a large number of families here in Toledo, and gives satisfaction in every case; hence we have not the least hesitancy in recommending it to our patrons.

SUCCI, the Italian, on Saturday completed the forty-fifth—and last—day of his self-imposed fast. He was on exhibition the whole time, and it is pleasant to know that the receipts were so small that SUCCI barely made his expenses. There was no possible scientific interest in the exhibition; it was merely that a man was willing, in the hope of making money, to subject his physical system to terrible strain and torture. Such exhibitions should be prevented by law.

DEMOCRATIC papers raised a great howl a few days ago about Attorney General MILLER misusing his franking privilege. After a non-partisan Indiana jury found it simple nonsense, the same organs have cried "Whitewash!" It takes a good deal to satisfy a Democratic organ.

THE Boston *Journal* strikes home here:

"I would strike down every one of those industries," says G. Fred Williams, referring to the new mills and factories that have been opening and new enterprises established because of the McKinley bill. What a terrible fellow young Mr. Williams is, to be sure. But we do not believe that his threat will frighten those American business men who have gone to work to smash the Welsh tin plate monopoly.

IF you make a Christmas gift simply as the payment of an obligation, you ignore the true spirit of Christmas.

### THE BURDEN OUR PEOPLE BEAR.

The liquor traffic of the United States reaches a stupendous total annually. It was estimated at $900,000,000 per year in 1888, and the annual increase of sales at $75,000,000. That would bring the sum total up to about $1,500,000,000 per year at present. This is a tax upon the people—a tax paid voluntarily by those out of whose pockets it directly comes, but nevertheless a tax, and worse; for the payment is for no useful purpose, nor does the payer get anything of value in return for his money. Quite the reverse, in fact.

This total, alarming as it is, is not all. The indirect losses resulting from the liquor traffic, such as the loss of productive industry, the expense of maintaining the pauperism and of suppressing the crime and violations of order caused by it, certainly will make up a total equal to that expended annually for drink. This is a tax also; but it is not a voluntary one in this case. It is a tax this time on the sober and industrious tax-payers, those who own taxable property. The cost of the support of poor-houses, insane asylums, police forces, courts and prisons form no inconsiderable part of the burden of taxation—and the drink traffic is the cause of the greater part of their cost.

It is interesting to compare the drink bill of the nation with the entire annual revenue of the United States from farm products, our industries of a mechanical nature, from mining, railroads, and so on, which is estimated at $12,000,000,000 per year. The nation wastes this tremendous total in drink every eight years; and if we count the indirect cost of the traffic as equal to the total direct sales of Rum in all its forms, the nation pays out, because of the traffic, the twelve billion dollars in four years.

This is a record which demands consideration at the hands of the American people. The politics of the nation at the present time is pivoted on the tariff question, and the anti-tariff men are declaring that the nation groans under an unsupportable burden because of the duties paid on imported goods. Now, the total of duties collected on all imported articles per year is only about $220,000,000. If this is a "burden," what shall be said of the national drink bill, nearly *seven* times as great per year? Is it not seven times more imperative to redeem the people of the nation from the payment of this enormous and unnecessary burden?

The whole anti-tariff sentiment of the country has been created—how? By steady, persistent agitation, the presentation of arguments designed to help that side of the case. Here is a lesson for every man who realizes the terrific burden of the Rum traffic, and desires to remove it from the people. The "campaign of education" must be begun. Every pulpit in the land must educate the people in the evils of the drink traffic, and the physical and moral degradation that follows indulgence in the drink habit. Every school-room must be a center for the instruction of the rising generation in these things. Every temperance advocate must be imbued with the same spirit that filled the apostles of old, and must use his best endeavors for the enlightenment of his neighbors and friends.

And this work must proceed upon two parallel lines—the one being that of pledging men to total abstinence personally; the other, warfare against the saloon and all it represents. There is no need of arousing political bigotry or party intolerance. Let the men of the nation be appealed to as citizens, not as members of a political party. Where a good majority of the people of a state or a community are convinced of the absolute evil of the Rum traffic, and are determined that it shall stop, there will be no difficulty in compassing the proper legislation, no matter which party may happen to be in power.

Education of the people is the work now most needed. Every temperance man has around him, in his own locality, an ample field for personal work; every minister has a field which is white to the harvest; and temperance societies and organizations must push the work in the dark spots of our land—the cities. They are to-day the strongholds of the Rum Power, and it is there the hottest battle of the campaign must be fought. We must educate, *educate*, EDUCATE, until the masses see the evils of the Rum traffic and are willing and eager to join in the effort to

*Pulverize the Rum Power.*

### PROTECTION AND WAGES.

So far as the workingmen of this nation are concerned—and when we say workingmen, we include every man who works for hire—the question of protection is a question of wages. Mr. CLARKSON put the whole case in a nutshell when he said, "the laborer, if he expects to buy goods at free trade prices, must make up his mind to accept free trade wages."

Without protection, the present rate of remuneration, whether it be for the workingman in a factory, or foundry, or iron furnace, or the clerk behind the counter or at the desk, or the laborer working at day's wages, must all fall. There is a ratio between the remuneration of each of these classes which is maintained under all circumstances. If the wages of the men in the manufacturing establishments, or of those in the iron industry, go down, it means a scaling down all along the line, among all men working for hire.

THE manifesto issued by the British Bimetallic league has made a very favorable impression in France, and in response to a suggestion in the Chamber of Deputies, the French minister of Finance has promised to consult with the other powers relative to summoning a conference in 1891 upon the question of the fixing of a ratio between gold and silver and a remonetization of the latter metal.

IT is reassuring to learn from the report of the department of Agriculture that the farmers are selling their corn at 77 per cent more than last year, their wheat at 20 per cent more, their oats at almost double last year's price, their potatoes at 90 per cent more, and their rye, buckwheat and tobacco at a considerable increase. Hay is the only farm product which shows a decline.

THE London *Times* is discouraged over the outlook. It remarks that "it will be difficult to go on much longer proclaiming the world-wide triumph of free trade, or the impending ruin of protectionist nations, in the face of the great and continued prosperity of the United States—the most resolute and impertinent of them all." How sad!

Had Sitting Bull had the advantages of education and civilization, he might have risen to be Speaker of a Republican House.—[Louisville Courier Journal.

But these disadvantages would have been no bar to his being a Democratic Congressman from Kentucky or a Senator from South Carolina.

DAY, the Canadian murderer, was arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced and hanged, inside of five months from the time the crime was committed. It wouldn't have happened had the Ohio board of Pardons and Governor CAMPBELL been over there.

## "Oliver Optic's" Story.

**The New Serial Now Being Written for The Blade by this Noted Author.**

We have completed arrangements for a new serial story, to be begun in THE BLADE some time near the beginning of the new year, entitled:

## "A WILL OF HIS OWN,"

### By WM. T. ADAMS.

MR. ADAMS is better known to the reading public by his *nom de plume* of "Oliver Optic." The story is one of the present day and of the country, dealing with people and events of common, everyday life. The following are the persons who figure in the story, some very prominently, some in a subordinate way:

Captain Ezra Barnwood, formerly sea captain, now a farmer at the Highlands.
Mrs. Mercy Barnwood, his wife, owns the Rockwood lands.
J. Knox Barnwood, son, the "hero," goes by the name of "Knox," 16 years.
Marian Barnwood, daughter, 14 years.
Tom Tivers, 15 years, not a very bright boy, who sometimes works for Captain Barnwood.
Rockwood Lyon, 17 years, friend of Knox, becomes the engineer of a little steamer, bought by Knox.
Major Follansby Steele, owner of the Millonia Ironworks, one of the two rich men of the place.
Mrs. Sabra Steele, his wife, fond of "style."
C. Laud Steele, 17 years, son, wild and reckless fellow, called "Laud."
Josephine Steele, 15 years, not so stylish as her mother.
Dr. Lewis Pemberton, owner of the Puritan Iron-works, the other rich man of Millonia.
Mrs. Ruth Pemberton, his wife, a plain, good woman.
Sylvia Pemberton, 16 years, his daughter, very pretty and sensible girl.
Raymond Pemberton, 14 years, his son, called "Ray," an enterprising boy, but rather quiet, though firm and resolute.

The story, as will be seen, deals with both grown people and the younger generation. It is thus a story for all classes of readers——

For parents,
For young people,

For everybody who likes to read a good, pure, clean story, moral in its teachings, and which will not only amuse but instruct. For what higher, more valuable teaching can the world have, than that evil works evil to him who practices it; that honesty is the best policy; and that happiness in this life is very largely dependent upon our own exertions?

There is not a reader of THE BLADE who will not be interested in the perusal of this story. There is not a family of boys and girls who will not be the better for reading it, and for applying the plain, homely lessons it inculcates to their every day life.

**This story is of itself worth more than the subscription price of THE BLADE for a whole year.** "Oliver Optic's" books have sold and are selling by the hundreds of thousands. His stories for young people are found in the homes of the rich, the cottages of the poor; they are in Sunday-school libraries, public libraries, reading clubs and the like. They are all pure, interesting, healthful in tone and unobjectionable in sentiment. We believe our readers will agree that "A Will of His Own" is one of the best stories THE BLADE has ever published.

We wish to send sample copies to every family who does not take THE BLADE, in order that they may be induced to subscribe. We shall be very much obliged to our friends if they will send us the names of all persons in their vicinity who would be glad to read this story, and we will send them sample copies of THE BLADE. Please do this *at once!*

### EXTENDING THE TIME.

Last summer, after it became clear that the tariff bill would become a law the importers rushed over enormous stocks of foreign goods. The quantity was so much in excess of the demand that to have thrown it on the market would have compelled sales to be made at prices which would be ruinous to the importers. So a strong appeal was made to Congress to extend the period during which they might remain in bond without payment of duty. Congress accordingly extended this to February 1 next.

Now the importers come again, with an appeal for a further extension to July 1. The joint resolution for this purpose will probably pass both houses—not for the sake of the importers, however, but because of the financial situation. It is estimated that $7,000,000 will be required on February 1 to pay duties, if the resolution now pending in the House shall not pass. The payment of this large sum, in addition to the payments for the goods, which cannot find a market for some time to come, would sorely tax the importers who so rashly overspeculated. Their ruin might cause serious business difficulties, and add seriously to the money stringency.

GEN. RICE is a Kansas man, a leading delegate from that state to the Farmers' Alliance convention at Ocala, where he made a speech in which he said:

I denounce the Republican party as unworthy of support. Time has corrupted it. The only ambition of its members now is to scramble for the loaves and fishes. * * * It professes freedom, but in reality is a treacherous tyrant. It is a gigantic conspiracy to erect a moneyed imperialism upon the ruins of free institutions.

In 1888 RICE was a howling supporter of the Republican ticket. Immediately after Harrison's election he wrote to the editor of the Hutchinson, Kansas, *News*, as follows:

I want to write a letter to Senator Ingalls urging my appointment as collector or internal revenue. All the boys are for me. I have more indorsements than any man in the state. I am entitled to the office for I have fought the Republican battles these many years. The whole delegation will be for me. Make the letter strong.

He did not get the office. Hence his flop into the Alliance camp. He is after an office, that's all.

THE Pennsylvania railroad has always been noted for the wisdom of its management and its "strictly business" methods. This wisdom crops out in the declaration just promulgated by its officials that the Pennsylvania railroad will hereafter do no advertising except in the newspapers, as they believe that to be the most effective, and the only sort worth having. The business world generally would obtain far more profits from advertising if the same rule were followed. And in this connection we may modestly remark, "You know THE BLADE."

THE London, England, *Financial Times* frankly publishes the following regarding the new American tariff law:

The measure which has all but killed the pearl button industry in Austria has suddenly resuscitated it in the United States. Some years ago several thousand workmen were employed in the 21 pearl button manufactories of Newark, N. J. Congress lowered the duty on foreign buttons, and the result was that three-fourths of the factories had to close, while wages were reduced in those that remained open. Protected by an increased duty, averaging 100 per cent., the American pearl button makers can now get to work again and can afford to pay wages of from $15 to $25 a week to their operatives. Meanwhile, many of their Austrian rivals have to face the alternative either of retiring from business or of shifting the scene of their operations to the United States.

THE New York monument committee will not be heard of again now that congress has settled the question about the burial place of the greatest American general.

SITTING BULL's body lies moldering in the grave, but his Indians are marching on.

### CLOTURE AND THE FINANCE BILL.

The new financial measure just reported to the Senate, provides for the purchase within one year of 12,000,000 ounces of silver bullion, believed to be about the surplus now held in this country—the expectation being that the monthly purchases authorized by the new silver law will take the full product of our mines hereafter, aside from what will be used in the arts; the reduction of the compulsory bond deposits of national banks; the extension of national bank circulation to the full amount of their bond deposits, and the replacement of the deficiency in the national bank circulation below $180,000,000 by treasury notes, based on silver bullion purchases. The bill also provides for free coinage when silver is maintained at par for one year; for a charge on the conversion of gold coin into gold bars, and for the recoinage of the trade dollars now on hand, and of the subsidiary silver coin lying unused in the treasury.

The bill will also contain a section declaratory of the coin policy of the government, as follows:

That it is the continued policy of the United States government to use both gold and silver as full legal-tender money, under the ratio now existing in the United States or that may hereafter be established by the United States, acting in accord with other nations: and the United States is willing to join with other commercial nations in a conference to adopt a common ratio between gold and silver, with a view of establishing internationally the use of both metals as full legal-tender money and securing fixity of relative value between them. And when, in the judgment of the President, a sufficient number of such nations shall have entered into such international arrangement, he may declare the ratio so fixed to be the existing ratio in the United States, and all coinage thereafter shall be at such ratio until changed by law. The President shall, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint the commissioners, not exceeding three, who shall attend such conference on behalf of the United States, and they shall report their doings to the President, who shall transmit the same to Congress. Said commissioners shall receive the sum of $5,000 and their reasonable expenses, to be approved by the secretary of State, and the amount necessary to pay such compensation and expenses is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

The finance bill will be given the right of way, and it is proposed to adopt cloture, applying it to the discussion of this measure. "Cloture" is the term used in the British House of Commons for a rule closing debate, similar to the "previous question" used in our House of Representatives. The Senate Republican caucus has decided these three points:

1.—That the rules of the Senate shall be changed for the remainder of the session so that a limited previous question shall be adopted. (This means the "cloture" provision.)

2.—That the finance bill, spoken of above, shall be passed.

3.—That a vote shall be taken upon the federal elections bill under the cloture rule, when adopted.

**The finance bill will come first, and** the Democratic opposition to cloture will have to be fought on this measure, instead of on the elections bill, therefore. Their bitter opposition to the proposed rule is from the fear that the elections bill will pass. They want the rules to remain unchanged so that they may obstruct all business indefinitely. We are glad the Republican senators have decided to do the same thing the House did last year—amend the rules, so as to close debate after a reasonable time, and prevent dilatory and obstructive tactics.

With regard to the finance bill, it will add eighty millions to the circulation within the year, and prevent any decrease thereof through the retirement of national bank circulation. The Republican attitude is that the free coinage of silver is unadvisable so long as the margin between the bullion price and the coinage valuation is so wide, but that free coinage shall come as soon as silver shall reach parity with gold and maintain it for a reasonable time. It is better to be on the safe side in dealing with a matter wherein a mistake in judgment might possibly work evil to the masses of the American people.

### IN THE SENATE.

The Democrats in the United States Senate are working together to obstruct the debate on the federal elections bill. They are pursuing the same tactics their party brethren pursued in the House at the beginning of the session one year ago, which were only checked by the adoption of the business-like new rules, and the declaration therein that when a member was present in the House he was to be counted in deciding whether a quorum were present or not, irrespective of his voting or keeping silent on his name being called.

The Senate should have adopted similar rules early last session. Had it done so, the tariff bill would have passed months earlier than it did, the people would have become familiar with its workings, and could not have been so abominably fooled and misled as they were by unconscionable Democratic lies concerning its effect. The same situation confronts the Republican senators. If they are wise, they will so amend their rules that a refractory minority can not obstruct legislation by dilatory tactics. Let the Senate rise to the occasion. If the Republican senators propose to pass the federal elections bill, let them so decide in caucus, and then amend the rules, if needful, so as to accomplish it.

### OUR BOOKS.

We have cleared our shelves of all the books we formerly handled, except two, viz:

**"Health and Beauty," and**
**"Social Etiquette,"**

both by Miss EMILY S. BOUTON. We have only about 200 copies of each of these, which is hardly enough for the holiday trade.

Both books are beautifully bound, and make admirable Christmas presents. We will send a copy of either by mail, postpaid, for *one dollar*. Please send in your orders at once, for if you delay they will all be gone; and we shall not print another edition of either this year. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THOSE old time Democratic papers which still have the rebel howl constantly in their throats, do not like the defeat of that ancient Confederate warrior, WADE HAMPTON. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says of Senator QUAY:

It is an evil day when nobodies can be thrust into positions of great honor and noblemen who have served their state and country long and well, both in the field and in the forum, are made to retire to give place to mediocrity.

A REMARKABLE scene occurred in the United States Senate on Tuesday. A group of three men contained two senators from New York and two senators from Ohio. The group was composed of Senator SHERMAN, of Ohio; Senator EVARTS, of New York, and CAL BRICE.

THE MESSRS. NORTON have a small tin-plate plant already at work in Chicago, turning out an excellent article. They propose to enlarge their factory to a mammoth one in the spring. American tin-plate, in five years, will drive the Welsh plates out of the market.

IT is noticeable that the failure of the banking house of S. A. KEAN & Co., at Chicago, like others recently, followed an unwise attempt to transact too great a business on too little capital. All houses that keep within these bounds are perfectly safe.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE BLADE wishes all its readers to-day a merry Christmas. The pleasure of the day is in giving, and each one who gives feels in his heart the truth of the words of JESUS, whose birth is this day commemorated, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." There is more done for others on each succeeding Christmas, for people are steadily learning the lesson of the superior blessedness of giving, and the happiness it brings.

And Christmas is especially the children's day, the high festival of childhood, commemorating the birth of the "Child Wonderful;" and in gratitude for the priceless gift from GOD to fallen, hopeless humanity, of His Son, we give gifts to our own little ones. We older people, from SANTA CLAUS down to youths of not over 50 or 60 years, find our greatest pleasure in contributing to their enjoyment.

The whole world celebrates to-day. The glad tidings of Christmas go round with the light, and the sun sees no other day of such universal rejoicing. Each of us can do something to make the day brighter for some one else, and the celebration will not be complete until all have taken such a part in it.

### QUESTIONS ON THE TARIFF.

A subscriber at Grandby, Mo., propounds several queries to us which are, we think worthy of discussion. He says:

1.—What benefit is a high tariff to the farm laborers of America? 2.—and in what way does the McKinley law benefit anybody except the manufacturers of America? 3.—If protection is right can it be too high? and if it can be too high, what are the consequences of the "too high tariff" to the American people? 4.—Who pays the bills by which the manufacturing centers of this nation grow immensely rich?

The constant effort of the laboring classes, in all lines of industry, is to live better, to get into better circumstances. To do this, they endeavor to increase their wages, or salary, or hire. The average of wages all over the United States has steadily increased in value during the past twenty odd years. Now, there is one thing as certain as the sun's rising and setting—and that is, that the effect of removing the protective feature of the tariff would bring about a reduction of wages. But there is a relation and interdependence among the wage-rates paid in all lines. Those occupations requiring the most skill and those which are the most severe on the physical system—like glass-blowing and rolling-mill work—are highest; unskilled labor is the lowest. A reduction of wages in one class of industries—a cut of one-third to one-half—would reduce the rate all along the line. The history of panics and "hard times" shows this.

The effect of the tariff in holding up the wage-rate benefits every wage-worker, whether on a farm or in a shop. By creating vast industries, it gives employment, at good wages, to millions of men, who, with their families, make a demand right at home for the products of the farm. There is one answer to the second question. The result of home manufactures creates active competition with imported goods, and this brings prices down steadily. Cotton goods, ordinary woolens, all manufactures of iron, steel and other metals, for example, have been permanently cheapened through protection. Here is a benefit to every man in the country, no matter what his occupation.

A protective tariff can be too high, of course, as well as too low. The reason for its existence is to keep up the wage-rate of the working class. If wages were as high in Europe as they are here, we should not need a protective tariff. THE BLADE has always declared that a tariff should be so arranged that the duty on any imported article should, as nearly as possible, measure the difference in cost between its production here and abroad. That is, if the labor to produce it cost one dollar in England, and the cost of the same labor here were $1.50, the duty on it should be 50 cents. That puts our home manufacturer on an equality with the foreigner; the cost to each is the same. To have the duty higher than this, allows the home manufacture the chance of too great profits; lower than this, gives the foreigner the advantage.

We can not agree with the assumption of the fourth question that only the manufacturing centers are "immensely rich." The richest cities in the country made much more of their wealth by commerce than by manufacturing. The largest fortunes in this country have been made, as a rule, by commerce. Out of a list of 70 wealthy men, said to be worth a total of $2,700,000,000, quoted by Senator VEST during the campaign, there were 61 whose fortunes were accumulated by trade, stock speculation, railroads, coal oil, etc., whose business is in no wise connected with the tariff, and only four due to manufacturing, of which one at least (I. M. SINGER) made his money by his sewing machine patent.

But the manufacturer has his profit, whether he lives in the United States or in England. In the one case, these profits accumulate in our own country; in the other, they accumulate in a foreign country, and the United States is that much the poorer. Is it not better to spend the money here, and build up towns of industrious workmen, whose wages flow back to farmers in return for food, rather than have it spent abroad, and have the freight on the food sent over there come out of the farmers' pockets?

BROTHER-IN-LAW SELFRIDGE, of the Lima *Times*, has spoken. It wasn't very much to be sure, but it was quite an effort for the brother-in-law of the BRICE twins, and winds up with this startling paragraph:

They will all find the Senator's bump of locality sufficiently developed to locate him in the Senate as the Senator from Ohio, with residence in Lima, Ohio.

We shall see. So far the brother-in-law has proved nothing, unless it is to show still more what a cheerful gall his bi-patrial relative possesses. Up to date BRICE lives in, resides in, and inhabits New York.

IT will be remembered that just before election, some two months ago, the New York importers were sending circulars stating that their prices would soon be raised from 10 to 25 per cent on account of the new tariff laws. Now they declare that if they are compelled to withdraw their imports from the bonded warehouse in February, according to law, prices will go down to ruinously low figures. Either they lied in their circulars or they are lying now. There has certainly been big lying somewhere.

THE Toledo BLADE cuts like the finest Damascus steel, with the true ring on all moral, political, economic and social questions. Its usefulness was never greater than at present.—[Urbana Citizen.

THE Ohio Farmers' Alliance refuses to indorse the Ocala platform. Probably it does not contain enough of the Ohio idea.—[Washington Post.

The Ohio idea being sensible, of course they wouldn't endorse.

FRANK LAWLER, ex-Congressman to be, and ex-candidate for sheriff in Chicago, will not be in the race for sergeant at arms. There is more money in running a saloon.

### THE REAPPORTIONMENT BILL.

The bill which has been passed by the federal House of Representatives, for reapportionment of the representation in Congress according to the recent census, provides for a House of 356 members—an increase of 24 over the present number. The following table gives the apportionment under it, and that of each state at present. It will be seen that no state loses a Representative, though a number gain:

| States. | Present Congress. | New Congress. |
|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 8 | 9 |
| Arkansas | 5 | 6 |
| California | 6 | 7 |
| Colorado | 1 | 2 |
| Connecticut | 4 | 4 |
| Delaware | 1 | 1 |
| Florida | 2 | 2 |
| Georgia | 10 | 11 |
| Idaho | 1 | 1 |
| Illinois | 20 | 22 |
| Indiana | 13 | 13 |
| Iowa | 11 | 11 |
| Kansas | 7 | 8 |
| Kentucky | 11 | 11 |
| Louisiana | 6 | 6 |
| Maine | 4 | 4 |
| Maryland | 6 | 6 |
| Massachusetts | 12 | 13 |
| Michigan | 11 | 12 |
| Minnesota | 5 | 7 |
| Mississippi | 7 | 7 |
| Missouri | 14 | 15 |
| Montana | 1 | 1 |
| Nebraska | 3 | 6 |
| Nevada | 1 | 1 |
| New Hampshire | 2 | 2 |
| New Jersey | 7 | 8 |
| New York | 34 | 34 |
| North Carolina | 9 | 9 |
| North Dakota | 1 | 1 |
| Ohio | 21 | 21 |
| Oregon | 1 | 2 |
| Pennsylvania | 28 | 30 |
| Rhode Island | 2 | 2 |
| South Carolina | 7 | 7 |
| South Dakota | 2 | 2 |
| Tennessee | 10 | 10 |
| Texas | 11 | 13 |
| Vermont | 2 | 2 |
| Virginia | 10 | 10 |
| Washington | 1 | 2 |
| West Virginia | 4 | 4 |
| Wisconsin | 9 | 10 |
| Wyoming | 1 | 1 |
| Total | 332 | 356 |

No state, as mentioned above, will lose a Representative under this bill. The states which will gain, and the number gained, are enumerated in the following table:

| | Gain. |
|---|---|
| Alabama | 1 |
| Arkansas | 1 |
| California | 1 |
| Colorado | 1 |
| Georgia | 1 |
| Illinois | 2 |
| Kansas | 1 |
| Massachusetts | 1 |
| Michigan | 1 |
| Minnesota | 2 |
| Missouri | 1 |
| Nebraska | 3 |
| New Jersey | 1 |
| Oregon | 1 |
| Pennsylvania | 2 |
| Texas | 2 |
| Washington | 1 |
| Wisconsin | 1 |

The remaining states retain their present number of Representatives. On the basis of the Presidential vote of 1888, the Republicans will have 17, and the Democrats 7, of the additional members. The South gains 6 members, and the North 18, the latter chiefly going to the Northwestern states.

The power of fixing the number of Representatives is lodged by the constitution in Congress itself, subject to two limitations—that the number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every 30,000 inhabitants; and that every state shall be entitled to at least one Representative. So that these two stipulations are observed, Congress can legislate so that there shall be a very large or a very small House, the membership being apportioned among the states according to their population.

The House has always been small in numbers, as compared with other legislative bodies whose members are based upon population. Great Britain's population is 35,000,000, and the House of Commons has 670 members. Germany has 47,000,000 people, and the Reichstag has 397 members. France has 38,000,000 inhabitants, who are represented in the Chamber of Deputies by 557 members. So that a House of 356 Representatives is comparatively much smaller than either of these.

The number of Presidential electors to be chosen from each state, under the constitution, is equal to the number of Representatives that state has in Congress, plus the two Senators to which every state is entitled, irrespective of its population. As there are 44 states, with 88 Senators, this will give a total electoral vote in the entire Union of 444. In 1888, before the admission of the six new states, it was 401. As the constitution provides that it shall require a majority of the whole number of electors to elect a President, the successful candidate must have 223 electoral votes. The division of these states between the parties, according to the present outlook, would be:

| Republican States. | | Democratic States. | | Doubtful States. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| California | 9 | Alabama | 11 | Connecticut | 6 |
| Colorado | 4 | Arkansas | 8 | Indiana | 15 |
| Idaho | 3 | Delaware | 3 | New York | 36 |
| Illinois | 24 | Florida | 4 | W'st V'gin'a | 6 |
| Iowa | 13 | Georgia | 13 | New Jersey | 10 |
| Kansas | 10 | Kentucky | 13 | Montana | 3 |
| Maine | 6 | Louisiana | 8 | | |
| Mass'chu'ts | 15 | Maryland | 8 | | |
| Michigan | 14 | Mississippi | 9 | | |
| Minnesota | 9 | Missouri | 17 | | |
| Nebraska | 8 | N. Carolina | 11 | | |
| Nevada | 3 | S. Carolina | 9 | | |
| New Hamp. | 4 | Tennessee | 12 | | |
| N. Dakota | 3 | Texas | 15 | | |
| Ohio | 23 | Virginia | 12 | | |
| Oregon | 4 | | | | |
| Penna | 32 | | | | |
| Rhode Island | 4 | | | | |
| S. Dakota | 4 | | | | |
| Vermont | 4 | | | | |
| Washington | 4 | | | | |
| Wisconsin | 12 | | | | |
| Wyoming | 3 | | | | |
| Total | 215 | | 153 | | 76 |

According to this, the Republicans would lack 8 of a majority of electoral votes; the Democrats would lack 70 votes. The Republicans can win by carrying the states in the first column, and in addition either New York, or Indiana, or New Jersey, or any two of the smaller states in the third column. The Democrats, to win, must carry all the states in the second column, and all those in the doubtful column but one of the smaller ones. The chances are thus for Republican success in case but two parties are in the field. One of the conjectures based on this apportionment is worth studying. It is as follows:

If the Democratic candidate receives the 159 votes of the "solid South," 6 from Connecticut, 36 from New York, 10 from New Jersey and 15 from Indiana, he will have 226—a majority of 7. But if he fails in Connecticut or West Virginia, the Republican candidate will have 225—a majority of 2; or should New Jersey wheel into the Republican line, the Republican candidate will have 229—a majority of 6. So, you see, the Republicans, having a fighting chance to carry Connecticut, New Jersey and West Virginia, may elect their candidate by a majority of 38, though they lose both New York and Indiana.

But if the Farmers' Alliance shall organize a third party, which shall obtain a number of electoral votes, there will no one receive a majority of the whole number of electors, and the election will be again thrown into the House of Representatives. As the House just elected, of the Fifty-second Congress, will be the one to choose a President in that case, the Democratic candidate would be chosen, as that party has a sweeping majority. The Vice President would be Republican, as the Senate, which would choose that officer, will still be Republican.

THE Nashville, Tenn., *American* remarks that "the only good Republican is a dead Republican." This is in direct accord with the action of the Democrats of the South during the past twenty years, and it is this sort of procedure that the Elections bill will regulate. The *American* editor may have tried to be funny at the expense of good sense, but he shows a vicious spirit in such utterances that is excusable only on the grounds of his being a fool or a villain.

## A Grand Feature!

**A Series of Papers Which Will be Invaluable to Every American Voter, Young or Old.**

We are glad to be able to announce, among other excellent features, that we have secured for publication in THE BLADE during the new year, a series of papers, on government and citizenship, by some of America's most distinguished publicists, entitled:

### "LETTERS TO YOUNG CITIZENS."

While the title is "to Young Citizens," we assure THE BLADE readers that they will be in the highest degree instructive and profitable to any one, young or old. They will be entirely free from political coloring, or special theories. They are not intended to teach party politics, but to inculcate sound and just ideas in regard to the rights, duties and obligations of American citizenship.

The articles are all written in popular style, and are brief and practical. The first "Letter" will appear in THE BLADE of January 4, and one follow each week.

Read the list of distinguished men who will be the writers of these letters, and see if you do not agree with us that this series alone will be worth much more than a year's subscription to THE BLADE:

**List of Authors and Subjects.**

1.—BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE. Subject: "Law and Public Morals."
2.—PRESIDENT MERRILL EDWARDS GATES, LL. D., of Amherst College. Subject: "Politics in Their True Light."
3.—GEORGE W. CABLE. Subject: "The Future American Citizen."
4.—JOHN HABBERTON. Subject: "True Patriotism."
5.—HON. JOHN A. KASSON, Washington, D. C. Subject to be announced.
6.—ALBERT SHAW, Minneapolis, Minn. Subject: "Municipal Duties and Obligations."
7.—WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D. Subject: "A Look Forward in American History."
8.—PROF. EDMUND J. JAMES, of the University of Pennsylvania. Subject: "Our Financial System."
9.—SENATOR JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.—Subject to be announced.
10.—HON. J. L. PICKARD, LL. D., president Iowa State University. Subject: "Some Lessons of Our First Century."
11.—JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D. Subject: "The Expansion of the Republic."
12.—WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. Subject: "Political Ideals."
13.—GEN. THOMAS J. MORGAN, U. S. Commissioner Indian Bureau. Subject: "Our Indian Policy."
14.—HUBERT H. BANCROFT, of San Francisco. Subject to be announced.
15.—S. G. W. BENJAMIN. Subject: "True Political Independence."
16.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Subject: "The Merit System of Making Government Appointments."
17.—HENRY RANDALL WAITE, President of the American Institute of Civics. Subject: "The Church and the State."
18.—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Subject: "Evils of Sectionalism."
19.—PRESIDENT B. H. CAPEN, of Tufts College, Maine. Subject: "The Education of the Citizen."
20.—TITUS MUNSON COAN. Subject: "Qualifications for Places of Trust."
21.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Subject: "American Town Government."
22.—PRESIDENT I. S. HOPKINS, D. D., of Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga. Subject: "Essentials to True Legislation."
23.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D. D., of New York. Subject: "The First Duty of the Citizen."
24.—THOMAS L. JAMES, ex-Postmaster General. Subject: "Our Postal System."
25.—MAJOR GENERAL O. O. HOWARD. Subject: "Our Standing Army."

There is not a voter in the United States who will not be benefitted and aided by reading this magnificent series. Every father should consider it a duty to place it before his son, that the latter may understand his duties to the state—not as a partisan, but as a citizen. The writers are all men who stand high in intellect, men noted in the world of action, men whose best thoughts, given in these letters, will well be worth any one's perusal.

**Teachers of Youth**

Should be especially interested in this series, and mention it to the pupils under their care, as well as bring it to the attention of parents. It will be of vast value as a means of arousing thought, and hence be an educational aid of the highest value.

Will you aid us in having it widely read, by sending us a list of teachers, professors, and others interested in the education of youth, to whom we may mail sample copies?

Or will you kindly call the attention of the teachers and ministers of your neighborhood to the announcement?

Renew your subscriptions, and obtain these matchless letters!

### SITTING BULL.

With the death of SITTING BULL the greatest Indian warrior since the days of TECUMSEH and BLACK HAWK passes out of existence. Crafty and educated, knowing well how to play upon the savage minds of his people, he has done more to check the progress of the Sioux Indians toward civilization than any other factor.

Combining as he did a fertile, scheming brain with a thorough knowledge of the customs, manners, and characteristics of the whites, gained through personal observation in travel, he was always a dangerous power.

SITTING BULL was a diplomat. Seldom did he attempt to gain a point but he won. Without being an orator, by intrigue he could awaken at any time the old devilish spirit of hatred to the whites in the breasts, not only of the Sioux, but of the whole Indian race.

First coming to the front as one who planned the horrible CUSTER massacre, he has been ever connected with that bloody scene. To-day there will be many who will rejoice that he is silent forever.

### GOOD INDIANS.

The dispatches yesterday and to-day bring the news that the Indians of some of the Dakota agencies are asking for lands in severalty and taking greater advantage of the allotment bill than at any time in the past.

This is important, and has in it the elements which must go far toward settling the Indian problem. The severalty act is the only remedy for the trouble with agency Indians. It will do more to break up the curse of tribal relations than anything else.

Just as soon as the Sioux Indian becomes even partially independent of the agency distribution of rations, just so much better an Indian he will be. The death of SITTING BULL and the capture of the ghost-dancers will do more to break up the curse of laziness and indolence among the Sioux, than any event in the history of the Dakotas.

THE proposed third party Farmers' Alliance convention, called to meet in Cincinnati next February, has been abandoned. Does this mean the side-tracking of the third party movement?

IN the year 1889 England's foreign trade increased 8 per cent; that of the United States 14 per cent. Another proof that protection isn't inimical to foreign trade.

THE remark of the parrot, when it and the monkey were left alone in a room, inevitably occurs to one reading the cable reports of the Kilkenny campaign.

SOUTH CAROLINA having set the example, some of Ohio's paroled murderers should go South, join the Farmers' Alliance, and become United States Senators.

SENATOR VEST stated on the floor of the Senate that Mr. CLEVELAND has become a convert to free silver coinage. Does that go, Mr. CLEVELAND?

### CURRENT EVENTS.

Ice is reported to be worth $70 a ton in Panama.

There are 14,500 women drummers in the United States.

Benjamin Constant, the eminent French painter, is in Boston.

Mrs. Dorothy Tennant Stanley is two inches taller than her husband.

Mrs. Gabell, an English woman, has opened a photograph gallery in London.

People eat 20 per cent more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild.

Princess Beatrice of England is writing a book on lace, to be illustrated by herself.

The original mask of Napoleon, taken after his death at St. Helena, is for sale for $30,000.

It is estimated that 800,000 barrels of rice are annually consumed in the United States.

Pipes for gas, water and electric cables made of paper have recently appeared at Vienna.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have been making purchases of land in Virginia.

Eastman Johnson is to paint ex-President Cleveland's portrait to hang in the White House.

Prof. Sumner, of Yale, the free trader, is on the way to Europe for a brief tour for rest and change.

A system has been invented by which stringed musical instruments can be operated by electricity.

An interstate hay palace, made of baled hay, with trimmings of baled straw, has been built at Momence, Ills.

Robert Hinckley, the artist, of Washington, is in Albany, engaged in painting a portrait of Bishop Doane.

An Italian savant claims that injecting a current of electricity through milk delays its souring for several days.

The late August Belmont's wealth is estimated all the way from $2,000,000 to $10,000,000 by the New York papers.

Buffalo Bill's parents were no great hands at Indian killing. They were good old Quakers of Chester county, Pa.

Electricity has just been applied to the reeling, weighing and making up into balls of silk and similar woven fabrics.

Utilizing scrap steel rod by welding it and drawing it into fence wire is one of the recent successes of electric welding.

Isaac Pitman, father of the popular stenography and phonetic spelling, completed his 8th year a few days ago.

Ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, who has been ill in Philadelphia for several months, is gradually getting better.

The only authentic portrait of Cleopatra that is known to archæologists, is a bust which appears on a series of coins.

The Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, United States Minister to England, will return to his post toward the close of this month.

The Italian government has ordered that the study of English shall be added to the curriculum of all Italian universities.

The late Surgeon General Baxter studied law as well as medicine and was a member of the bar of the Supreme court.

An electric tricycle has been built at Englewood, Ill., which will attain a speed of twenty miles an hour on an ordinary road.

In some foreign cities there are men hired to attract a crowd to their employers' windows by staring and gazing into them.

Hon. William Walter Phelps, United States minister to Germany, will sail for Europe on his return to duty, December 6.

If pure milk only were sold in London, it is estimated that from 20,000 to 30,000 more cows would be wanted to keep up the supply.

The rule of the Sultan of Turkey is said to be most humane. Only one execution has taken place in the Empire for several years.

Experiments made in Austria make it appear that the addition of soda to Portland cement enables it to withstand the action of frost.

Col. R. F. Humphrey, the leader of the Colored Farmers' alliance, is a white man, and was formerly a Baptist preacher in Texas.

The Marquis of Queenberry sent £100 to Gen. Booth as the contribution of a "reverend agnostic to our common cause of humanity."

George William Curtis spoke upon William Cullen Bryant at the opening of a winter course of Sunday evening lectures in New York.

Prof. Koch's birthday, the 21st instant, will be observed by the students of Berlin, who are getting up a torchlight procession in his honor.

The Sultan of Turkey looks much like Jay Gould, except that he is somewhat taller than the Wall street wizard and his nose is a trifle more prominent.

King Kalakaua's trip to the United States is ostensibly to benefit his eyesight, which has become seriously impaired and threatened with extinction.

John G. Otis, leader of the Alliance delegation to Congress from Kansas, is a Green Mountain boy by birth, and a graduate of the Harvard Law school.

The wealth of Senator Leland Stanford is placed at about $80,000,000. Mr. Stanford is a New Yorker by birth and went West in his youth in quest of a fortune.

Ex-Congressman Townsend asserts that Senator Sherman and Secretary Blaine have both assured him that they will not be candidates for the next presidential nomination.

Dr. Kerr, medical missionary of the Presbyterian board at Canton, has treated 530,000 cases in the past 36 years and has trained 100 medical assistants, mostly Chinese.

While the ex emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, was attending the scientific lectures and meetings at Paris the furniture of his former palace of Bon Vista was being sold at auction.

Bayard Taylor's old home, Cedarcroft, will be offered for sale again in January, owing to the death of its late owner, Dr. Levis, whose widow will in future reside at Pittsburg.

A movement is on foot in California to raise a fund of $6,000 to provide Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont with a suitable home, and $1,000 of the required amount has already been secured.

The first practical revolver was the invention of Colt, an American, and only a few years ago the English and Turkish Infantry were armed with the Snyder rifle, the invention of a Pennsylvania Dutchman.

Senator Palmer has sixty fine Percheron horses on his farm near Detroit, where his $12,000 log cabin is located. He owns a great deal of real estate in Detroit and his farm is only four miles from town.

By the method of spectrum analysis researches have revealed the existence of seven well marked substances in the coloring matter of eggs, to the admixture of which in certain proportions all their tints are due.

Ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, who has been ill in Philadelphia for several months, is gradually getting better. He retains much of his youthful vigor and alertness, and expects soon to be entirely well again.

The curious discovery has recently been made that vegetarians are never affected with seasickness. M. Ghany says that persons who have never eaten meat are proof against the poison of the most venomous serpents.

Richard H. Stoddard, the poet, is a man of medium height, with short gray hair and beard. Despite his venerable age and the rheumatic twinges that afflict him he is usually in excellent humor and keenly enjoys a joke.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, wife of the Standard Oil millionaire, is one of the most modest and unpretentious of women. She is her own housekeeper, and she keeps a set of books in which she accounts for every cent spent on the household.

Vice President Proctor, of the Singer Sewing Machine company, is reported to be worth $25,000,000. He shared the inventor's poverty with him, and afterwards married his daughter. Singer's original capital was $50, which grew to be $30,000,000.

Sara Bernhardt is said to be indignant because her audiences give more attention to her snake than to herself. But place a snake beside the most beautiful and accomplished woman in the world and the reptile will carry off the honors of the occasion.

Senator Morrill, in spite of his 80 years, is devoted heart and soul to the improvement of the Capitol building at Washington. It is to him that is to be given the credit for the beautiful terraces which add so much of elegance and beauty to the Capitol building.

Victorien Sardou, the French playwright, is entering his sixtieth year in robust and vigorous health. He has never been ill, and attributes his immunity from disease to the fact that he takes eight hours' sleep every night and is never bothered by his digestion.

The Duke of Veragua, known throughout Spain as a breeder of the best fighting bulls, and the last surviving lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, is very ill in Madrid, and will hardly live, it is thought, to see the Columbian Quadro-Centennial celebration.

Incubation is performed, as is well known, by the female of nearly all birds, but with most of the passeres and many others the male seems to share her tedious duties, and among the ratitae, apparently without exception, the cock takes that office wholly on himself.

The first man of science who seems to have given any thought to oology was the celebrated Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, who, already in 1661, when visited by John Evelyn (whose diary records the fact), had assigned a place in his cabinet of rarities to a collection of birds' eggs.

Mr. Blaine is a great student of Napoleon Bonaparte. He has in his house in Washington a number of excellent engravings and etchings of the Corsican in the various stages of his meteoric career. His picture of Napoleon as the youthful, alert, tigerish commander of the army of Italy is an interesting study, and it is one that Mr. Blaine delights in showing his visitors.

### A WORD OF CAUTION ON CLUBBING.

We wish to caution those who wish to subscribe for THE BLADE in combination with other periodicals, as advertised elsewhere. *The money for both must be sent at one time.* For instance, a subscriber reads that THE BLADE and another periodical will be sent together for $1.25. But he has already renewed for THE BLADE; so he sends us 25 cents, and requests that the other be sent also. *We cannot do this.* In such cases, the money will be sent back. The subscriptions must be sent at the *same time.* If you are already a BLADE subscriber, and wish to take advantage of one of these offers, induce some one else to subscribe, so than you can do so.

## FOR 1891.

**Some of the Good Things The Blade Has on Its Programme for Next Year for Its Readers.**

We herewith make announcement of a *part* only of the special features we are preparing for the readers of the TOLEDO BLADE for next year. The first of these is

"A WILL OF HIS OWN,"

A serial story, by the famous "Oliver Optic," who is better known by that name to myriads of readers than by his true name of WILLIAM T. ADAMS. This will be begun at some time about the New Year. Every subscriber whose time expires this fall should renew so as to get this story, which alone will be worth the subscription price for the whole year.

We have arrangements in progress for several other

**SERIAL STORIES BY LEADING AUTHORS OF NOTE,**

Due announcement of which will be made, which will furnish to our readers a number of first-class stories, any one of which, in book form, would cost them more than the subscription price to THE BLADE for the entire year.

In addition, we are having prepared, at considerable expense, a *special* series of articles for publication in THE BLADE next year, which will be entitled the

**"MONEY-MAKER SERIES."**

These will give full and complete practical information how to *make money* by what may be called "side issues," which can be pursued in connection with one's regular occupation. We have not completed a list of subjects, but will name a few:

**"How to Make Money by Poultry Raising;"** giving full directions for making incubators, directions for managing them, for feeding young chicks, marketing them, etc; and keeping poultry for egg-producing exclusively.

**"Money in Small Fruits,"** telling how any one with a spare lot of ground can find profit in strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, etc.

**"Cranberry Culture,"** for any one who has an old mill dam, or bit of swamp land, telling how it can be made worth $1,000 per acre.

**"Small Trades,"** telling how a person who has not the ground or room available for any of the above can make money by occupations that can be carried on of evenings, such as silver plating and replating, nickel plating, and a number of others, by any of which an active, energetic person can profitably occupy his spare hours.

**"Amateur Photography,"** giving minute directions whereby one can do successful work without the aid of an instructor.

And many others, which we are not yet ready to announce.

The "Money-maker Series" will be copyrighted, and will *not* be published in book form, or in any thing else than THE BLADE. These papers will appear at intervals during the year, and will be illustrated, where necessary; minute directions, with actual cost of materials will be given; and every pains taken to make them easily understood by every one.

Remember, there will be no way of obtaining this series save by subscribing to the WEEKLY BLADE; and any one who wishes can, find the way from one or the other, to make many times the dollar THE BLADE will cost for the year.

The various regular departments of THE BLADE will be improved and made better, and the paper will be found still more worthy of the patronage of every one. Don't fail to renew in time!

**Sample Copies Free to any Address.**

### IN BOOK FORM.

## "NASBY'S" LAST NOVEL,

## "THE DEMAGOGUE."

THE success of "The Demagogue," Mr. D. R. Locke's last and best novel, published as a serial in the columns of this paper, was phenomenal, and long before the story was finished we had many inquiries as to whether or not it would be published in book form.

In response to this very general demand for this story in a permanent form, the great novel has been issued in a handsome cloth bound volume, beautifully printed and gotten up in the most tasteful manner.

Anyone sending to THE BLADE a dollar and a half will be mailed a copy of "The Demagogue," postage prepaid.

For two dollars we will send the Weekly BLADE one year and a copy of "The Demagogue," postage prepaid.

This is an unprecedentedly low offer, and should be taken advantage of at once. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

## The New Tariff Law.

**The Official Text of the Law, Without Omission—With Notes, Showing the Changes From the Old Law.**

The demand for the new tariff law—the "McKinley bill"—is tremendous, and we are asked by hundreds of letters, to "publish it in full." It is too long. It makes nearly *four pages* the size of those of THE BLADE.

But, to supply the demand, we are now printing the new tariff law as an extra. It contains the full text of the bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes, complete and unabridged.

To make it the more useful, we have added to the different schedules notes, showing the *changes* from the old law—thus making it invaluable to every one who desires full information.

We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for 4 cents. Send *two* 2-cent stamps.

Or, we will send 2 copies for 5 cents in stamps.

Or, *one dozen* copies for 25 cents.

Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," inclosing the stamps with the order; and we shall take it as a great favor if you will send, on a separate slip of paper, in the same letter, a list of persons in your neighborhood who do not take THE BLADE. Send their names and postoffice addresses, and we will mail each a sample copy of this paper.

## Science Causerie.

**A Water Tricycle.**

At the exposition at Marseilles is a nautiico terrestrial velocipede, which is attracting much attention. The figure indicates the the manner of locomotion. Each of the three wheels is made of two bi-convex lenses sealed together, with a band of rubber along the opposite line, which, beside being used for a binder, also serves as a tire for the wheel during land travel. A dozen or more little winglike paddles on either side of each wheel serve to propel the vehicle, the feet being used to give the power to a set of triple cog wheels on the inside of the

MARINE TRICYCLE.

fore wheel. The mechanism is nothing more than an ordinary velocipede such as is used in this country, the wheels being flanked by the two shell-like convex lenses of sheetiron, on which are welded the little wing-like paddles. St. Peter walking on the water would hardly prove a match in point of speed for Monsieur le Franchman, nor would the latter need quite the amount of faith that failed the fisherman of old.

**Demagnetizing a Watch.**

A novel method of removing magnetism from watches, says the *Electrical World*, is due to P. D. Richards, of West Medford, Mass. The apparatus consists of a compound horseshoe magnet placed erect with its poles upward and a suitable support placed at some distance,

DEMAGNETIZING A WATCH.

perhaps two or three feet above it. From this support is suspended by a twisted thread a cardboard tray, in which is the watch to be demagnetized. When in position the supporting thread is allowed to untwist and the watch is gradually removed from the magnetic field. Of course the same results could be obtained by the use of an electro-magnet energized from a battery, or other source of current, as well as by employing permanent horseshoe magnets.

**Welding by Electricity.**

A manufacturing firm at Chicago have in operation electric welding machinery, to use in carriage work. The machine itself is exceedingly simple. It is 2¼ feet high 3½ feet long and 30 inches wide. The principle involved in the new process is simple—that of causing currents of electricity to pass through the abutting ends of the pieces of metal to be welded while these pieces are forced together by mechanical means. A large induction coil properly insulated forms the lower part of the machine. The upper part consists of two heavy copper plates, which can be forced together like the jaws of a vise. To these copper plates the pieces of metal to be welded are securely fastened by dogs and hand-screws. These copper plates form part of the electrical connection through the induction coil in the base of the machine to the dynamo.

In welding, the pieces of iron to be united are fasted to the copper plates, end to end, and the current is turned on. The current is controlled by a treadle within reach of the operator. The resistance to the current at the point of contact of the two pieces of metal is so great as to raise the temperature at that point. As the temperature rises the pieces of metal are forced together by a lever, a handscrew, or, in operating with heavy irons, by hydraulic pressure. The fusion forms a complete union, which cannot be detected after the slight enlargement at the weld has been removed.

The entire process is simply a new application of two operations which are as old as the working of iron. Instead of the old method of heating two irons in a forge and hammering them together, the new method fuses them by electricity and quietly forces them together.

The gain is in time, the absence of noise and smoke, and the improvement of the weld itself. One man with a welding-machine will do from four to ten times the work of one man by the old process. With one and one-half inch round iron the work will take from one and one-half to two minutes. With smaller sized stock the time will be proportionately less until the smaller sizes will require but a few seconds. The work, being free from smoke, noise and dirt, can be carried on in places where the old method could not be used. As to the quality of the joint it is claimed that by electricity the interior of the parts to be united are first heated and by that means the interior as well as the exterior is united.

In forming welds between dissimilar metals, such as iron and copper, a slight variation in the plan as given above is all that is necessary. The two pieces of metal are fastened on the copper plates as before, but the arrangement is different. The metal which fuses most readily extends but a short distance over the plate to which it is secured, while the more refractory metal extends a considerable distance beyond the edge of the plate on which it rests. By this means the fusion of both metals is synchronized, and a union is made between iron and such metals and alloys as brass, silver, copper, tin and zinc.

**Niagara Wearing Away.**

From the report of the state engineer of New York, it is learned that Niagara Falls are receding about two feet every year. The first accurate survey was made in 1842, and since that the total recession amounts to more than 100 feet. This is not strange, considering that 270,000 cubic feet of water pass over the falls every second, or over 16,000,000 cubic feet per minute.

**Cutting Glass With Shears.**

Panes of glass can be cut under water to almost any shape with a pair of scissors. Two things are necessary for a success; first, the glass must be quite level in the water while the scissors are applied, and seconly, to avoid risk, it is better to perform the cutting by cutting off small pieces, thus reducing the form gradually to that required. The softer glasses cut best, and the scissors need not be very sharp.

**Crude Oil as Fuel.**

The Great Western Argentine railroad is about to try the experiment of burning crude petroleum in its engines. It has contracted with a Mendoza company to take 100,000 cubic metres of crude petroleum at $12 a metre.

**HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATES**
**For Abuse of Alcohol.**
*It relieves the depression therefrom.*

## Dr. Koch's Noted Lymph.

**The Process of the Inoculation Described—The Extraordinary Precautions Employed in its Use Upon Patients.**

The first of Dr. Koch's famous lymph to be used in the United States was by Dr. F. P. Kinnicutt, at St. Luke's Hospital, New York, who used it first upon five patients on the afternoon of December 11. The lymph is received in small, square, thick glass bottles, containing about fifty drops each. This when diluted is enough for about 1,000 inoculations. Dr. Koch sends with each bottle an elaborate set of instructions as to its application. He will not send it to any one who is not in charge of a hospital, and stipulates that it shall only be used in hospital practice. As soon as the lymph is received it is divided into small portions, and placed in a number of air-tight vials. This is done so as to avoid deterioration, through exposure to the air by constant opening. The lymph looks very like brandy, and has no smell. So far as is known, no one has tasted it yet.

Before Dr. Kinnicutt began his experiments he explained many of the properties of the lymph and detailed the precautions to be used in its application. It is now pretty well ascertained that the air we breathe is filled with germs, some of which develop into tubercular bacilli when taken into the lungs under the proper conditions. These bacilli are live animals, and are the cause of consumption and all the kindred diseases. The action of the lymph is to destroy the tuberculous tissue, though it does not seem to kill the bacilli themselves. Then nature takes its course and heals the minute wounds they have made. In cases where they have eaten away any large part of a lung or other organ, it is, of course, impossible to restore the lost part, but the progress of the disease can be checked.

Every instrument used in the inoculation must be rendered absolutely aseptic. This means that all dirt and impurity must be removed, so that no injurious substance may be introduced with the lymph into the body. This purification is accomplished by keeping syringes, measuring tubes and all instruments in pure alcohol. Before use they are dipped in a solution of carbolic acid. The water with which the lymph is diluted must also be sterilized, as it is called. A chamber, known as a sterilizer, is used for this purpose. The water thus sterilized is then placed in glass jars, corked with sterilized cotton, through which no impurity can penetrate.

Standing behind a table in St. Luke's hospital, Dr. Kinnicutt exhibited the lymph to the assembled guests. He then showed the syringe that is used for the injections. This is a glass tube with a graduation scale, by means of which the lymph solution is measured. At the upper end is a rubber bulb. Between this and the tube is a small silver tap, which prevents the lymph from entering the rubber bulb. When the tap is opened and the bulb is squeezed the lymdh is forced by the pressure of the air in the bulb out of a fine hollow needle that screws into the lower end.

After the explanation Dr. Kinnicut ordered the first patient brought in. It was a woman. She was lying on her side on a cot mounted on wheels, and her left ear was covered with a bandage. A pleasant-faced nurse in a black dress and white lace cap accompanied her; the doctors who had been atrnding her followed her and gave her a few words of encouragement. It was explained that she was twenty-two years old, and had been afflicted with lupus of the left ear since childhood. When ten years old her ears had been pierced and immediately afterward the disease had made its appearance. Four years ago it had extended all over the ear.

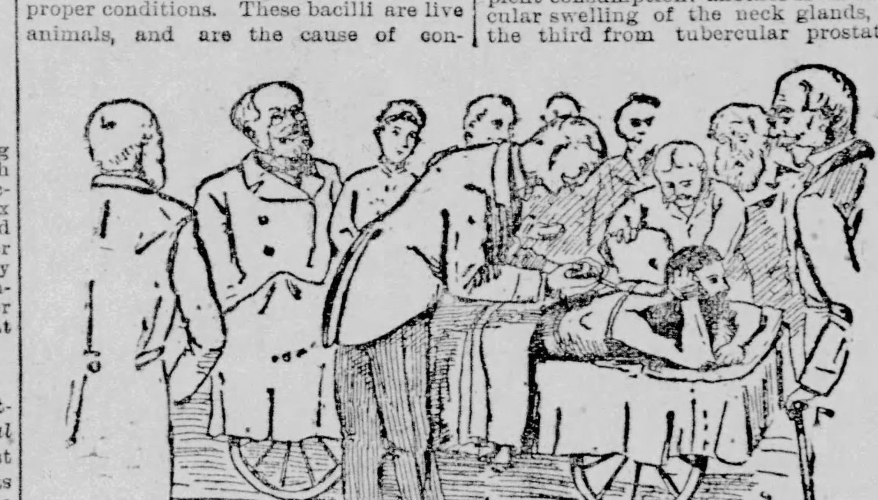
The nurse bared the woman's shoulders and Dr. Kinnicutt began his demonstration. One milligramme of lymph, mixed with 100 milligrammes of sterilized water, were drawn into the syringe and the tap was closed. A milligramme is between one sixty-sixth and one sixty-seventh of a grain.

Taking the syringe in his right hand, holding the tube part between his first and second fingers, with his thumb on the top of the bulb, Dr. Kinnicutt stabbed the needle-like point into the skin between the left shoulder blade and the spine, some of the skin having been slightly raised with his left hand. The doctor then turned the little tap on the syringe with his left hand, and pressed the bulb firmly with his right thumb. Slowly the contents of the tube descended and spread themselves among the tissues under the shoulder blade. The needle point of the syringe seemed to penetrate the skin to the depth of an inch and a half or thereabouts.

When all the lymph had been injected a sharp, quick motion of the doctor's wrist withdrew the syringe from the body. A slight pink flush extended around the point of puncture, about the size of a nickel, and a minute speck of blood appeared upon the skin. The spot was instantly covered by an attendant with antiseptic cotton, over which a piece of linen was tied, and the patient was removed.

The second patient was also a woman. She was suffering from tubercular swelling of the neck glands. She had also tubercular affection of the knee-joint and had undergone the operation of scraping in December, 1886. Before the injection she seemed rather scared and hid her face in her hands when Dr. Kinnicutt took hold of her skin to raise it preparatory to inserting the syringe. It did not hurt her, however. The operation was performed in identically the same manner as in the first case, in fact a description of one is a description of all.

Three other patients were inoculated that afternoon, one being a man suffering from lupus of the left hand and incipient consumption: another from tubercular swelling of the neck glands, and the third from tubercular prostatitis.



DR. KINNICUTT MAKING AN INOCULATION.

The last named had undergone two painful operations at the hands of Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Maguire, of Georgia, two of the most noted specialists in the world. While the operations had temporarily relieved him they had not touched the root of the disease, and he came at the suggestion of Dr. Keyes to see if Dr. Koch's lymph would not destroy the disease that was eating the life out of him.

Now that several inoculations have been made upon a number of patients by several different doctors, it is possible to describe the results. A summary of the opinion of the specialists who have watched the cases appears to show that in cases of lupus, or tuberculosis of the skin, the action of the lymph is very apparent at once. The affected parts become red and sore. The swelling increases and the patient complains of irritation and itching. Dr. Shrady says that is caused by the irritation of the bacilli by the lymph.

In cases where the bones are affected the reaction is slow, and it is the opinion of Dr. Jacobi and Dr. Heineman that a dose of one milligramme of lymph is not sufficient to affect the bacilli to any marked extent. The cases of lung trouble are harder to obtain definite results from. Patients with consumption often have spells of fever. While the temperature has risen in every case it has not yet been determined whether these feverish symptoms are due to the application of the lymph or are simply fever. The strong probability is that they are due to the lymph, but it will take observation to prove it absolutely.

In every case where the reaction has been observed it has been shown to be exactly similar to that described by Dr. Koch. The temperature rises sometimes as high as 105 degrees; a headache comes on of a decidedly malarial sort, and a general feeling of depression takes possession of the patient. These symptoms begin to develop from five to eight hours after inoculation and last an indefinite length of time, generally beginning to subside in about 24 hours. The reaction after the first inoculation is the most marked, and as the dose is increased it diminishes in force until a large amount can be injected without any reaction. This apparent anamoly is due to the rapid killing of the baccilli. The lymph apparently causes no irritation to the patient except by exciting the bacilli to more vigorous action. As they get fewer in number, of course, the irritation and consequent fever also diminish.

### CHRISTMAS JOKES.

**CHRISTMAS AND THE SMALL BOY.**

Merry Christmas is approaching,
With the jolly Christmas tree;
And the gay and festive urchin
Feels a throb of piety.

Though to Sunday school he's been not
Since the joyous picnic days,
Now once more his lusty accents
Swell the Sabbath song of praise.
—[Boston Courier.

**A RIGHT TO THE TITLE.**

"You dear old blessed!" exclaimed Mrs. Soltair, when her husband handed her a fine pair of diamond earrings for a Christmas gift.

"Why do you call me blessed?" asked Soltair.

"Because it is more blessed to give than to receive."—[Christmas Puck.

**XMAS WISHES.**

For the politician—Many happy returns.

For the impecunious—A merry X-mas.

For the dude—Presents of mind.

For the over-fresh—Compliments of the season.

For young lovers—A glad Yule-tied.

**LITTLE JOKES.**

X-mas-tide is full of $10derness.

A Christmas present—this one.

The daughters of Eve think more of Christmas Eve than of their first mother.

Christmas would be very lonely if Santa Claus failed to lend us the light of his presents.—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

**A Christmas Feast.**

Here is an old welcome to a Christmas feast:

All you that to feasting and mirth are inclined,
Come, here is good news for to pleasure your mind;
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse.
Then come, boys, and welcome, for diet the chief,
Plum pudding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef.

In keeping with the above song is one verse of another carol in almost the same terms:

Now, thrice welcome, Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer;
Mince pies and plum porridge,
Good ale and strong beer;
With pig, goose and capon,
The best that may be,
So well doth the weather
And our stomachs agree.

**What Was in Her Stocking.**

"A merry Christmas, my pretty maid!"
"The same to you, kind sir!" she said.

"Did they fill your stocking, my pretty maid?"
"Oh, no; I filled it myself," she said.

"Well, that was shabby, my pretty maid!"
"I think not so, kind sir," she said.

"And what did you fill it with, my pretty maid?"
"My foot, as you see, kind sir," she said.

"A present most beautiful, my pretty maid!"
"You flatter, and I must go home," she said.
—[O. C. Hooper in Columbus News.

**A Horrid Brother.**

Little Barbara has a brother Max, who is her rival as well. The other day she said to her brother:

"Mother, is Max older than I am?"

Her mother said he was.

"Well," she responded, in a tone of evident displeasure and disappointment, "well, that boy beats me in everything, and he has beated me in bornin', too."—[Washington Star.

### CHRISTMAS.

MARY RIDDELL CORLEY.

A brave, late rose is in a sunny corner;
Long, long ago, her sisters strewed the earth,
While she, alone, in patient sweetness waiteth,
To tell the story of a baby's birth.
Softly the bud grew through the autumn weather,
Steadfast of heart 'neath winter's skies of gray;
Ah, blessed rose! breathe forth your glad thanksgiving,
For this is Christmas Day.

And sparrow, sparrow, as you dart and twitter,
Go close and listen to the story low,
The dear old words forever sweet and gracious,
By angels sung on high so long ago.
Your happy heart is songless in its rapture,
But listen, sparrow, listen while you may,
And tell them all, your feathered friends and neighbors,
That this is Christmas day.

Ah! not unmarked, he lives his life of gladness,
And not unmarked his tiny life shall close;
And not unseen its lovely mission ended,
Shall fall at last, the petals of the rose.
It holds us close, the love that knows no changing,
Though all our worldly fashions fade away.
Poor doubting heart! the golden morn is breaking,
And this is Christmas Day.
—[Boston Transcript.

### IT SNOWED IN THE NIGHT.

Said the Earth to the Night, "I am sick and tired,
And sorrow is in my breast;
The glory of summer has left my hills,
And my valleys are all undressed."

"In the city is want—and want is crime—
And the vile is uppermost;
On the plains is death!" "Aye, death," said Night,
"Is an ocean without a coast!"

Said the Night to the Earth, "I am good and kind;
While the sun is out of sight
I will spread a mantle above your death,
And cover your crime with white."
—[Chicago Herald.

### TOMMY'S LIST.

As the Christmas season bounded on
Little Tommy made a list
Of all the things he must have sure,
That nothing would be missed.

He wrote very hard and he wrote very long,
Till his work brought out the sweat,
This is the list of what he wants,
But this is what he'll get ☞ ......
—[Philadelphia Record.

**A Despised Gift.**

I pondered what to give my dainty Nell
To make her Christmas beautiful and bright,
All jewels seemed but tawdry, and all else
Was trifling and unpleasant to my sight.
At last I vowed that on that joyous day
I'd give my heart and let what would befall.
She took it; then a little silence fell;
And she pouted as she queried, "Is *that* all?"
—[Munsey's Weekly.

—Attention! If you desire a fine head of hair of a natural hue and free from dandruff, Hall's Hair Renewer is the best and safest preparation to accomplish it.

### A FEARFUL FLIRT.

Although man's path through life's begirt
With many a curious kind of flirt,
For coquetry prodigious,
Of all the horde that devastates
Our hearts the worst one down to date's
The flirt who is religious.

She looks so sweetly innocent,
As one on heavenly things intent;
You'd never dream she'd hurt you;
But, oh, beware when she begins
To sigh about your soul and sins,
And sets out to convert you!

Plain facts, of course, you're bound to blink;
Of course you'll never stop to think
How queer 'tis that, with dozens
Of them around, she never wants
To save your uncles or your aunts,
Or eke your giddy cousins.

For women's souls she never goes,
A care for them she never knows;
'Tis passing strange that when folks
Of her own sex go wrong she spurns
Them with a cold disdain, yet burns
To save the souls of men folks.

Yet, think not, though she looks so like
A saint, that she can never strike
A man a blow that's cruel;
For, oh, to feed the fatal fires
Of vanity she never tires,
Though hearts may furnish fuel.

She'll lead you on until you pop
The question. Then my lady'll stop
You with a chill negation;
Of love, she'll vow, she never thought!
Oh, no, indeed! She "only sought
Your precious soul's salvation!"

### WHAT THE BOYS ARE SAYING.

What's the use of a fire alarm when it won't work?—[Pottsville Chronicle.

It gets late very early nowadays.—[Allentown Democrat.

There is such a thing as giving alms to spite somebody.—[Milwaukee Journal.

Sometimes men go to law, but generally the law is considerate and sends for them.—[Binghamton Leader.

Every person on earth must have some sort of pet, even if it is nothing better than himself.—[Dallas News.

When money is tight with a certain class of people the pawnbroker frequently takes the pledge.—[Philadelphia Times.

**A Poor Substitute.**

Congressman—I tell you that the people want free sugar.

Senator—Won't taffy do just as well for them?—West Shore.

### THE CHINA SET PLEASES THEM.

We give below a number of acknowledgements received from persons who have obtained one or the other of our China sets as premiums for getting up clubs. Read them:

MARTINSBURG, W. Va., Dec. 15.—My tea set arrived here Saturday in good condition although a long time on the road. Nothing was cracked or broken. To say that my wife was pleased with it, would but feebly express her feeling. She now has the complete set of 108 pieces. With best wishes, I remain yours truly,—WM. W. HOLLIN.

ELDORADO, Ill., Dec. 15.—The Blade tea set No 2, you sent me for a club of eight subscribers, was received in due time. I am well pleased with it, and considering that I was only part of two days making up the club, think I am well paid for my trouble.—JUDD SISK.

CLAUDE, W. Va., Dec. 15.—We received the china tea set. It is much finer than we expected to get. Have shown them to a large multitude of friends, all of whom gave them praise. Yours, C. C. STEMPLE.

OKANVILLE, Ill., Nov. 15.—I received THE BLADE dinner set as a premium for twenty subscribers, in spiendid condition. Am delighted with them. Everybody who has seen the dishes admire them. Would not take $20 for them. Many thanks.—MRS. MINA HUCKAFAY.

PAWNEE, Ill., Dec. 11.—I just received the tea set No. 1, 80 pieces, and find it just as represented. I am highly pleased with it and think it worth working for. It took me about one week to get up the club for the paper but think it worth the trouble. Not a single piece was cracked or broken.—MRS. FANNIE JONES.

REED'S LANDING, Minn., Dec. 15.—The Blade tea set has arrived in good shape, and as good as represented by you. Our people are well pleased with them.—ALEX. STOKES.

PEDEE, Iowa, Nov. 24.—The Blade china set No. 1 was received a few days ago as ordered, and I am well pleased with it.—S. B. WORRALL.

BOSWORTH, Mo., Dec. 19.—I received the china tea set in good condition, and am well pleased with them. I had but little trouble in getting up my club, and consider myself amply rewarded.—G. B. WRIGHT.

HUDSON, Mo., Dec. 15.—The dishes which I received as a premium for eight yearly subscribers came to hand, and are very much nicer than we expected. Many thanks for your kindness, and my best wishes for your prosperity.—MRS. D. C. CONWELL.

NORWOOD, N. Y., Dec. 18.—I received the No. 4 dinner set in good order, and am much pleased with it. It is all you represent it to be, in good style, durability and nice finish. Accept thanks for the same.—MRS. C. B. CALL.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Nov. 24.—I received THE BLADE China set No. 1, for which I send my sincere thanks. They more than met my expectations. I think I will try to get ten more subscribers so as to make up the dinner set. Several of my friends have offered to help me if I will try. All that subscribed are greatly pleased, and are glad they took the paper, for the good reading as well as for the help they afforded me. If I get ten more subscribers I should like the dishes to match this set.—ELLA M. IRWIN.

## Publishers' Column.

**OUR NEW PICTURES.**

We have just received, and are now ready to mail, two new pictures, *in colors*, which we will send to subscribers to THE BLADE, each carefully inclosed in a heavy pasteboard tube, postpaid, for 25 cents each. They are the following:

**"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807,"** the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissounier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his collection by Judge Hilton for $60,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It is the most wonderful painting of a battle scene ever produced on canvas, and represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite and superb regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland.

The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original. **Price 25 cents.**

**"Christ Before Pilate,"** by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is *not* the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Prætorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face Around him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest; on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the emotions that animate each.

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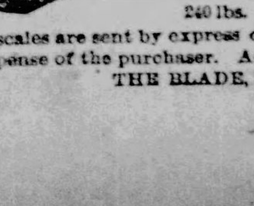

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### CAN PLANTS SEE?

**A Queer Case Which Looks as Though They Can.**

My husband has broached a theory that I cannot remember to have met with before—namely, that creeping plants can see, or, at any rate, have some faculty equaling sight. He was sitting in the veranda with one foot up against a large pillar, near to which grows a kind of convolvulus. Its tendrils were leaning over into the veranda, and, to Robert's surprise, he presently noticed that they were visibly turning toward his leg. He remained in the same position, and in less than an hour the tendrils had laid themselves over his leg.

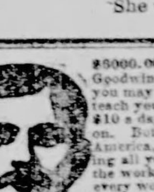
This was in the early morning, and when at breakfast he told me of this discovery we determined to make further experiments. When we went out into the veranda the tendrils had turned their heads back to the railing in disgust. We got a pole and leaned it against the pillar, quite twelve inches from the nearest sprays of convolvulus.

In ten minutes they had begun to curve themselves in that direction, and acted exactly as you might fancy a very slow snake would do if he wished to reach anything. The upper tendrils bent down and the side ones curved themselves until they touched the pole, and in a few hours were twisted quite round it.

It was on the side away from the light, and excepting the faculty of sight, we can think of no other means by which the tendrils could be aware that the pole had been placed there. They had to turn away from the light to reach it, and they set themselves in motion visibly within a few minutes of the pole's being put there.

**Lovely Woman.**

If you believe her
She will deceive;
If you deceive her,
She will believe.
—[Graphic.



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## THE BLADE,

### TOLEDO, - - - OHIO.

## HOME TALKS.

### DEBORAH'S GIFT.

**A Sketch for the Christmas Season.**

SHE was a little, wee body—yes a dwarf,—but the tiny form held the finest and brightest spirit that God ever sent into a physical envelope—the warmest heart that ever beat its daily measure of earthly existence. There was not a day that she was not compelled to crucify self, for she lived where strangers were constantly passing in and out, and they never looked at her without a gleam of pity or amusement springing into their eyes.

And yet, I wish you could have seen her, especially you who feel that your lot in life is almost harder than you can endure. I am sure that you would say "Peace! Be still!" to every fretful thought or moan of complaint that came to your consciousness thereafter.

She was a woman grown—yes—but she looked not larger than a child of ten, with a queer, misshapen body, so misshapen that it seemed grotesque. It was only when you saw her face, and gazed into her soulful eyes that you forgot to think of the rest. Deborah, her mother had named her, though I could never imagine why, for anything more unlike the majestic woman who was a judge and preacher in Israel could not be conceived of.

She had very much to bear, for beside the thoughtless and cruel jests of those with whom she daily came in contact, she had a sister straight, lithe, and agile, beautiful in face and figure, so beautiful as to attract the eyes of every one wherever she came and went. People looked at her with so different an expression though, from what they did upon poor Debbie, and she could not fail to be conscious of it, and of the reason why. And yet, could the real selves of the two have stood unclothed of their garments of flesh, there would have been no comparison in their loveliness, for the glory with which God enwraps His children who walk in His ways was surely Deborah's.

She did not often speak of her infirmity and then only to the few who loved her, and in a quaint, curious way that they hardly understood.

"Do you believe God made me—like this?" she said one day to me. "I don't. How could He think of anything so crooked? Something tells me in here," putting her hand to her heart, "that He sees me just as straight and fine as Jessie and that He loves me just as well. I'll tell you what I think. Such things as this that has come to me, just happen so because God's laws have been twisted and broken so long and so often, that everything seems to be in confusion. God didn't say you shall and you shan't when he made the world. Everything was just as perfect as it could be and people knew it. Then they shut their eyes and made believe it wasn't, and they began to try and see how it would seem to do as they were a mind to, and to undertake to make it better in their way. And God didn't pay any attention, but let them go on and think they were getting away from Him, and doing things better than He could. He knows they'll all open their eyes some time again to find that He's been with them all the time, and that His way is the best way after all, and He has been taking care of them when they didn't know it. Things have got dreadfully crooked though, and full of knots, and I—I'm one of the knots," she added, looking up at me with a smile, though the tears stood in her eyes, "and I've just got to untie myself, that's all, so I'm trying to get my eyes open to do it as soon as I can."

That was the way she looked at her infirmity. Queer, wasn't it; and yet I'm not sure but there was a deal of truth underlying it all.

"How can you be so cheerful?" I asked her.

"Why shouldn't I be?" she replied. "You see I found out long ago that to fret and worry didn't help one bit towards fixing me over like other people, but just made me miserable. So I went to work to try to forget that I wasn't just the same as Jessie, and when folks look at me *that* way I shut my eyes and think how I look to the loving Father. You don't know how it helps. Then I open them again and I don't mind anybody else."

Here was a lesson indeed! Faith in the Father that He always saw her as He meant her to be, and not as men imaged her in their eyes.

Jessie had a lover, a bright, wholesouled, energetic young fellow, the son of a-well-to-do neighbor, who had been school-mate, friend and Deborah's defender from their earliest childhood. Nobody dared ridicule or hurt the poor girl in his presence. He fought many a battle on her account during their school days—fought for her, and fell in love with Jessie's beauty. And Deborah was proud of her sister. Never but once did one thought of envy assail her, and that was after they were grown, and Benja Lee confided to her his love for the beautiful girl.

Then for one brief moment she stood face to face with the secret of her own heart. One swift, agonized thought that to Jessie all things were given while all were denied to her, swept through her whole being and then passed forever. Henceforth she was ready always to be the sympathizing confidant of their troubles, for both were quick-tempered, and there were many hasty words to be atoned for—many quarrels to be made up.

They lived in a pretty village upon the Housatonic river. The girls were the daughters of the landlord of the principal hotel of the town, and the house stood but little ways from the bridge that spanned the waters just above the falls. It was an old bridge that had been patched and repatched many times, and still people used it, and the town authorities put off building a new one.

The river was a good deal narrower there than the rocky ravine through which it ran, so that the structure was swung over quite a stretch of dry ground upon both sides of the stream. There was one place just below the road and out of sight of it, that was a favorite resort of Deborah's when she wanted to be alone. Anybody might wonder what she found there to attract her, but she said that she liked to look up and down the river, and to see the great timbers above her head, that held up the bridge. Perhaps it was because she was so small and had so little strength, that anything big and massive had such an attraction for her.

It was Christmas morning. The sun shone out brightly, making the crisp air fairly sparkle, while the snow seemed studded with diamonds. To Deborah the first thought upon awaking was a joyful one. To-day, eighteen hundred years ago, Christ, her elder brother, came to show the way to Our Father. Well might the bells ring out their peals, and hearts grow glad and thankful. She forgot how little and misshapen she was. She did not remember that she was "despised and forsaken" except by the very few. She only felt that the whole world was pulsing with God's love, as real and as satisfying as when Jesus came to make it manifest. She rose softly that she might not disturb Jessie, and found her little Bible to read over the story of the bright star which led the wise men of the East from their homes, and, at last, stood over the lowly hut where manger-cradled lay the Son. Earth appeared to fade away from her vision, and she was no longer poor, deformed Deborah, but God's child, beloved and perfect.

Suddenly Jessie's quick, sharp voice brought her back to present conditions again.

"What are you doing Deb? Why don't you get dressed and go and see how things are getting along in the dining room."

I have not told you that the mother of these girls had been dead for some years and that they two, young as they were, looked after the house.

"Oh, Jessie," said Deborah, turning with shining eyes towards her; "this is Christmas morning, and I've been thinking how beautiful it all is."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Jessie. "I'd like to see where that comes in. No presents, no fun, no anything but work and—well, Deb, I might as well out with it—Ben and I quarrelled last night, and we've parted now for good, and I just don't care," and to emphasize her assertion, she buried her face in her pillow and sobbed bitterly.

Deborah looked at her in a pitiful way, then went to her side, reached over, took her hand and kissed and fondled it tenderly.

"Don't," Jessie said after a moment, snatching her hand away. "I can't bear to be pitied, and I just hate Christmas. It never brings anything good to us, and this will be worse than all. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What is the use of living?" and down went the face again into the pillow.

"I wish I could do something to make you happier," Deborah said wistfully, after a moment's silence.

"*You* do something to make me happier, Deb? What could you do, I wonder! There is nothing I want—unless it's Ben, and you can't give him back to me. I don't mind saying this to you, Deb, because you know you're different from other folks, and it don't seem as if I was telling anybody to tell you."

Jessie spoke thoughtlessly, but poor little Deborah gave no sign that she felt her cruel words. She was too used to suffering for that, but she went about her work wondering what she could do for Jessie, and all the while her heart was aching for Ben, who, she knew, was, by this time, in despair over his trouble, which she was certain from her sister's words and manner, was more serious than ever before. By and by the ache grew less, and the joy and thankfulness came back, so that she did not mind Jessie's sharp words, but only went on thinking how she could manage to bring happiness again to those she loved so dearly.

The afternoon was creeping on to the sunset hour, when she slipped away to go down to her little nook below the bridge. From there she could see the western sky and watch the golden glory that seemed to her like the gates of heaven which she used to dream of when she was a child. Now she was a woman, with a woman's heart and a woman's longing for affection, and yet she was a thing set apart, so uncanny that even her own people did not like to look upon her.

"Some day" she whispered to herself softly, picking her way down the path; "some day I shall be free and like other people. Then Ben and Jessie will not be ashamed to have me with them, and Ben won't have to fight as he used to do at school because some one calls me names and ridicules my poor body."

Somebody—she knew it was Ben—had shovelled a path down to her little nook, as she called it, days before when the snow first fell. It was a queer notion but there she always felt as if God came nearer to her than when she was anywhere else.

She reached the place, gave a long look at the radiance in the west, then turned her gaze upward to the bridge above. There was a quick sensation of surprise and then one of overwhelming fear. The great beams had parted and were slowly settling away, leaving a great gap in the roadway, which the dimming light would soon make invisible. She must hasten to give the alarm. Suddenly, with a gasp, she remembered to have heard that Ben was to exercise his new horse that very afternoon. What if he should drive that way, and rush, all unknowing, upon the broken bridge.

Poor little Deborah! Up the path she climbed as fast as she could, but ere she reached the top she heard swift-coming bells. Could she get there in time and then, in the waning light, could she make herself understood?

Presently she stood upon the bank above. The horse and sleigh were not very far away now, and oh! how rapidly they sped over the ground. And her heart stood still for she knew it was the new horse, and, of course, Ben was driving.

She ran a few steps along the side of the road and waved her arms frantically, but the driver, riding so unconsciously to his fate, did not see her. She called in her poor, little weak voice, but the bells drowned every vestige of sound, and still the horse rushed on. There was but one more thing to do, she thought, and that was to try and stop the horse as it reached her side. Never had she seemed so small and so powerless to herself as in those few seconds that she stood there waiting for the on-coming animal.

"What are you doing? Out of the way, there?" shouted Ben, who saw the little figure without recognizing it, just as she sprung forward and seized the bridle of his horse. The frightened creature reared and plunged madly, but poor Deborah held on with fast-failing power, and he could not go forward. One more leap, and then he stood quivering upon the very edge of the chasm into which Deborah had fallen when her hands let go their hold. It had all passed quickly,—so quickly that Ben hardly knew what had happened until he had left his sleigh, and stood looking, shudderingly, down where lay the little motionless figure that had saved him from a terrible death.

They picked her up and took her home just as the golden light was fading into the darkness of the night. Ben carried her in his own arms—he would let no one touch her bt himself, and laid her upon her own litttle bed, then stood beside her while great sobs shook him from head to foot.

She came to herself just once ere the life went entirely out of the poor misshapen body. Rousing suddenly, she looked up into Ben's face, and then from him to Jessie's, while a glad light dawned and deepened in her eyes. Reaching out her hand to Jessie she motioned Ben to put his there, then looking into her sister's tearful face she whispered: "My Christmas gift! God did let me do something for you, didn't He?" And then she closed her eyes again to open them in the blessed land beyond the river.

A glorious Christmas day was that for Deborah. EMILY S. BOUTON.

### *Blade Courses of Reading.*

Those who would prefer to take a course of reading about the United States in periods will find that the following covers the ground. The first period will be The Colonial:

1.—"Half-Hours with American History," by Charles Morris (2 vols.)....$3 00
2.—"Plymouth and the Pilgrims," by Joseph Barnard....$1 50
3.—Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish"....$1 00
4.—"The Begum's Daughter," by Bynner....$1 00

Besides the books mentioned above a very good work is Goodwin's "Pilgrim Republic," which costs $4, and in the line of fiction "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," by Amelia E. Barr, cost $1.25; also "Standish of Standish," by Jane Austen, $1.00. Holland's "Bay Path," $1.00, is also good, referring to the days of early witchcraft.

The next period is The Revolutionary:

1.—"The War of Independence," by John Fiske....75 cts
2.—"The Boys of '76," by C. C. Coffin....$1 50
3.—"Women of the American Revolution," by E. F. Ellet....
4.—"Biographical Signers of the Declaration of Independence," by B. F. Lossing....
5.—Longfellow's "Ride of Paul Revere," in his poems....$1 00
6.—"The Green Mountain Boys,"....$1 00
7.—"In the Valley," by Frederic....$1 25

There are many other larger works upon this period, and other stories. Some of Cooper's works have to do with this period.

Next week the remaining periods of the history of our country will be given, and that will conclude the present series of courses, unless a request is made for a special course in some direction.

### *Fancy Work and House Decoration.*

PRETTY SCRAP BAG.—A pretty scrap-bag for the bedroom is made of white linen. Cut a piece 15 inches square. Across the top and bottom put on a strip of Canton flannel three inches wide; sew this to the linen with fancy stitches, then draw three circles at equal distances apart, and about the size of a half-dollar. Work these, commencing at the center, and going up in straight lines to the circumference, with three or four shades of yellow embroidery silk. This bag is not gathered at the top, but has two blue strings attached to the corners to hang it by. The bottom of the bag may be ornamented by a strip of linen fringed out, or by a row of torchon lace across the bottom, slightly fulled on, or it may be left plain.

NIGHT GOWN CASE.—Take a square piece of plain silk or satin large enough to make a case of the required size when the corners are turned over to meet in the center as represented in the illustration. The figured sides are made either by embroidering small figures upon the silk or putting a figured silk upon the two corners, sewing it down to the plain

with fancy stitches. Put a layer of cotton upon the open square and then the lining over that, first sprinkling some sachet powder upon the cotton. Finish the edge with cord, looping it in the middle as represented, and finishing with tassels.

BABY PILLOW.—A very handsome baby pillow is made as follows: Take two fine hem-stitched handkerchiefs, gentlemen's size, and sew it together on three sides; the handkerchief used for the top is to be embroidered in a very elaborate pattern, the center being left for the word "Baby." A fine torchon lace finishes this dainty and useful gift.

Very pretty things are described in Fancy Work and House Decoration No. 3. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

### *Knitting and Crocheting.*

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

FASCINATOR FOR "E. S. J."—Make a chain of 4 stitches, join in a ring—chain 3—turn: 1st row—5 d c in ring—ch 3—turn; 2nd row—5 d c on first d c—1 d c on third d c—5 d c under 3 ch of 1st row—3 ch—turn; 3d row—5 d c on first d c—1 s c on third d c—5 d c on s c of 2nd row—1 s c on third d c—5 d c under 3 ch—3 ch—turn. Repeat from 3d row. You will have one more shell each row; finish with shell edge.—A. E.

FANCY MITTEN.—In answer to Maud for directions for fancy mitten, cast 32 stitches on two needles and 16 on the other, 8 stitches in a shell, or 16 in a pair, for they come two and two, making five pair in the wrist; knit as long as you want the wrist, then carry two or three pair up the back. 1st round—seam 1—k 1—tto—k 4—n—seam 1—n—k 4—tto—k 1—repeat; 2nd round—seam 1—k 2—tto—k 3—n—seam 1—n—k 3—tto—k 2—repeat; 3d round—seam 1—k 3—tto—k 2—n—seam 1—n—k 2—tto—k 3—repeat; 4th round—seam 1—k 4—tto—k 1—n—seam 1—n—k 1—tto—k 4—repeat; 5th round—seam 1—k 5—tto—n—seam 1—n—tto—k 5.

Commence again at first round. After you have taken off the thread, narrow two or three times to fit it to the hand. You can knit shells clear to the tip if you narrow and make less number of stitches in a shell. I think this will please any one who tries it, for it looks well.—MRS. R. A.

CLOVER LEAF INSERTION.—Make a ch of 23 stitches. 1st row—1 tr in 5th—ch 2—1 tr in 7th—ch 3—1 tr in 13th—*ch 2—1 tr in same st *—repeat from * to * twice more—ch 3—1 tr in 19th—ch 2—1 tr in 21st—ch 2—1 tr in 23d. 2d row—ch 5—tr on tr—ch 2—tr on tr—ch 3—s c on next tr—* 5 tr on 2 ch—sc on tr*—repeat twice more—ch 3—tr on tr—ch 2—tr on tr—ch 2—tr on 3d of ch—repeat from 1st row. May I come again?—MIMOSA.

PUFF STICH.—Chain any required number of stitches, turn; five chain, put thread over, as for treble crochet, draw through but do not finish; thread over and draw through twice more, making six stitches on needle. Work the six off at once with a single stitch, then work off the remaining two stitches, chain one, and begin on next puff. They are all made in the same way, and if one remembers to make three half trebles before working off, it is very simple.

A GOOD THING.—The editor of the HOUSEHOLD desires to call the attention of its hundreds of thousands of readers to the following resolution offered at the Annual Convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union held in Atlanta, Ga., in November. The resolution following was offered by the newly elected Superintendent of the Department of Mercy, Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., and adopted:

"*Whereas*, we believe vivisection to be cruel, unnecessary, and demoralizing, tending to a deterioration of the human soul utterly out of proportion to any known benefit to the human body gained thereby, the practice of it thus reversing the teachings of Christianity,

"*Resolved*, That we will do all in our power to develop sentiment against it, and because we do not believe in half measures, nor in licensing any evil, we will do this with a view to securing legislation for its total prohibition."

What does THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD think of this movement? We hope that it will arouse each woman to use all of her influence in the same direction.

### *Correspondence.*

HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO GIVE FOR CHRISTMAS?—"Why, Mrs. Smith, how you do surprise me,—excuse a friend's presumption,—but I should think in a great big house, as this, there would be 'cart-loads' of things for Christmas?"

"Well, I mean I haven't anything *new* to give, and I am always afraid of offending people by giving things that have been worn."

"Well, why not make some of the *old* things into *new* ones, then? If you will let me help you I will be glad to do so. I have everything at home made up and made over, and I can spare a few hours nearly every day from now until Christmas."

"All right. I will indeed be glad of your service, if only to tell me *how* to use up some of the unnecessary things that have been accumulating so long. We will go up stairs and take a look, first. This room I have just used to put things in I had no use for. Now look round and see what you can find to use."

"Oh! what a store-room this is for poor people! This great pile of stockings! Why, they are not much worn, and this box of shoes, a dozen pairs, at least. Mrs. Smith, do you know the other morning, when I went in to pay my washerwoman—it is the Widow Green that lives in the basement under Deacon Goodwin's house—there wasn't one of them had a good shoe or stocking to his foot. Now, with your permission, I will take these stockings over to my house and mend them all up for the little Greens, and the shoes only need a coat of polish, to look like new. Some of them, I know, will fit Mrs. G. nicely. She had on a pair of her husband's old shoes when I was in there. I don't know whether she has a shoe to her foot or not. She said it took every cent to get fuel, food, and to pay rent. Deacon Goodwin charges her $6 per month for that back basement. Have you any little balls of yarn I can have to darn these stockings? I used up all the yarn I had making a pair of striped stockings for the little boy down on Chandler street that got his leg broken. My! here are enough balls to darn all the stockings and knit the little boy another pair of socks. Well, this will keep me busy for a couple of days. And what a lot of pretty little dresses and bonnets I can make out of all these things! Now, Mrs. Smith, gather up all the things you want to spare, and put them in here before I come again, so I will know what I can have to use. You used to be such a hand at making bonnets and hoods, you had better do these for your share. Well, sitting here talking won't do the work, so good morning, Mrs. Smith."

The moral of the above is plain.—MRS. O. E. FERGUSON.

"SHALL A MARRIED WOMAN EARN MONEY?"—For God's sake, yes, if she wants to, and can. The lazy, the selfish, the extravagant woman is not the one who will make an effort in that direction. The wife of the man in easy circumstances, who furnishes her with ample means, will feel no call to go outside her home to find employment. But there are so many times when "the hat-band won't quite go round," when the lack of just a few more dollars causes keenest suffering.

Among the very poor who "are always with us," when shelter, food and fuel are doubtful attainments, the prime question is, can work be found? But there are multitudes of families who seem to possess a comfortable allowance of this world's goods, but who are forced to do a vast amount of turning, patching, darning and doing without, because the income is somewhat too small for requirements. The one wage earner cannot produce enough to meet demands. Now, I am not going to lay the blame on the poor management or extravagance of either husband or wife. There may be no fault of the kind, or it may be a mutual one. But if the husband hires a boy to make fires and sweep out his office or store, while he attends to something that will return more money for the time and strength employed, why may not the wife employ some stranger—one to wash and scrub, while her more fragile strength is put to better use. Her house is her place of business, as his store is his. Can she not oversee it as well even if she does not do every handsturn herself? The man who leaves his business to run itself while he watches a series of base ball games, deserves to fail in that business, even if he be paid for watching said games. And the woman who neglects her house, either to earn money or to spend it, need not expect to have a perfect home. But the wife who is smart enough to keep her home as it should be, and still find ways and means to earn honest wages, has just as good a right to do so as her husband.

No danger of her wasting the money so earned, nor is she the kind to spend it on herself alone. To be obliged to ask for every cent that is spent, and to give account of the same is an abomination in the sight of the Lord and all his fair-minded people. We women like a chance to do as we please, sometimes, and if we handle our own cash now, as we did when unmarried, it gives us an exhilerating sense of freedom obtained in no other way. We respect our husbands none the less, and love them a great deal more when our footing is more assuredly equal.

A great many men exhibit the greatest irritation and anger at the mere idea of their wives earning money, and make all manner of hot, rude speeches; but when and where, and by whom, has a man been found who refused to share in the benefit of wages earned by his wife? If such there be, let his name be given as one whom the gods loved but missed. A man likes to see his wife appear well, but he does not always remember or see the necessity of means to secure effect. He sometimes contrasts the *passe* appearance of his wife with the fresher costumes of some other lady—quite oblivious to the fact he refused the new dress or hat she wanted, or that he loaned a V to a friend that would have purchased the lace and gloves so needed that even he sees it.

Compare any man's tobacco bill with the amount spent for books and papers in the house. Compare a good many items, and if you can pay your own way, do it. You'll have plenty of chances to spend all you want to on others.

A man of my acquaintance was away from home for several months last year. His family of five lived comfortably and quietly—but indulged in few luxuries. I happen to know that their table expenses averaged a little less than two dollars per week. And yet when the carefully kept accounts were shown him on his return, he glanced at the sum total and wondered "what on earth did you do with all that money?" Now, he did not mean to be inconsiderate or unkind; did not mean to criticise or find fault. He is simply a man, and a man's idea of need is all in the present tense. He couldn't even comprehend that his question carried any pain to the heart of his wife, but she felt it, and she found it impossible to subdue the wish that she could again have money of her own earning to spend as she saw fit, since the need seemed only to increase.

Indeed, yes. I wish more married women could earn wages, but would have them see to it that the home business is never neglected for any side issue.—AUNT JEAN.

### *Inquiries.*

Will some one give a recipe for making a cement for mending shoes?—D. DUNCAN.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to mend a mirror from which the quicksilver has worn off? The glass is an old one, too good to throw away. I have asked our druggist, but he does not know.—J. H. D.

Will some reader of THE BLADE please give my daughter a recipe for making ginger snaps or ginger wafers?—J. G. MARSHALL.

Will some kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD send a good way to prepare pressed chicken? Does any one know of a good way to clean lamp burners? Also would some one send plain directions for hemstitching?—ILLINOIS MAE.

Will some one please give me a recipe to renew undressed kid gloves.—E. E. H.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can get the so-called instruction book in music, "Judd's National Guide?"—MRS. F. C. NOYES.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD kindly tell me how to make impression paper, both light and dark? I cannot get it here.—A LOVER OF THE BLADE.

Can some one tell me how to lengthen the skirt of a dress which is good in every other way?—L. H.

Is there any way to restore the color to wool goods, when the sun has faded it a little, without dyeing it?—X. X.

Can anyone suggest a way to use pieces of wool goods of different colors for some article of household adornment?—MRS. A. B.

Will some one suggest some good subjects for graduating essays?—ESTHER F.

My canary is troubled with lice, and I have tried the remedy of spreading a white cloth over cage, which has resulted in removing untold numbers, but does not entirely rid the bird of them. Some one please give a safe remedy.—CHARLIE'S "PUSS."

### *Answers to Inquiries.*

Esther F.:—The editor cannot write private letters answering questions like yours. Written orations might be purchased in a large city where are people who do such things, but it would certainly not be an honest thing for a student to do. Nor could the editor give you the address of any such individual.—ED.

Imogene Di Lemma:—Let your friend go into general society, and if she is a true-hearted, sensible girl, she will soon find some one "who will be all the world to her." She must be careful, however, not to let her object be too manifest, and indeed she ought to find some other pursuit to occupy her energies, leaving marriage to seek her out or pass her by as it may seem best. Too much anxiety in this direction is quite sure to bring unhappiness.—ED.

Tell [H. E.] that a small pill of asafœtida two or three times a week is excellent for nervousness.

In the August number of THE BLADE was an article, asking can ladies become good photographers. For the benefit of the inquirer, I will say yes, for I have worked at it for the last 20 years, and there is not anything in the entire process but any lady can do, and some of it better than the men (that is the retouching), which is better done than men can do it, for their touch is lighter and they have more patience, and they need a large stock to begin with; but if it was a lady that asked the question, she must be progressive. I have my outdoor outfit as well as indoor.—E. P. WHIT.

Mrs. X. Y. Z.:—It is not good form to use the husband's title. His initials may be employed unless the wife prefers to use her own name, as is now quite common. In the case you mention, Mrs. A. V. Snow is sufficient.—ED.

Say to H. E. if she would get "Science and Health" by Mary B. G. Eddy and read it, she would soon be cured of nervousness. She needs no remedies, and truth or God will heal if she knew how to recognize the' All-power.—MRS. A. M. BROWN.

I notice in the HOUSEHOLD department of THE BLADE, an inquiry by P. C. Wash, as to how to remove blood stains out of a mattress. If he will use strong salt water I think he will not have any trouble in removing them. If they are old stains he may find it necessary to lay wet salt on them a while.—H.

I will send you this remedy for nervousness: A physician says that he has known many men and women have been cured by taking a moderate daily use of the blanched footstalks of celery as a salad, they became as strong and steady as other people.—MRS. L.

### *Recipes.*

TO FRY STEAK TENDER AND JUICY.—Have your frying-pan hot; lay the steak on to fry; do not turn it till it is crisp and brown on the under-side. Now put some butter, salt and pepper on a platter, and have it melting. When the steak is done turn it over in the butter and salt. Be sure to have the frying-pan hot and you will have steak as nice as when broiled, and so much easier done.—ELSIE HARMISON.

MENU FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

1. Oyster Soup.
2. Scolloped Salmon. Olives. Saratoga Chips.
3. Roasted Turkey with Oyster Stuffing. Baked Pork, garnished with Jellied Apples. Mashed Potatoes. Cauliflower. Canned Corned Patties. Cranberry Sauce. Celery. Pickles.
4. Lettuce with French Dressing. Fried Shrimps.
5. Cheese Crackers. Salted Almonds.
6. Plum Pudding. Lemon Jelly.
7. Apples. Oranges. Bananas, etc.
8. Olives. Nuts.

Coffee.

The garnishing of the pork consists of apples peeled, the core taken out, then steamed, and jelly put into the core opening. They are then laid around the edge of the platter holding the pork, the whole making a very pleasing appearance.

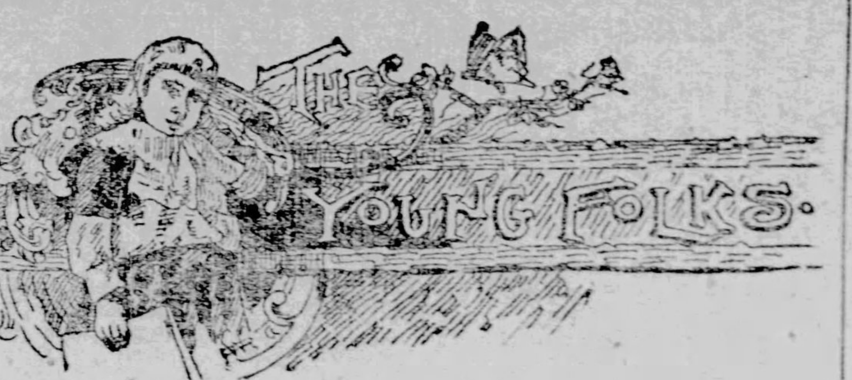
Of course any one of the above courses may be omitted or the number of dishes added to or subtracted from.

CREME FRETE.—Boil 1 pt. of milk with an inch stick of cinnamon. Beat together ½ cupful of sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of corn starch, 1 tablespoonful of flour, the yelks of 3 eggs, ½ cupful of cold milk and 1 saltspoonful of salt. Pour the boiling milk on the mixture and stir well. Strain into the double boiler and cook 15 minutes. Add 1 teaspoonful of butter and one of vanilla. Put into a buttered bread pan and set away to cool. When hard, sprinkle a board with fine bread crumbs, turn the cream out on it and cut into strips 2½ inches long and 1 inch wide, or in squares or diamonds. Dip in egg, then crumb again and fry in boiling lard. Sprinkle sugar over them and serve hot. The fat in which croquettes are cooked should be so hot as to smoke all over the surface. One way to test it is to drop in a square of bread, and if it browns all over in 40 seconds the fat is right.

The following Christmas cake was given in the *Ladies' Home Journal:*

Cream 1 lb of butter and add 1 lb of soft white sugar. Beat 14 eggs very light, the yelks and whites separately. Sift and warm 1 lb of flour, and add it by the handful to the sugar and butter alternately with the egg yelks and whites. Stir in 1 tablespoonful of essence of lemon and 1 tablespoonful of mixed spices, beaten very fine and sifted. Have ready 2 lbs of stoned and chopped raisins; 2 of currants, picked washed and dried; 2 of citron, cut small; 2 lbs of almonds, blanched and pounded with rose-water, and 1 gill of sweet cider. Mix the fruit and cider thoroughly into the cake, and bake it very slowly and carefully.

CHICKEN POT-PIE.—Cover jointed chickens with water, and boil them, if tender, one-half hour before putting in the crust. Skim thoroughly. Add 1 tablespoonful of flour, stirred into 1 of butter, and season with pepper and salt. A few bits of pork cut thin is an improvement. Make the crust like baking powder biscuit, with the addition of a little butter. Cut in pieces and drop in. If a potato crust is preferred, boil and mash 6 small potatoes, add 1 egg, 1 teacupful of milk, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make it roll out easily. Keep the kettle closed to prevent the crust from becoming heavy. A better way is to put the crust in the steamer and steam it. It is then sure to be light. Then the chicken and gravy can be poured over it.




### *Home to Grandma's.*

"WE are going home to grandma's!"

There was a glad ring to the voices of the whole family from the stalwart father down to the little three-year-old youngster who could only lisp the words that told the story.

It is the Christmas gathering at the old homestead. Over the hills to the sound of merry bells that echo merrier laughter they go to make glad the hearts of the dear grandparents who await their coming.

The clear winter air, the swift motion of the horses, the gay anticipations of pleasure all combine to make a happy group, and when they draw near the dear old place and see the waiting ones eagerly watching their approach, Christmas time seems the most joyous of all the year.

And so it should be, for does it not commemorate the dearest gift that infinite love could bestow upon a weary world? Does it not remind us of Him who came to show us the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Home to grandma's! All over the land are these gatherings. Christmas bells are ringing everywhere, ringing their glad message of "Peace on Earth, good will to men!" Boys and girls do you hear them, do they bring to your thought those little children—your brothers and sisters—yours, because they are God's children as well as you, who are "cold and hungry," who cannot "go home to grandma's," who do not welcome Christmas morning, because it brings them no joy? Have you given of your store something to gladden the hearts of those who have no one with loving thought and deft fingers to make them Christmas gifts? If you have, it is easy to see why your laugh rings out so merrily as you fly over the road that leads to grandma's, for, dear ones, there is nothing in the wide world truer than this; "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If you have tried it, you know.

### *Christmas Bells.*

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes
In the land of the ivied towers,
And they welcome the dearest of festival times
In this Western world of ours!
Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough,
The English firelight falls,
And bright are the wreathed evergreens now
That gladden our own home walls.
And hark! the first sweet note that tells
The welcome of the Christmas bells.

They are ringing to-night through the Norway firs,
And across the Swedish fells,
And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs
To the sound of those Christmas bells!
They sing where the Indian Ganges rolls
Its flood through the rice-fields wide;
They swell the far hymns of the Laps and Poles,
To the praise of the Crucified.
Sweeter than tones of the ocean's shells,
Mingle the chimes of the Christmas bells.

The years come not back that have circled away
With the past of the Eastern land,
When He plucked the corn on the Sabbath day
And healed the withered hand;
But the bells shall join in a joyous chime
For the One who walked the sea,
And ring again for the better time
Of the Christ that is to be:
Then ring! for the earth's best promise dwells
In ye, O joyous prophet bells.

### *A Christmas Cure.*

Santa Claus sat by the fire in his own home looking very much troubled.

Santa Claus sat there thinking—thinking. It was just before Christmas. What was the matter with the good jolly old Saint? Had his sleigh broken down? Had any of his reindeer got loose?

But no,—it was not of these things. Couldn't he find toys enough to go round? Bless your dear little anxious heart, don't you be afraid of that! Santa Claus has toys enough. That wasn't the trouble!

One stocking there was for which Santa Claus had not yet planned a single thing; and that was why poor dear old Santa Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety. This stocking belonged to a little boy whose good parents had long before Christmas sent in his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Clause had put plenty of thought upon the matter, he had not yet been able to decide upon ONE thing for that little boy's stocking.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that Santa should be puzzled about such a thing as that, when filling stockings is his regular profession, but the little boy to whom that stocking belonged was a very strange and unusual child. Whatever was given to him he would either break to pieces very soon or do some naughty mischief with.

Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brains to find something with which the little boy could not hurt people, and something he could not break; and although he had been thinking over all his lists of toys and presents, nothing had he found yet.

"Chirp! Chirp!" sounded a sharp little voice. "You may as well give it up. He doesn't deserve anything, the little scamp!"

"Oh! Is that you, Cricket?" said Santa. "Come up here," and as he held out his fat forefinger a tiny black cricket reached it with a sudden jump.

"You may as well give it up," creaked the cricket. "You can't think of anything, I know."

"I know, I know; said Santa. No! I can't give him the donkey!—nor any other of those fine little animals that we have this year. I had thought of a nice little hammer and box of nails, and some blocks of wood for him to hammer the nails into! Hey, now! what do you think of that?"

"What do I think?" said the cricket. "I think, Saint Nicholas, that you have forgotten how the little boy beat his brother with his drumsticks; how he snipped his sister's fingers with the scissors; how he threw his harmonicon at the nurse; how he—"

"Dear, dear, dear!" groaned Santa, "so he did, so he did!"

"And if you keep giving him things when he uses them so wrongly," continued the cricket, "how will he ever learn better! To be sure, his mamma and papa and all his kind friends are trying to teach him, but it is necessary that everybody should help to train such a boy as—"

"I know," interrupted Santa, "I know. You're a wise little counselor, and not so hard-hearted as you seem. And if you think it will cure the poor little fellow, I suppose we must give him the sawdust this year."

"Yes," said the cricket solemnly, "sawdust it must be."

Christmas morning came. The little boy whose name Santa Claus did not wish mentioned, saw all the other children pull out one treasure after another from their long, well-stuffed stockings, while in his own, which he had hung up with so much hope the night before, there was nothing but sawdust!

If I should use all the sad words in the English language I could never tell you how sad that little boy was as he poured the sawdust out of his stocking, and found that Santa Claus had really sent him nothing else.

Poor little chap!

It was almost a year later, just before Christmas, when Santa Claus again sat by his fire—thinking.

But this time he was in no trouble; no, indeed, not he! He was rounder and rosier and jollier than ever before; and how he was smiling and chuckling to himself! His eyes twinkled so, and were so very bright, that you could almost have lit a candle at them. He and the cricket had been planning all sorts of ecstatic surprises for the stocking of the boy to whom they had given sawdust the year before; for, if you can believe it, the little boy had been trying all the year to be careful and gentle, and he was really quite changed!

"Sawdust is a grand thing," chirped the cricket, leaping about in delight.

"Yes, but I am glad we do not need to use it this year," replied Santa. "Let me see the list again. Don't you suppose we could cram in one or two more things? Have you put down the—"

* * * * * * *

This is the end of the story; or, at least, all that could be told before Christmas; for if I should write more and a certain little boy should read it, he would know just what would be in his stocking and that would never do in the world.—[Emilie Poulson in December St. Nicholas.

### A True Hero.

Let me now give you an instance of wonderful heroism, rising to meet the demands of a sudden crisis.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central station was full.

The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum comes from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie, belonging to one of the emigrant groups, went from one to another wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good natured, friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling. While all this was going on, a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn on the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the Eastern express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd. Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog, with head erect, and fixed eye, saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted towards the child. The baby, frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing, as the huge engine rushed up abreast of the car. There was a crunching noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound and turned away.

When they looked again, the baby was toddling across the platform, crowing and laughing, and the crushed dead body of the dog lay on the track. "Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago and the West. Passengers for Baltimore, Richmond and the South," so the cry went on, and the surging crowd passed out, never to all meet again in this world. But the faces of men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some. The poor negro and the millionaire, tottering old men and frolicking boys, had been helped onward, upward, by the friendly, cheerful life and heroic death of a dumb dog.

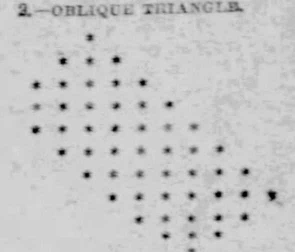
Dare we assert that when the limp body, sacrificed to save the life of another, lay on the track, the heroic spirit that once animated it was quenched into utter nothingness?—[Rev. F. M. Todd, Manassas, Va.

### OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We are by no means beautiful in appearance. On the contrary, people often regard us with fear and hatred. Our length varies from two to twenty feet. We have short, flat heads, long bodies, and a long, strong tail. Swamps and marshes are our favorite abiding places, but when the sun is hot we lie on the dry ground and bask in it. We feed chiefly upon fish. In cold weather we bury ourselves in the mud, and become so torpid that we may be cut into pieces without waking up. A very strong leather is made out of our skin. We are not found in any other part of the world except America, though fossilized remains of some of our race have been discovered in England.

2.—OBLIQUE TRIANGLE.



1—A letter. 2—A boy's nickname. 3—A species of nut tree. 4—Varnish. 5—Insulted. 6—Certain plants. 7—Recited. 8—A writ to recover goods retained. 9—Discernment. 10—Proper. 11—A letter. STELLA B.

3.—HIDDEN FLOWERS.

1. Hope on, ye weary ones.
2. The storm was terrible.
3. Is that a gold pin, Katie?
4. Hulda, I sympathize with you.
5. The heat has overcome him.
6. Arthur, O see this beautiful picture!
7. Bring the cake pan, Sybil.
8. That is nice land in either field.

HAZ.

4.—ENIGMA.

In art and in part,
In come, not in start,
In mend, not in bend,
In pen, not in send,
In dear, not in fear,
In near and in spear,
In band and in stand,
In can and in sand,
In cry, not in try,
In eye, not in fly.
Whole is what all the world needs.

LYDIA.

5.—REBUS.

Half a room under ground; a vowel; and a grain, omitting the last letter.

6.—CONUNDRUM.

When is a carpenter like water? STELLA B.

7.—WORD ENIGMA.

(Three syllables; numbers refer to syllables.)

My *first* part of month will make clear,
In which leaves are faded and sear!
My *next* is a part of the same,
And may show a part of your frame!
*Last* may welcome inmate disclose,
That nearly ev'ry dwelling knows!
My *all* is not with Pluto found,
But doth in Neptune's home abound!
Although I have an *alias*,
That might with Pluto claim a place!

W. S. HENNESSY.

8.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 17, 11, 4, is a number.
My 13, 19, 5, is a kind of fruit.
My 20, 12, 6, is a part of the body.
My 10, 12, 14, 9, is a kind of cloth.
My 15, 16, 18, is to strike.
My 5, 21, 7, 8, 4, is a color.
My 2, 3, 13, 2, is a river.
My 1, 8, 4, 9, 19, 11, is a girl's name.
My whole is a well known author, who wrote "The Children and the Poet."

KITTY.

**Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.**

1. Cat-bird.

2.
O M A H A
M E D A L
A D A G E
H A G A R
A L E R T

3. Rock of Chichamauga—Gen. Thomas. Pathfinder—J. C. Fremont. The man to whom the penny stamp is a monument—Benj. Franklin. The general who didn't know when he was beaten—Gen. Grant. The machine that saved so much slave labor—Eli Whitney's Cotton Gin. Little Phil—Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan. The battle whose plan was the same as that of Camden—Murfreesboro. The last—Near Brazos, Santiago, Tex. The Teacher-President—James A. Garfield.

4. Otis, Fred, Oliver, Warren, Archie.

5.—1. Car-nation. 2. Lady-slipper. 3. Tiger-lily. 4. Fox-glove. 5. Golden-rod. 6. Love-in-a-mist. 7. Haw-thorn. 8. Lark-spur. 9. Ox-eye-daisy. 10. Prim-rose.

6. A woman with a notion (an ocean) in her head.

7. Of ourselves we will be masters.

8. (The) hand—ha! ah!—had—hand.

### *BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.*

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

**Pledge:**

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

| HESTON, KAN. | DIAMOND, MO. |
|---|---|
| Clara Knott, | Lovie Filler, |
| Frederic Proctor Knott, | Byrninna Filler, |
| Anna Knott, | Ralph Filler. |
| Milton D. Kinkade. | |

Names this week, 7. Total, 30,026.

The above embraces all names received up to December 22.

### A Remarkable Poem.

The following poem of three stanzas of four lines each has often been alluded to as one of the most unique of literary curiosities. Each stanza contains every letter of the alphabet except the letter "e," which all printers will tell you is one of the most indispensable of the letters, its relative proportion of use being 120 times to j 4, k 8, g 17 and l 40. The one coming next to "e" in number of times of use is "a" which is used 80 times while the letter in question is being used 120 times.

The poem which has caused the above digression is entitled:

THE FATE OF NASSAU.

Bold Nassau quits his caravan,
A hazy mountain grot to scan;
Climbs jaggy rocks to spy his way,
Doth tax his sight, but far doth stray.

Not work of man nor sport of child,
Finds Nassau in that hazy wild;
Lax grows his joints, limbs toil in vain—
Poor wight! Why didst thou quit that plain?

Vainly for succor Nassau calls,
Knows Zillah that thy Nassau falls;
But prowling wolf and fox may joy
To quarry on thy Arab boy.

LIVE OAK, ALA., Dec. 13th, 1886.

MESSRS. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & CO.

Rochester, Pa. *Gents:*—Last spring I received by mail a bottle of your Antidote for Malaria for my brother, who had chills for more than six months. He frequently broke them with Quinine, but they would soon return. I gave him the Antidote and he has not had a chill since. It has made a *permanent* cure.

Yours truly,
W. W. PERDUE.

### Arranging the Offices.

"Now, in this little republic we are going to establish," remarked young Mr. Hunker to his fiancee, "of course I shall be president."

"Yes," replied the rare and radiant maiden; "and I'll be secretary of the treasury."

"Perhaps we had better consolidate the offices of president and secretary of the treasury," suggested the young man.

"You can have a cabinet place, however. How would you like to do your own cooking and be secretary of the interior?"—[N. Y. Sun.

**Consumption Surely Cured.**

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

### For an Undertaker.

An ingenious 4-year-old boy uptown amazed his father a day or two ago by swaggering into the parental presence with the remark: "Papa, I've made a good motto for undertakers to put in their shop windows." And the indulgent father, preparing to look amused, asked: "What is it, my son?"

"Why, this," explained the youngster; "'You kick the bucket; we do the rest.'"—[N. Y. Evening Sun.

**Gratifying To All.**

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

### A Fortune Dissipated.

Ten million dollars!
He read the words
And eagerly did scan them,
As o'er and o'er and o'er again
He feverishly ran them.
Perhaps a fortune was at hand!—
And how might it be had!—
Then he gave a sigh and he kicked himself—
It was only the head of an "ad."
—[Chicago Figaro.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

# The Farmstead.

## INFORMATION WANTED.

### How to Use Rock Salt in Packing and Pickling Pork.

W. A. L., Indiana: For dry packing the salt must be pulverized, or ground solar salt may be used. Onondaga salt is just the thing for pickling and making brine. For a barrel of fat pork use ½ bushel of salt to the barrel of 200 pounds. Make a brine of salt that will bear an egg or small potato, and for the curing of hams, shoulders or jowls take 7 pounds of salt, 4 pounds of sugar and 2 ozs. of saltpetre to 100 pounds of meat. Hams and shoulders should be repacked so that they will cure uniformly. When small quantities of hams, etc, are to be prepared, the salt, sugar and saltpetre, may be well rubbed in with the hands, and the meat afterwards put in brine for about six weeks.

### Family Ice House.

Reader, Indiana: To construct an ice house for family use, 20x30 feet, or any other size, build double walls of boards, with 10 to 12 inches of space between them. It should be air-tight at the bottom, with some ventilation at the top. Lay a bed of saw-dust 8 to 10 inches deep on the ground inside the house, and lay the cakes of ice on each other until the house is filled. When this is done, spread about twelve inches of sawdust over the top of the ice. The layer of sawdust on top of the ice should not be too heavy, as it tends to "smother" the ice. Fill the space between the walls with sawdust. This simple mode of making an ice house, answers every purpose, as the ice will keep as well as by any other method.

### Relative Value of Old and New Corn.

C. W., Republic county, Kansas: It is better to plant good, sound old corn next spring than small, poor corn raised this year. The germ of the old corn is in no way injured by being kept over for a year or two.

### Puff on Left Hind Leg of Colts.

B. G. T., Michigan: As you do not say on what part of the leg of each of your colts the puff appears, it is impossible for the editor to tell you what to do. Is the puff on the outside or inside of the hock, or is it below the hock? Is it large or small?

### Colt With Scours.

G. S. W., Missouri: For the scours in your colt, give powdered chalk, ½ oz.; bisulphite of soda, ½ oz. in feed twice a day. It must have a very moderate quantity of water, and this should not be given cold. Small quantities of flaxseed tea or grease, in which there is stirred a little boiled milk, will allay thirst. See that everything the colt eats is free from dust or mould.

### Contracted Foot—Pigs With Disordered Blood.

W. G. McD., Nebraska: If, as the veterinarian says, your mare has contracted foot, open up the heel, and crap the joint part of the hoof down in the shape of an inverted V. Rub a blister around the coronet, and apply this hoof ointment: Tar, Burgundy pitch and mutton suet, of each equal parts. As you do not say whether or not the pigs are yet sucking, the editor can not advise you what to do. The age of animals should always be given, when information is asked.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Hog Cholera—Liniment for Horses—Chicken Cholera.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Here are recipes that may be relied upon:

HOG CHOLERA.—Two tablespoonfuls of soda, asafoetida the size of a small marble. Put in swill for six hogs. Repeat once or twice a week.

LINIMENT FOR HORSES.—When cut on wire fences: 8 ozs. turpentine; 8 ozs. good apple vinegar; yolk of one egg, beaten well. Put into a bottle and shake well. Pour the liniment into the gash; cover well with pulverized lime. Repeat daily, first washing well with castile soap.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—A good handful of rice, boil to a strong tea; thicken with meal. Give to them warm. It will also prevent cholera if given occasionally.—"LONE STAR."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Boom for Maple Sugar.

A tremendous impetus will be given to the production of maple sugar by the bounty of 1¾ cent and 2 cents per pound which is to be paid from the United States Treasury for all maple sugar hereafter produced in this country. This is one of the features of the agricultural part of the new tariff law. It has been doubted whether this bounty would apply to next spring's crop of maple sugar.

The sugar bounty law, Section 241, reads:

"That the provisions of this act providing terms for the admission of imported sugars and molasses, and for the payment of a bounty on sugars of domestic production shall take effect on the 1st day of April, 1891."

Therefore all maple sugar made next spring in conformity with the law will get the bounty. In order to draw the bounty, the producer must before April 1, get a license from the commissioner of internal revenue, and must make not less than 500 pounds.

If the sugar makers' product is less than 500 pounds, they should co-operate and have the syrup carried to one central point and there made into sugar on the same plan as the Cooley Co-operative Cream Gathering butter factories now work and thus save the bounty.

The law applies only to those who expect to get the bounty. Farmers who make less than 500 pounds of maple sugar, or a greater amount and are too lazy to apply for a license, can make all the sugar they wish to without being in any way liable under this law. But if you want to get the bounty, you must comply with the above regulations. This is not a serious matter. It involves only the simplest kind of a record of what apparatus you use and the amount and quality of your sugar. Full information, with the necessary blanks to fill out in order to get a license that will entitle you to the bounty, will be sent to you free of cost if you write a letter as follows:

Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Washington, D. C.

SIR:—Please send all the necessary papers and blanks for me to fill out in order to make application to you for a license to manufacture maple sugar and get the bounty therefor. Respectfully yours. [Sign with your name in full, your postoffice, county and state.]

This request should be made at once. To make sure that you get the papers, fill them out, have them accepted, and receive the official license long before April 1. Remember also that thousands of applications will be made, that many will rush in at the last moment, and that official business is always slow, and that as licenses will be issued in order of application it will be first come, first served. If you don't get your license before sugaring begins, you can't get the bounty. Write the above request at once, and you will be all ready for the extra two cents long before April 1. The extra two cents will be paid on every pound of maple sugar made in the United States in conformity to the law.

But maple sugar must be good to get either the extra bounty or fetch a profitable price in market. The best sugar will test "not less than 90 degrees by the polariscope," and will therefore be entitled to the full bounty of two cents per pound. But a large amount of the maple sugar as commonly made will test "not less than 80 degrees," and such will get only 1¾ cent per pound bounty. In fact, the bulk of maple sugar in market will test 84 to 86 degrees by the polariscope, and thus get only the 1¾ cent bounty. Besides this, a large quantity of low grade sugar has heretofore been sold that won't test even 80 degrees, and such stuff won't get any bounty. Now by the use of the latest improved methods and appliances, the lowest grade sugar can be so improved as to test over 80, and get the 1¾ cent bounty. But, more important still, by the use of the Williams evaporator and good management the great bulk of the crop can be brought up to test 90 and over, and thus be entitled to the full bounty of of two cents per pound. Not only can maple sugar thus be made to get the bounty, but the cost of producing such sugar is by this system greatly reduced. — [Rural New Yorker.

### Swine for Profit.

The modern hog possesses earlier maturity than formerly. This has of late years, as in the case of steers, been proved to be an important element of profit. Tardiness in maturing was a leading element in lessening the profit sought to be made in growing swine. The widespread demand for breakfast bacon has given swine a send-off they could not have received from any other source, simply because there was no other avenue not occupied by hog meat. To insure character and stability to this branch of pork-eating, it was necessary that the product be sufficiently thick, and especially tender, when cooked and served. These qualities could only be present in the young improved hog; hence, from all points of view, early maturity and tendency to fatten at any age have proven to be agencies through which the modern hog has been a source of profit, for the same reason that money loaned on short time pays better profit than when put out for a long period, the interest only coming in annually.

A more important reason than this is the fact that, with swine suitably bred, we secure an animal at ten months equal in weight to the hogs of a few years ago when at the age of twenty months or over. Digestion and assimilation are at their best in the young, growing hog. This is an important factor in rendering early maturity a success. The season is an equally important factor, for we need hardly repeat the well-understood fact that the percentage of food required to produce a given gain in weight must be materially added to when frost and cold nights set in. Grass and warm weather are not usually estimated at their value in the direction of placing the early litters in the market before the winter.—[Western Agriculturist.

### Pigs.

An English breeder in *Mark Lane Express*, says:

When pigs are very young they need a deal of care and attention, as well as the sow. The sow should be fed very sparingly for the first week, and the food increased according to the demand made upon her by the sucklings, which at the age of two weeks may be taught to eat light food and drink sweet milk. It is usually considered that the first four weeks of the pig's life is the time to make it develop its natural form. If stunted at this time it will likely always show it, or at least, it will be behind its mates. There are many things to be considered in pig feeding. At this age, stuffing on concentrated or heavy food is dangerous, as the pigs are tender and liable to many ailments; while we desire to obtain fast growth, excessive fat is not desirable, but rather injurious to health. For this reason I prefer light food, such as ground oats, shorts, bran, and but little maize, a lot of grass or other green food, with plenty of exercise. Never give the food sour. Feed at regular hours. A little practice will soon tell you just how much to give. Never give more at a time than the pigs can clean up, and allow plenty of fresh water at all times. Provide shade as well as dry sleeping places in summer.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

# The Sunday School.

## The Kingdom Divided.

LESSON I., SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1891.

Golden Text.—Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.—Prov., 16:18.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Kings 12:12-17.)

1. And Rehoboam went to Shechem: for all Israel were come to Shechem to make him king.
2. And it came to pass, when Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who was yet in Egypt, heard of it (for he had fled from the presence of King Solomon, and Jeroboam dwelt in Egypt),
3. That they sent and called him. And Jeroboam and all the congregation of Israel came, and spake unto Rehoboam, saying,
4. Thy father made our yoke grievous; now, therefore, make thou the grievous service of thy father, and his heavy yoke which he put upon us, lighter, and we will serve thee.
5. And he said unto them, Depart yet for three days, then come again to me. And the people departed.
6. And king Rehoboam consulted with the old men, that stood before Solomon his father while he yet lived, and said, How do ye advise that I may answer this people?
7. And they spake unto him, saying, If thou wilt be a servant unto this people this day, and wilt serve them, and answer them, and speak good words to them, then they will be thy servants for ever.
8. But he forsook the counsel of the old men, which they had given him, and consulted with the young men that were grown up with him, and which stood before him:
9. And he said unto them, What counsel give ye that we may answer this people, who have spoken to me, saying, Make the yoke which thy father did put upon us lighter?
10. And the young men that were grown up with him spake unto him, saying, Thus shalt thou speak unto this people that spake unto thee, saying, Thy father made our yoke heavy, but make thou it lighter unto us; thus shalt thou say unto them, My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins.
11. And now whereas my father did lade you with a heavy yoke, I will add to your yoke; my father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.
12. So Jeroboam and all the people came to Rehoboam the third day, as the king had appointed, saying, Come to me again the third day.
13. And the king answered the people roughly, and forsook the old men's counsel that they gave him;
14. And spake to them after the counsel of the young men, saying, My father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke: my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.
15. Wherefore the king hearkened not unto the people; for the cause was from the Lord, that he might perform his saying, which the Lord spake by Ahijah the Shilonite unto Jeroboam the son of Nebat.
16. So when all Israel saw that the king hearkened not unto them, the people answered the king, saying, What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David. So Israel departed unto their tents.
17. But as for the children of Israel which dwelt in the cities of Judah, Rehoboam reigned over them.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Rehoboam went to Shechem; for all Israel were come to make him king (v. 1). It is when a man's possibilities are at their best, that his peril is greatest. If he sees that he must depend on himself against the world, a man is not likely to be over-confident or careless; but when he is so popular that he can do just as he pleases, there is danger of his forgetting caution and prudence, and so making a fool of himself. Prosperity is more of a trial to a man than adversity; and he who thinks that he is sure of a good position to begin with, because of his family or his property or his genius, may make a more wretched failure in life than if he were to start with no handicap of this sort for the race on which he enters.

Jeroboam and all the congregation of Israel came, saying, Thy father made our yoke grievous; now therefore make thou the grievous service of thy father lighter, and we will serve thee (vs. 3, 4). A man can never fill his place on his father's reputation. Whether the father did well or ill, the son has got to make his own record. And unless a son does better than his father in some things, he fails to do as well in the long run; for the son starts where the father left off, and if he shows no sign of progress he is practically falling behind. Least of all can a son hope to do well by imitating his father's faults without being particular about imitating his father's virtues. Yet there are ten sons who would use wine or tobacco because their fathers did, where there is one who would be scrupulous as to being always on time with an appointment, or as to running in debt, for the same reason. These fathers of ours must prove incentives or warnings to us; for they cannot be relied on to do our work in life.

And King Rehoboam took counsel with the old men, that had stood before Solomon his father (v. 6). No man is competent to deal with the present, who knows nothing about the past. The most that we know about anything in this world, we gained from some one older and wiser than ourselves. Originality in purpose and in execution is originality in the use of that which we have learned out of the lessons of the past; not originality in the conception of truths before unknown. There is no better way of taking an original start in any enterprise than by learning what others know about that enterprise. Rehoboam couldn't have done better, to begin with, than to go as he did for counsel to those who had been counselors before he was born.

They spake, saying, If thou wilt be a servant unto this people, and wilt serve them, then they will be thy servants for ever (v. 7). He who is always considerate of others is surest of having others considerate of him. He who is unselfish does most to promote his own interests. There is no way of receiving love from all like being loving toward all. The best way of looking out for one's own welfare in this world, is by being wholly unmindful of one's own welfare. Look around you, and see if this is not a truth illustrated on every hand. Those counselors of Solomon had something of Solomon's wisdom, when they counseled Rehoboam as they did.

The young men that were grown up with him spake, saying, Thus shalt thou say, My little finger is thicker than my father's loins (v. 10). As a rule, the less knowledge a man has, the more he thinks he has. It takes a man some time to find out how little he does know. And even though the father was as wise as Solomon, and the son has no more wits than Rehoboam, there will be those who will tell the son that his little finger is thicker that his father's loins; and the boy may be fool enough to believe it. A young man's chief trouble is not his ignorance and inexperience; but it is his idea that he knows everything to begin with, and that he has no need of experience. That was the ruin of Rehoboam.

The king spake to them after the counsel of the young men (vs. 13, 14). The king was a young man himself. The young men who had been counseling him were "the young men who had grown up with him." Their feelings were much like his feelings. As to experience, neither they nor he had any, of their own, to act on. Their counsel was of their feelings, and not of their judgment. His following of their counsel was of his feelings. They knew what they would like to do if they were in his place, and they counseled accordingly. He knew that he would like to do that same thing; and so he said that he would do it. And that was the ruin of him. Many a young man has been ruined by doing just what he and "all the other fellows" would like to do. This is the folly which is at the bottom of college rowdyism, and of school rebellions, and of petty dissipations, and of tom-foolery generally. It is not the doing that which experience would approve, or which old men would advise, or which judgment would dictate, or which common sense would tolerate; but it is the acting on impulse and feeling, and the walking after the counsel of the other fellows.—[H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

# Finance and Trade.

## THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The situation in Eastern money centers is steadily improving During the past week the gold shipped a week previous arrived in New York, and there was a good outflow from the treasury. The movement of currency to the interior was free, but this did not cause any disquiet, as money is always called for by the West and South during the closing weeks of the year, to provide for the regular semi-annual settlements of January 1. Call loans ranged during the week at from 6 to 2 per cent, averaging slightly above 4 per cent. One significant feature showing improvement in the financial situation was the considerable offerings of time money, which has hitherto been almost unobtainable. Considerable loans were made on time at 6 per cent, though lenders insist on longer periods than borrowers desire. Some loans were made by trust companies for six months at 6 per cent, but the borrowers were required, in the stocks put up as collateral, to put it in at 15 points below the market quotation, and allow 20 per cent margin of this reduced value; furthermore, the loans were discounted—the interest taken off in advance. Thus, on a loan of $100,000, the borrower had to put up as collateral, stocks to the market value of $140,000, and then received only $97,000 in cash. It was reported Saturday that a good deal of this loaning had been done during the week.

In London the interest rate has not changed, nor did the Bank of England raise its discount rate on Thursday, at the regular weekly meeting of the board of directors—such action being expected, on account of the large withdrawals of gold for shipment to Germany. These amounted to £1,034,000—equal to $5,170,000—and are said to be in large part the result of the selling in London of Argentine bonds and stocks by their German holders. In New York, foreign exchange was strong, because of remittances to pay for imported goods, and the purchases of bills of exchange against American stocks sold to European investors. The week closed with the exchange rate at $4.81 per £1 for time drafts and $4.85 for sight.

FAILURES INCREASING.—While the effect of the recent tight money period is passing away in New York, the wave of distrust thus set in motion is moving over the West and South. There have been a number of heavy failures reported, and a sharp increase of the total number, especially for the past three weeks. The South reports from three to five times as many per week as during the fall, and the Far West twice as many as then. Trade is generally reported as "quiet," which means that the volume of sales is smaller than usual at this season.

THE FUTURE.—The future of American finance is impossible to forecast, because of the doubt as to what Congress may do in the way of financial legislation. Leaving all politics out of the matter, the question of questions, in the mind of every financier, is whether we will have free silver coinage or not. The whole civilized world is on a gold basis, and the amount of silver allowed to enter the coinage is restricted. This is simply because the coinage value of silver is much more than its current market value. The friends of free coinage believe that this measure will cause an increase in the price of that metal that will bring it to an equality with its coinage value. The financial world disbelieves this, and asserts that if free coinage shall be adopted, the silver of the world will drift to us, and that the enormous amount put in circulation will cause gold to go to a premium, and prices come to the silver standard. The country needs more currency, but the question of how it shall be accomplished is one upon which opinions are widely diverse. Until the financial policy of the country shall be settled, there will be caution and uncertainty in the financial world, and trade and industry suffer more or less.

SILVER.—The increasing prospect for silver legislation at Washington, and particularly the proposition submitted to the Senate for the purchase, in monthly installments of 3,000,000 ounces of the 12,000,000 ounces constituting the visible supply now in the country, has caused quite a rally in quotations. That the movement is mainly speculative is shown by the activity in bullion certificates, which on the 15th advanced to 110, and subsequently sold down, rallying on the 18th, on the improving outlook for favorable silver legislation, to 109. The commercial quotations, however, rose to 50d. in London and to 108c. here, and subsequently yielded a little. The prices a week apart were:

| | Dec. 13 | Dec. 19 |
|---|---|---|
| Bullion, London | 48¾d | 49¼d |
| Bullion, New York | $1.04 | $1.06 |
| Bullion, certificates | $1.05@4 | $1.07@6 |

## THE STATE OF TRADE.

### A Review of the Week—Collections Are Still Hard.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, Dec. 22, says: Business continues large for the season, but there is perceptibly a less feeling of confidence. The causes appear to be:

First, prospect of important monetary legislation, the effects of which are not clearly forseen; second, frequent failures and greater difficulties in making collections; and third, less satisfactory conditions in some large branches of industry. Probably more people are affected as to business undertakings, often unconsciously, by uncertainty about financial legislation and its efforts than by any other cause. Though the rate for money on call is lower than a week ago, and money is easier at Boston and Philadelphia, there is still stringency at most points throughout the country. Complaints of slow collections have rarely been more general and in many cases settlements can be made only in notes, or renewal. In many quarters there is hope that after January 1 things may improve in this respect if legislative prospects do not in the meantime cause greater shrinkage of credits and curtailment of purchases.

Foreign influences are not now disturbing. Exports of products for two weeks of December from New York show a gain of eight per cent over last year, and the total last December was hardly ever surpassed. Though imports continue heavy they are greatly exceeded by exports at present. Exports of cotton thus far this month exceeded last year and also of provisions, but there is a heavy decrease in grain caused by speculative prices here.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 404, as compared with 374 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 342.

## A HEALTHY OUTLOOK.

### Country Bankers Have Prepared for the Present Stringency.

A Chicago paper of December 17 published a number of letters from country bankers located in Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana on the financial condition as it affects the farmers, country merchants, manufacturers, etc. The banks were asked these questions:

First—Are your merchants and manufacturers meeting obligations promptly?

Second—Are you investing at all in outside commercial paper?

Third—If not, is it due to home demands or a disposition to hold a larger reserve than usual pending the outcome of the recent financial flurry?

Fourth—Are farmers in your section large borrowers?

The replies are almost of the same tenor, and are to the effect that merchants and manufacturers are meeting their obligations fully as promptly as usual, that while the bankers are investing in outside paper they are holding larger reserves of cash than usual in view of the financial stringency, and that notwithstanding the talk about farm mortgages the fact is that the farmers borrow only a small portion of the money loaned by the banks. One banking firm notes that of the $2,250,000 loaned by it, only $200,000 has gone to the farmers.

## ARGENTINE CEDULAS.

### An Effort Making to Convert Them Into Bonds.

Reliable advices state that the Argentine government is inclined to accept the London proposals for the conversion of the cedulas, arranged for by the issue of $150,000,000 worth of 5 per cent gold bonds, guaranteed unconditionally and directly, both principal and interest, by the province of Buenos Ayres, but not bearing interest till April, 1894. By this plan the cedulas are placed in two groups, or series, of from A to J inclusive, and from K to P inclusive. The first group of 50,000,000 will receive 57½ per cent in the new bonds in conversion, and the second group of 240,000,000 will receive only 48 3-10 per cent. The London *Times* says it considers the scheme fair, sensible and business-like, and other English financial authorities claim that this will have a good effect on the money markets of the world.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1890.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

| | Dec. 23. | Dec. 16. |
|---|---|---|
| 4's, coupons | 122 | 121 |
| 4's, registered | 121 | 122 |
| Pac. 6's of '95 | 109 | 109 |

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

| | |
|---|---|
| Reserve, increase | $3,391,825 |
| Loans, increase | 410,100 |
| Specie, increase | 4,136,700 |
| Legal tenders, increase | 648,500 |
| Deposits, increase | 3,573,500 |
| Circulation, increase | 22,500 |

The banks now hold $4,498,900 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Range of New York stocks to-day, as received by Cronenberg, Chapman & King, Law building:

| | Opening. | Highest. | Lowest. | Closed |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Atch | 28⅝ | 28⅝ | 27⅞ | 28¼ |
| A. C. O. | 15½ | 16 | 15½ | 16 |
| Cann. Sou. | 48½ | 48¾ | 48½ | 48¾ |
| C. C. C. | 58¼ | 58¼ | 58¼ | 58¼ |
| C., B. & Q. | 88¾ | 89 | 87¾ | 88⅞ |
| C. Gas T. | 35⅛ | 35⅛ | 33¾ | 34⅛ |
| Del. Hud | 124¾ | 124¾ | 124¼ | 124¼ |
| Del. Lack | 128⅞ | 129 | 128⅛ | 128½ |
| Erie | 18½ | 18½ | 18⅛ | 18½ |
| Hock. Val. | 24 | 24 | 23⅛ | 23⅛ |
| J. C. | 99 | 99½ | 99 | 99½ |
| Lead Tr. | 15⅞ | 16¼ | 15¾ | 16¼ |
| Lake Shore | 107¾ | 108⅜ | 107¾ | 108⅜ |
| Lou. & Nash | 71⅞ | 71⅞ | 71¼ | 71⅝ |
| M. C. | 91 | 91 | 91 | 91 |
| Mo. Pac* | 60½ | 60½ | 59½ | 60 |
| N. E. | 32 | 32 | 31⅝ | 32 |
| N. P. pf'd | 61⅞ | 62 | 61⅝ | 61¾ |
| N. W. | 104⅛ | 104⅛ | 103⅝ | 103⅞ |
| N. Y. C. | 99 | 99⅜ | 99 | 99¼ |
| N. A. | 11½ | 11½ | 11½ | 11½ |
| P. M. | 31½ | 31½ | 31¼ | 31⅜ |
| Pullman | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 |
| R. T. | 15¾ | 15¾ | 15½ | 15⅝ |
| R. I. | 70¾ | 70¾ | 70 | 70⅝ |
| Read | 31 | 31⅛ | 30½ | 30¾ |
| Silver | 102½ | 104 | 101¼ | 104 |
| Sugar | 55½ | 56 | 55½ | 56 |
| St. Paul | 50¼ | 50⅜ | 49⅝ | 49⅝ |
| T. C. I. | 29⅛ | 29⅛ | 28⅛ | 28½ |
| T. Pac | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 |
| U. Pac | 44½ | 44¼ | 43½ | 43⅝ |
| Wabash | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Wab. pfd | 17½ | 17½ | 16¾ | 16¾ |
| W. U. | 75 | 75 | 74⅝ | 74⅝ |

### Trade.

The holiday trade generally was good during the past week, and notwithstanding the fact that some failures have occurred, business is reported active.

### New York Cotton Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Cotton easy; middling uplands 9½; middling Orleans, 9 9-16; sales, 78 bales; futures opened barely steady. December, 5.92; January, 8.95; February, 9.12; March, 9.25; April, 9.35; May, 9.45; June, 9.56; July, 9.63; August, 9.64; September, 9.47; October, 9.38.

## ON THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

### The Stock of Grain and Prices on the Market.

The markets for wheat, this morning, opened about on the basis of yesterday's close, and afterward eased off about ⅛c.

At Toledo No. 2 soft red wheat was worth 95c.

December wheat, 95c; May wheat, 100¼c, no change.

Corn dull; No. 2 52c; May No. 2, 52½c.

Oats—No. 2, nominally 46c.

Clover seed—Steady; prime cash and December, $4.15; February, $4.25; March, $4.30.

### This Afternoon's Markets.

The markets for wheat this afternoon, were dull and lower. Just at the close there was a trifle better tone. On the days business wheat is ⅝@¾c. lower.

At Toledo, No. 2 soft red wheat, cash, closed at 94¼c; No. 3 soft red, 90½c, then 91c; No. 4 soft red, 86c.

December wheat nominally 94¼c; May wheat opened at 100¼c, fell to 99½c, and closed at 99⅝c; January wheat, 95c.

Corn—Fair trade; prices easy. No. 2 corn 52c; No. 3, 50c; No. 4, 48c; No. 3 yellow, 51c; No. 2 May, 52½c.

Oats—No. 1, nominally, 46c.

Clover seed fairly active; prime cash, $4.15. Februray, $4.25; March, $4.30; No. 2, $3.75.

Dressed Hogs—Sales at $4.50 for all weights.

Prices of December and May wheat today:

| Dec. | Opened. | Highest. | Lowest. | Close. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Toledo | .... | .... | .... | 94¼n |
| Chicago | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| New York | 104¾ | 105n | 104½n | 104⅝ |
| St. Louis | 93⅞ | 94 | 93⅞ | 93⅞ |
| May. | | | | |
| Toledo | 100¼ | 100¼ | 99¼ | 99⅝ |
| Chicago | 98¼ | 98½ | 97 | 97⅜ |
| New York | 105¼ | 105½ | 104¾ | 104⅝ |
| St. Louis | 98½ | 98½ | 97⅜ | 97⅝ |

### Gossip Received by J. M. Cronenberg, Chapman & King's Law Building.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 23, 12:30 p. m.—Wheat dull, demand poor, holders offer moderately. Corn very dull, demand poor. Cargoes off coast: wheat at opening strong. Cargoes off coast and for shipment: wheat at opening strong. Weather in England fair; frost seems breaking up.

### The Produce Market.

Butter—Best 25c; fair grades 18@20c.

Eggs—Steady; cold storage, 22c; fresh, 25.

Fresh Meats—Beef, 4½@6½c; veal, 5c; mutton, 8@10c; dressed hogs, $4 00@$4 25.

Hides—Cured steers', 6@7½c; cured light, 4¾@5½c; heavy steers', green, 5c; light, 3½c; No. 2, 2½@3c; grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5½c; green, 7c; kip, green, 6c; market firm.

Poultry—Chickens, young, 9c; old, 8c; turkeys, 12c dressed; ducks and geese same as chickens.

Beans—$1 75@2 25 per bushel.

Potatoes—90c per bushel, by the car lot.

Provisions—Heavy mess pork, $12 50; short mess $13 50; clear mess, $13 00; short clear mess, $13 30. Hams—Sugar cured, 18 lbs. and over, 10½c; 15 lbs. average, 11c; 12 lbs. and under, 11½c; shoulders, 7c; breakfast bacon, clear, 9c; breakfast bacon, 8½c; smoked beef, 10c. Lard—Kettle rendered, tierces, 7c; barrels, 7c; half barrels, 7c; 50 lb tins, 7c; refined lard, tierce, 6½c; 50 lb tins, 7c; clear bacon sides, 8c; bologna sausages, 6c.

### Oil City Oil Market.

Opened at 69½; highest, 70¼; lowest, 68⅝; close, 68⅝c.

### General Produce.

BUFFALO, Dec. 23.—Wheat—No. 1 hard dull at 109c; No. 1 Northern, 101@102c. No. 2 red, 100c. Corn—No. 2, 58c.

DETROIT, Dec. 23.—Wheat, No. 1 white cash 94c; No. 2 red cash, 94c; December, 94c; May, 100c. asked Corn—No. 2 cash, 49½c asked; May, 52c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 44c; No. 2 white, 44½c. Receipts—wheat, 4,500 bu.; corn, 23,800 bu.; oats, 00 bu.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 23.—Wheat quiet; No. 2 spring, on track, cash, 85@87c; May, 90¾c; No. 1 Northren, 88c. Corn lower; No. 3, on track, 47½c. Oats easier; No. 2 white, on track, 41@41½c.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 19.—Closing—Wheat—Cash, 93½c; January, 93½c; May, 97¾c; July, 87¾c. Corn easy; cash, 46½c; December and January, 46½c; May, 48¾c; July, 50c. Oats, lower; cash 41c; May, 43¼c. Pork lower at $9 75. Lard weak at $5 50. Whisky steady at $1 14.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 23.—Flour weaker; family, $3 85@4 05; fancy, $4 40@4 70. Wheat weak and lower at 97c. Corn weak at 51@51½c. Oats weak and lower at 44c. Rye dull at 73c. Pork weak; new mess, $10 25. Lard dull at $5 52½@5 57½. Bulk meats quiet; short ribs, $4 75. Bacon dull; short clear, $5 75. Whisky steady; sales, 966 bbls.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—1:15 p. m.—The closing prices on the Board of Trade, as quoted by the *Daily Trade Bulletin* are as follows: Wheat—Firm; cash, 88¾c; January, 89⅝@89½c; May, 97¾@97⅞c. Corn easy; cash and December, 48c; January, 48½c; May, 51¾@51⅞c. Oats steady; cash and January, 40@40¼c; May, 43⅛@43½c. Pork steady; cash and January, $9 75; December, $7 50; May, $10 70. Lard steady; cash, $5 65; December, $5 60; January, $5 70@5 72½; May, $6 32½. Short ribs steady; cash and December, $4 70; January, $4 82½@4 85; May, $5 52½@5 55. Rye easy at 65½c. Barley nominal at 70@75c. Flax seed easy at $1 13½@14. Timothy easy at $1 17@1 18. Butter steady; creamery, 18@27c; dairy, 13@24c. Eggs, easy; fresh, 22@23c. Whisky $1 14.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Wheat—Receipts, 97,870 bu; sales, 592,000 bu.; fluctuated with ⅛c; now firm at ⅛c above yesterday, but very dull; December, 104¼@104⅝c; May, 105 1-16@105½c; July, 98⅞@99 7-16c. Corn—Receipts, 55,900 bu; sales, 284,000 bu; market quiet and ⅜c lower No. 2, 61⅛c; steamer mixed, 60@61½c. Oats—Receipts, 94,000 bu; sales, 20,000 bu; market is dull and steady; western, 47@55c. Beef steady; plate, 7 00@750; family, $9 50@10 50. Pork—steady, dull; new mess, $11 00@12 00; old mess, $10 00@11 00, and extra prime, mess, $9 50@$10 00. Lard—Market dull, easy; steam rendered, $6 02½. Butter—Receipts, 339 packages; market quiet and weak; western dairy, 11@20c; western creamery, 20@29c; Elgins, 29½@30c; imitation creamery, 13@25c. Eggs—Receipts, 11,779 packages; market steady and dull; western, 25@26c. Sugar raw, dull, steady; fair refining, 4 9-16c; centrifugal, 96 test, 5⅛c; refined, quiet and steady; crushed, 6¾c; powdered, 6⅛c; granulated, 6c. Spirits of turpentine, firm and quiet at 38¼@39c. Molasses quiet and steady; New Orleans, common to fancy, 33@40c. Tallow, firm, quiet; city ($2 for packages), 4 9-16@4¾c. Coffee—Rio contract dealings were much quieter, and the edge was off the edge was off the strength. There was a reaction in Havre on light trading, with which this market worked. Rio on the spot was quieter and firm; No. 7, 17¾c.

### Live Stock.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 23.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,000; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000 head; market steady; fair to choice heavy, $3 50@3 60; mixed, $3 10@3 50; Yorkers, $3 10@3 25. Sheep—Receipts, 700; market steady.

BUFFALO, Dec. 23.—Cattle — Receipts 23 loads through, 2 sales; market steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 3 loads through, 15 sale; dull on common stock. Hogs—Receipts, 14 loads through, 10 sales; market firm; mediums, heavy and mixed, $3 65@3 75

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, Dec. 23.—Brrick Bros.' report.—[Exclusive to THE BLADE.]—Hogs—Receipts, 2,300; market active, closing strong; fair to best heavy, $3 55@3 65; fair to best light, $3 40@3 50; pigs, $3 00@3 15; stags and roughs, $2 50@3 00. Veal—Calves, steady, $4 50@5 75.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 23.—Cattle—Receipts 3,900; shipments, 1,220; market active and steady; steers, $3 75@5 00. Hogs—Receipts, 10,110 head; shipments, none; market 5@10c lower; all grades at $2 90@3 60. Sheep—Receipts, 610 head; shipments, 1,000 head; market steady; muttons, $4 20@4 60.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—1:15 p. m.—The *Evening Journal* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 8,000, and nearly all natives; all classes sold and only a few lots of prime steers selling as high as yesterday; medium and common weak; butcher's stock fully as low as last week. Hogs—receipts, 22,000; opened lower, closed stronger; common, $3 25@3 40; packers, $3 35@3 45; butchers' weights, $3 55@3 60 light, $3 40@3 45; light light, $3@3 25. Sheep—receipts 4,000; market slow, unsettled and weak, with no demand whatever for medium and common. Lambs lower on common and barely steady on the best.

### Wool.

Transactions are few and confined principally to immediate requirements at all points.

### Louisville Tobacco Market.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 22.—There has been a steady market during the week for sweet, red or bright fillers, whether new or old. The same may be said of bright lugs and trash. Bright smokers sell well. There is a scarcity of wrapping and cutting leaf. Receipts show that the leaf is well developed, but lacking in color. Quotations of the 1889 crop of tobacco are: Burley—Dark trash, $2 00@2 50; colory trash, $6 00@9 00; common lugs, $3 50@4 50; medium lugs, $4 50@6 00; good lugs, $8 00@9 00; colory lugs, $10 00@14 00; common leaf, $6 50@7 50; medium leaf, $8 00@12 00; good leaf, $12 50@18 00; fine leaf and selections, $18 00@33 00. Dark—Trash, 50c@$1 25; common lugs, $1 25@2 00; medium lugs, $2 00@3 00; good lugs, $3 00@3 50; common to medium leaf, $3 75@5 50; medium to good leaf, $6 00@8 00; good to fine leaf, $8 00@12 50.

## AS VIEWED IN CANADA.

### Evidence That a Crisis Is Seen to Occur.

Confidential advices received at Ottowa from Washington strongly confirm the press utterances that significantly point to a crisis next season in the fur seal controversy. After the rejection by President Harrison of the latest British proposal of arbitration, the Imperial government will suspend further efforts toward a settlement of the dispute.

By May next a strong force of war vessels will be assembled at Esquimault and vessels will be sent into Behring sea with instructions to protect from seizure or removal British vessels engaged in sealing at distances greater than three miles from the seal islands and coast of Alaska.

This will not prevent single captures being made by revenue vessels but the first encounter between an American and British cruiser will open the war to a final settlement on the lines that President Harrison seems about to lay down. The official tone here is firm, tranquil and confident. The authorities fear no trouble nor molestation of Canadian sealing vessels next summer. A prosperous season is expected by the sealers according to advices from Victoria.

### A Church Burned.

St. Bernard's Roman Catholic church, on Fourteenth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, New York City, was completely gutted by fire early on December 23. The interior of the structure was completely burned out, and the roof was burned off. It took the firemen two hours to gain control of the flames. The fire is supposed to have started in the engine room. The loss is about $75,000; insured for $60,000.

### Braved the Dangers.

Capt. Norton's life boat, in which he left America some months ago on a trip across the Atlantic, was signalled off Gibraltar on Dec. 18. The captain reported "All well." His arrival at Toulon is expected daily.

# WASHINGTON NEWS.

## THE RAUM INVESTIGATION.

### It Has Adjourned Subject to the Call of the Chairman.

At the session of the Raum investigation committee, on December 18, Commissioner Raum was asked by Mr. Cooper to examine certain papers and report how it was that calls for information about pension cases made by Congressmen McClellan and Shively, of Indiana, had not been answered for from three months to a year, and why Mr. McWilliams, a Western pension attorney, had been unable for two years to obtain information about cases on file in the pension office. Commissioner Raum said, of course, the committee recognized that this matter had nothing to do with the investigation.

J. D. Ferguson, of Baltimore, national bank examiner, was asked by Mr. Cooper if on examining the books of the Washington banks he had disvered any notes of Commissioner Raum endorsed by Mr. Lemon.

Witness said his relations with the banks were confidential, and he was not permitted by the department to speak of affairs of the banks.

At Mr. Sawyer's suggestion the examination of the witness was postponed until Chairman Morrill's return, when the admissibility of the question will be decided. Adjourned, subject to call.

## OHIO CONGRESSMEN.

### They Will Eat Their Christmas Dinner at Home.

Most of the Ohio members will eat their Christmas dinners at home.

Maj. McKinley will remain here to look after things, although he might as well have gone home for all the business the Democrats will permit to be done. It is their intention to raise the question of quorum as soon as the House meets each day and if there is no quorum present, an adjournment will be forced. The Democrats want to waste all the time they can.

## APPOINTED.

### Henry B. Brown, of Michigan, Named for the Supreme Court.

On December 23 the President sent to the Senate the following nominations: Henry B. Brown, of Michigan, to be associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States, vice Samuel F. Miller, deceased.

Col. Charles Sutherland, surgeon, to be surgeon general, with the rank of brigadier general, vice J. H. Baxter, deceased.

## THE LATEST IN SCHEMES.

### Senators Taken in by the Wholesale in Washington.

About one-half the dignified senators of the United States have been made the victims of a beautifully simple confidence game in the last few days.

On December 23 Senator Manderson received a letter from a man who said his name was Duvall, and that he had recently born to himself and wife a handsome baby boy.

Mr. Duvall's letter also stated that he was a great admirer of Senator Manderson, and therefore named his first-born Charles Manderson Duvall, in honor of the senator. Mr. Duvall inclosed the certificates of birth and baptism of the baby, also a certificate showing that the father had broken his leg a week ago, and was in hard lines.

The letter closed with an intimation that a little Christmas present, say $5, would be very acceptable. Ordinarily Senator Manderson would at once have complied with this request, for he felt naturally flattered at the honor conferred on him by the Duvall family, but the senator had an indistinct recollection of having seen on Senator Morrill's desk a few days ago a certificate of baptism showing that some fortunate child had been dignified with the name of Justin Morrill Duvall.

This recollection started Senator Manderson on an investigation which had most amusing results. He found that nearly all the Republican senators had received letters similar to the one sent him. Each was accompanied by a certificate showing that the Duvall baby had been named after the senator addressed. But the fun of the thing was that most of the senators had fallen into the trap, as well as Vice President Morton, who sent the baby a silver cup inscribed with the name, "Levi Morton Duvall."

Senator Evarts sent a spoon engraved, "William Maxwell Evarts Duvall."

Senators Sanders, Dolph, Hale, Stanford, Sherman and many others had also sent the Duvall baby presents. Some $5 or $10 in cash; others pretty trinkets, and now Senator Manderson is having a great laugh at the expense of his fellow senators and prides himself very much on his ability as a detective.

## THE NOVEMBER ELECTION.

### Some of the Facts Shown By an Inspection of the Figures.

A careful study of the figures of the November election presents some curiou results. In Pennsylvania, notwithstanding the loss of three representatives in Congress, and the head of the state ticket, there was a net Republican gain of over 35,000. In Delaware there was a Republican gain of nearly 3,000 and, remarkable to say, over 11,000 in South Carolina.

There were Republican gains in but fourteen states, aggregating about 125,000, while the Democrats footed up, with their Alliance friends, a gain of 700,000 in 30 states. The greatest Republican net gain was 35,000 in Pennsylvania. In Kansas, where the farmers did most havoc, the Republicans gained and the Democrats lost as compared with 1888. The Republicans fell from 183,000 to 119,000 in 1890, and the Democrats from 103,739 to 27,000. Here the farmers elected several members of Congress, and carried the legislature.

In Nebraska the Alliance polled 70,000 votes for the state and 45,000 on the Congressional ticket. In Iowa a gain of 41,000 was made through Alliance cooperation. In Illinois 40,000 and Wisconsin 55,000 foot up the Democratic gains. In New York the Democrats gain 95,000, Massachusetts 39,000 and Connectict 9,000. With all these unfavorable figures these results by no means indicate Democratic victory in 1892.

The tariff on the free raw material issue cut in New England and New York, and the principle of high protective policy cut in the agricultural states of the West and Northwest. With the elections bill honors were easy. The South came forward in localities on that issue. The silver bill had but little favorable effect in the silver states. It is now shown by a comparison of results that the unparalleled defeat of the Republican forces in the Congressional race, was not due to the superior generalship and comparatively superior numbers of a full measure of strength on the part of the Democrats, but to the sulkiness of the Republican voters on men and not measures. The force of this was shown in New York, where the Republican vote was 277,000 less in 1890 than in 1888. This same condition of affairs existed in almost all the Republican states.

## BEHRING SEA.

### The President to Send a Special Messenger Thereon to Congress.

President Harrison expects to accompany his transmission to Congress of the further papers relating to the Behring sea controversy, with a special message of some length. In this message he will express his views respecting the rights and claims of the United States connected with the seal fishery, the comparative merits of the conduct and position of the two governments since the first seizures in 1886, and the duty of Congress in the present position of the question.

The message will be framed with especial reference to the now pending proposal of the British government for an arbitration, which proposal it is intended to reject before any communication is made to Congress. The rejection of the proposal will effect a practical, if not complete, suspension of diplomatic efforts for a settlement, there being no expectation that either government will bring forward any offer for a renewal of negotiations after the impending rejection of the British tender of arbitration has been notified by Mr. Blaine to Sir Julian Pauncefote.

The personal bitterness between Mr. Blaine and Lord Salisbury that has arisen out of the course of the negotiations is preceived here to constitute a material objection to a continuance of efforts toward a settlement, especially after the diplomatic relations between the two governments shall have been further strained by the energetic manner in which Mr. Blaine is preparing to show up the hollowness and unfairness of the British arbitration project. It is because of the seemingly hopelessness of the prospect of a settlement by peaceful means, and of the necessity of almost instantly resolving upon a new course of conduct for the United States, that the President has determined to lay the matter fully before Congress and to apply for legislative assistance in shaping and enforcing the policy of the immediate future.

The pending British proposal is to refer to the determination of a friendly and impartial arbitrator, the question whether the seizure of British sealing vessels by the United States in 1886, 1887 and 1889 were or were not lawful seizures. To this form of the proposed submission of the case to arbitration, the President strenuously objects, and he never will agree to it unless Congress shall assume the responsibility in some mode of yielding adherence to it.

The grounds of the President's objection are various, as he will explain to Congress.

The principal ground, however, is that such a form of submission would preclude the arbitrator from giving effect in his decision otherwise than argumentatively, or collaterally, to those duties of good neighborhood, which, as the President contends, are owed by Great Britain to the United States, in respect to the seal fisheries of Behring Sea.

Those duties, as the President conceives them, arise partly out of the natural and partly out of the historical circumstances and conditions of the case, and he will neither ask nor accept the award of an arbitrator upon the controversy unless Great Britain distictly agrees in the articles of submission that the legality of the seizures shall all depend, so far as in reason and justice it ought to depend, upon a consideration of those circumstances and conditions.

### The President's Stand.

What the President holds to be the natural circumstances that properly affect the question of the legality of the seizures are: First—the logical impossibility of carrying on any known method of marine sealing without a rapid extinction of the seals by the unavoidable killing of so great a proportion of females, and, second, the invariable and total destruction of every sealing industry that has hitherto been subjected to the methods of marine sealers.

For ninety years prior to the cession of Alaska to the United States, foreign governments and subjects, so the President will remind Congress, respected the right of Russia to control and monopolize the seal fishery of Behring sea. The cession of Alaska divided the rookeries, Russia retaining part and the United States obtaining the rest; but the President will hold to Congress that this partition left other powers and people in exactly the same relation to the seal fisheries as before.

The non-disturbance of the protective right assumed by this country over the Behring sea seal fishery for nearly twenty years after the cession of Alaska, is greatly relied upon by the President to establish the right of the United States, and he will not agree to an arbitration that does not permit weight to be directly given to this acquiescence in American jurisdiction.

### Will Be Prepared to Fight.

The President will give Congress distinctly to understand, that in the present state of the matter, he perceives neither authority nor reason to abstain next season from a literal enforcement of the provisions of law for the protection of the fur seal in Alaska, and the waters thereof.

He will ask Congress for a liberal appropriation to meet the expense of fitting out chartered vessels to serve as revenue vessels in sufficient number and character to capture and dispose of the numerous marauding vessels expected to enter Behring sea next June and July.

He will not refer to measures of defense against any steps that Great Britain may possibly take for the protection of Canadian sealers from our revenue vessels. He does not wish to appear to anticipate such counteraction by England, nor by Germany in the event of German vessels taking part in the marine sealing of next season, as heretofore reported.

### Congress Has Work to Do.

If Congress grants an appropriation for the enforcement of the sealing law in Behring sea the President will accept such action as a pledge of resistance to the uttermost if Lord Salisbury should so far force the issue. If no appropriation is granted or if the debate shows a controlling indisposition to proceed to a hazard of war upon the seal question the revenue vessels will be instructed simply to warn foreign sealing vessels next season, but not to lay hands upon them.

And, in that case, the President will feel it incumbent upon him to facilitate the resumption of negotiations for the purpose of ascertaining the best terms of settlement that can be extorted from the British desire for a termination of the controversy.

Personally the President believes in fighting the matter to an end next season, but the gravity of the possible consequences forbids him to commit the government to an irrevocable course without first obtaining the opinion and sanction of Congress.

## THE NEW FINANCE BILL.

### A Synopsis of the Measure as Reported to the Senate.

The finance committee of the Senate has reported Sen. Sherman's bill. It is understood in Washington that the action of the committee by no means secures its passage in its present form, as the free coinage Republican Senators will feel at liberty to offer a free coinage amendment, but the prompt report on the bill insures speedy action of some sort to relieve the present financial stringency.

The first section of the bill directs the secretary of the Treasury to purchase from time to time during the calendar year 1891 silver bullion to the aggregate of twelve million ounces in addition to the amount required to be purchased by the act of July 12, 1890, not exceeding three million to be purchased in any one month, and to issue in payment for this bullion treasury notes.

Section 2 provides that the compulsory deposit of United States bonds with the treasurer of the United States by national banks having a capital of not more than $50,000 is limited to $1,000 of bonds each; provided that the voluntary withdrawal of bonds for the retirement of such bank notes shall not exceed the amount of $3,000,000 in any month; and provided further, that this act shall not apply to deposits of public money.

Section 3 provides that National banks may issue circulating notes to the par value of bonds deposited to secure such notes, provided that at no time shall the total amount of such notes issued to any banking association exceed the amount paid in of its capital stock.

Section 4 provides that whenever the National bank note circulation shall be less than $180,000,000 the secretary of the Treasury is directed to purchase from time to time as such notes are retired and canceled silver bullion as it may be offered at the market price, not to exceed $1 for 371.25 grains. But the amount of such purchases shall not exceed at any time in the aggregate an amount equal to the amount of National bank notes retired and canceled below the sum of $180,000,000; and the secretary of the Treasury is to issue in payment for such bullion treasury notes as now provided. And if the secretary shall be unable to purchase the required amount of bullion on these terms, he is directed to make the deficiency good by the issue of U. S. notes similar in terms and description to the U. S. notes now outstanding.

Section 5 provides that whenever the market's price of silver bullion shall have been continuously for the period of one year or more one dollar or more for 371.25 grains pure silver, all purchasing of silver bullion shall cease, and thereafter any owner of silver bullion not too base for the operations of the mint may deposit the same in amounts of the value of $100 or more at any mint of the United States, to be formed into standard dollars or bars for his benefit and without charge; and at his option he may receive in lieu of it treasury notes.

Section 6 authorizes the secretary of the Treasury to cause the subsidiary coins now on hand, of which may hereafter be received which are worn or otherwise unfit for circulation or whatever denominations for which there is no current demand, to be recoined into such denominations as may be required to meet the demand therefor. The loss incident to the recoinage is to be paid out of the "silver profit fund."

Section 7 directs the secretary to issue treasury notes of the act of 1890 to an amount equal to the market value of the bullion made from the trade dollars now in the treasury and other trade dollars, and also upon the bullion value of $10,000,000 of the uncurrent subsidiary coin now in the treasury.

Section 8 amends the law in relation to refining and parting of bullion by inserting the words "And from the proceeds of the sale of by-products resulting from the operations of the refinery," so as to make it read: "And it shall be lawful to apply the moneys arising from charges collected from depositors for these operations pursuant to law and from the proceeds of the by-products resulting from the operations of the Treasury, so far as may be necessary to defray in full the expenses thereof, including labor, materials and wastage."

Section 9 amends the act to authorize the exchange of gold bars for gold coin, so as to read as follows: "That the superintendents of the coinage mints and of the United States assay offices at New York, may, with the approval of the director of the mint, but not otherwise, receive United States gold from any holder thereof in sums not less than $5,000,000, and pay and deliver in exchange thereof gold bars in value equaling such coin so received. Provided, that the director of the mint, with the approval of the secretary of the Treasury, may impose for such exchange a charge which in his judgment shall equal the cost of manufacturing the bars."

Section 10 is as follows: "That it is the continued policy of the United States government to use both gold and silver as full legal-tender money, under the ratio now existing in the United States or that may hereafter be established by the United States, acting in accord with other nations; and the United States is willing to join with other commercial nations in a conference to adopt a common ratio between gold and silver, with a view of establishing internationally the use of both metals as full legal tender money and securing fixity of relative value between them. And when, in the judgment of the President, a sufficient number of such nations shall have entered into such international arrangement, he may declare the ratio so fixed to be the existing ratio in the United States, and all coinage thereafter shall be at such ratio until changed by law. The President shall, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint the commissioners, not exceeding three, who shall attend such conference on behalf of the United States, and they shall report their doings to the President, who shall transmit the same to Congress. Said commissioners shall receive the sum of $5,000 and their reasonable expenses, to be approved by the secretary of State, and the amount necessary to pay such compensation and expenses is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated."

Section 11 declares all acts and all parts of acts inconsistent with this act to be repealed.

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## NATIONAL BANKS.

### Where Uncle Sam Keeps His Money on Tap.

In response to a resolution of the House of Representatives, acting Secretary Netteten has sent to that body a list showing the names of the several banks in which the public money is deposited, the purpose for which deposited, the town and state in which each depositary is situated, and the date of designation of each bank as a depositary. It shows that there are 202 of these banks, 187 of which are marked "general" and 15 marked "surplus."

The banks simply receive on deposit to the credit of the treasurer of the United States when first designated, the amount they were allowed to hold in proportion to the amount of United States bonds furnished as security therefor, and there has since been no change in such accounts, except for the purpose of reducing the holdings of such depositaries by transfer to the subtreasury. No interest, the acting secretary says, has been, or is now paid into the treasury by any of such depositories in return for the use of the public funds. The authority to designate national banks as depositories of public moneys is contained in section 5153, revised statutes of the United States.

## A DEMOCRATIC SCHEME.

### They Would Take the Negro's Right to Vote Away from Him.

The Washington *Post* of Dec. 23, publishes the views of a number of Southern congressmen on a proposition, which it says Senator Butler will bring forward in the Senate before the debate on the elections bill closes, for joint resolution depriving the negro of the right to vote, and at the same time reducing relatively Southern representation in Congress. Senator Butler is reported saying that he will dare Republican senators to vote for such a measure, which he declares would receive his hearty support.

Senator Pugh declares emphatically that the South would not hesitate one moment to give up any representation based on the negro vote, if by so doing it could forever eliminate the negro as a political entity.

Representatives Stockdale, Oates, Catchings and others expressed similar views. Senator Vance opposed the proposition. Mills, of Texas, thought if the negro vote was eliminated it would make several more Northern states Democratic, for the reason that the colored vote in those states is larger than the Republican majorities.

## BOARD OF GUN FACTORIES.

### A Preliminary Report Submitted to Congress.

The secretary of war on December 18 transmitted to the senate a preliminary report of the board on gun factories and steel forgings for high power guns, appointed by the President under an act of last session of Congress.

In a letter accompanying the report, Secretary Proctor states that it may be advisable to establish, at no distant day, a gun factory at some point on the Pacific coast of sufficient capacity to supply the guns required for the armament of that coast.

Secretary Proctor further says that it appears from the report that there is as yet no plant ready on the Pacific coast equal to the manufacture of large gun forging, but that capital seems ready to take hold and has already begun to locate itself with this object in view at more than one point.

The board estimates that it will take $349,000 to establish a plant on the Pacific coast for the manufacture of high power guns, and for the machinery, tools $1,135,300, making a total of $1,484,300.

### World's Fair Commissioners.

The President has appointed Louis L. Williams and Edward De Groff, of Alaska, commissioners, and M. A. Fuller of Alaska and Carl Shuhn, of Alaska, alternate commissioners to the World's fair, and David W. Curtis to be alternate commissioner for the state of Wisconsin, vice G. H. Gordon, declined.

### The Newark Accepted.

For a Christmas present, Wm. Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia, will hand to Uncle Sam the new cruiser Newark, which successfully passed the ordeal of an official trial trip and proved to the officers composing the trial board that an addition had been made to the new navy of more than usual excellence.

### Preparing the Proclamation.

It is said that the President has completed his examination of the papers on the case of the World's Columbian exposition, and that they have been referred to the secretary for the preparation of the proclamation.

### They Can Not Agree.

There is no prospect of a final agreement by the Ohio ballot-box committee

before the beginning of the new year on the report which the committee will be obliged to prepare.

## WASHINGTON CHAT.

The new revenue cutter Galveston was successfully launched at Baltimore, on Dec. 18. The vessel will cost $144,000. She was built for use in the harbor of Galveston, Texas.

An order has been issued by the commissioner of Pensions, prescribing uniform forms for applications for placing cases on the completed files, so as to simplify and reduce the labor of the office in that regard.

Senator Sherman, from the committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill providing that the McKinley tariff act shall not be held to impede or impair the force of any treaty between the United States and any other government. It was placed upon the calendar.

The naval appropriation bill was completed Dec. 20 by the House committee on Naval Affairs. Only one new ship is provided for. This is to be a triple-screw propelled cruiser, like what is known to naval officers as Cruiser No. 12. It is to be 7,500 tons displacement, without armament, and the limit of cost is fixed at $2,750,000. The bill carries a total appropriation of about $30,500,000.

Representative Oates, of Alabama, with the authority of the House committee on the judiciary, has reported a substitute for the bill reported some time ago to amend the alien land act. The substitute differs from the bill now on the calendar, in that it is made to apply not only to persons who are aliens, but to any firm, company, or corporation composed in whole or in part of aliens, except railroad corporations, and that five years are given aliens within which to dispose of lands they buy in at foreclosure sales in order to protect mortgage or other interests they may have in the property.

## 51ST CONGRESS—2D SESSION.

**Synopsis of the Proceedings for the Past Week.**

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Pugh were presented. After the morning hour had been devoted to miscellaneous business, the Elections bill was taken up.

In the House, Mr. Mills offered a concurrent resolution providing for a holiday recess, December 22 to January 5. Referred. The apportionment bill was discussed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—In the Senate Mr. Sherman introduced a bill, which was referred to the finance committee, providing against a contraction of the currency; the Election bill was discussed; the following bills were passed:

Senate bill appropriating $100,000 for a public building at Danville, Ill.; House bills for public buildings at South Bend, Ind., $75,000; and Bloomington, Ill., $75,000; being an amendment reducing the amount from $100,000.

In the House several bridge bills were passed, and the bill to place the American marine engaged in the foreign trade on an equality with that of other nations, was considered in committee of the Whole.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—In the Senate a bill was passed to sell the old customs house at Erie, Pa., and the remainder of the day was spent in discussing the elections bill.

In the House the apportionment bill was passed yeas, 187; nays, 82.

The negative vote was as follows: Messrs Alderson, Allen, (Miss.); Andrew, Barnes, Blanchard, Breckinridge, (Ark); Brickner, Brookshire, J. B. Brown, Brunner, Buckalew, Bunn, Campbell, Caruth, Catchings, Clancy, Clements, Cobb, Covert, Crisp, Cummings, Dunphy, Ellis, Enloe, Fithian, Flower, Foreman, Fowler, Geissenhainer, Goodnight, Hare, Henderson (N. C.); Herbert, Holman, Lane, Lawler, Lester, (Ga.); Magner, Marsh, Martin, (Ind.); Martin, (Tex.); McAdoo, McCarthy, McClellan, McCreary, McMillin, McRae, Montgomery, Mutchler, Oates, Oneill, (Ind.); Outhwaite, Parrett, Paynter, Peel, Pennington, Perry, Price, Pindar, Quinn, Richardson, Robertson, Rogers, Sayers, Seney, Shively, Spinola, Springer, Stahlnecker, Stockdale, Tracey, Tucker, Turner, (Ga.); Turner, (N. Y.); Vaux, Waddill, Wheeler, (Ala); Whitthorne, Wike, Wiley, Williams, (Ill.); Yoder.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—In the Senate Mr. Stanford spoke on his bill introduced December 5, to provide a means to supply the government with a sound circulating medium. The bill was referred to the Finance committee. The printing deficiency bill was passed. The elections bill was then discussed.

In the House, District of Columbia business was considered and a bill passed amending the act for the division of a portion of the Sioux Indians in Dakota into smaller reservations.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—In the Senate Mr. Pettigrew introduced a bill to prohibit the sale of firearms and ammunition to Indians on reservations. Referred. The elections bill was discussed.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Clunie, of California, Senate bill was passed for the relief of S. H. Brooks, assistant treasurer at San Francisco, and the securities on his official bond. In the morning hour a bill was passed to authorize the construction of a tunnel under the waters of the bay of New York between the towns of Middletown and New Utrecht. The House then went into committee of the whole (Mr. Burrows in the chair) on the urgent deficiency bill with Senate amendments. Mr. Henderson moved a concurrence in the Senate amendments, with one exception. This exception was the amendment providing for the payment of Senate session employes, including the clerks to senators. The committee on Appropriations recommended a concurrence in the amendment with an amendment striking out the appropriation for the senators' clerks, which virtually made them annual employes. At the last session the Senate had endeavored, in an appropriation bill, to secure a provision making the position of a senator's clerk an annual one. The House had resisted this and its resistance had been successful. It was now proposed to do by indirection what could not be done by direction. After a long debate the motion of Mr. Henderson was agreed to, the committee rose, the bill was returned to the Senate for its action and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—After a quorum was found in the Senate the Elections bill was discussed.

In the House two sensational resolutions were introduced calling for the appointment of a committee for the investigation of the killing of Sitting Bull, to ascertain whether or not it was done in accordance with the rules of war. District of Columbia business was considered.

# GENERAL NEWS.

## MUST NOT BE A NUISANCE.

**Important Decision on the Original Package Cases.**

In the celebrated original package case of the state of South Dakota vs George H. Chapman and William Kollar on a writ of error, the Supreme court of South Dakota on Dec. 18 rendered a decision against the defendants. This was an action where the defendants were informed against in the County court of Lincoln county for keeping a common nuisance by selling intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

The court holds that in order for the defendants to receive immunity under the decision of the Supreme court of the United States in the case of Lusy vs. Hardin, commonly known as the original package case, they must show in the first place that they are foreign importers or agents of a foreign importer of beer or liquors; second, that as such agents they received an importation of beer or liquor from another state or country; third, that they are as such importers or agents selling this imported, by the original unbroken package in which it was imported; fourth, that they are not making their house of business a tipling concern or rendezvous of persons bringing it within the police power of the state to declare it a nuisance.

The court further holds that when bottles of whisky or beer, each sealed up in a paper wrapper and closed and placed together in uncovered wooden boxes furnished by the importer, and these wooden boxes are marked to the address of the agent and shipped from one state to another, the wooden boxes, and not the bottles, constitute the original package within the meaning of the decision of the Supreme court.

## A FRAUDULENT DIVORCE.

**W. S. Pendleton's Document Was Not Genuine.**

The victim of one of the fraudulent divorce mills in New York city, has run to earth the proprietors of the mill. He is no less a person than William S. Pendleton, who, when he bought his divorce, was mayor of Fort Worth, Tex. The men who, it is said, sold him the divorce, were W. Duryee Hughes, who says he is the brother-in-law of ex-United States Attorney General Williams, and Patrick H. Campbell, both attorneys practicing in New York.

It appears that the document purporting to be a divorce, for which W. H. Hughes and Campbell received $265, is a forgery. The proof of the forgeries is unquestionable.

The connection of Hughes with the procuring of the counterfeited seal is positive. As to Campbell's complicity there is no such positive proof.

The bogus divorce is dated August 22, 1889, and bears a counterfeit seal of Cook county, Illinois, divorce court. Mr. Hughes protests that he thought his correspondent was all right.

The bogus seal of the court, it is said, was made by the Nassau print works of New York. Forging the seal of any court, or forging a certified or authenticated copy of any decree of any court, or any document or any writing purporting to be such a decree, is punishable by not less than five nor more than ten years in state prison. It was upon the strength of this fraudulent divorce, which Pendleton says he supposed to be genuine, that he created such a sensation by eloping to New Orleans with a beautiful girl of Fort Worth and married her.

## M'KINLEY WILL TALK.

**He Will Answer Cleveland at the Toledo Banquet.**

It is now definitely arranged that Major McKinley will be given an opportunity to reply to the free trade harangue which Grover Cleveland delivered at the Thurman banquet. The occasion will be the coming convention of the Ohio Republican league at Toledo, and his subject will probably be, "An American Tariff for an American People."

Mr. McKinley's speech will be one of the most noteworthy and interesting features of the occasion, and it will serve to place the convention beyond the bounds of state importance and give it national character and significance.

The toastmaster will be Gen. William H. Gibson. Professor D. Augustus Straker, of Detroit, one of the most eloquent and learned colored men in the country, will respond to the toast, "Equality of Citizenship, the Safeguard of the American Republic." Bellamy Storer, the only Congressional candidate who triumphed over the geerymander, will respond to the toast, "Young Republicans of Ohio." John Dalzell, the eloquent Congressman from Pittsburg, will respond to "The Republican Party in Congress."

Hon. Daniel J. Ryan will respond to the toast, "The Buckeye State."

A new star in the Republican firmament will be brought to the front. He is Hon. Ed. S. Wallace, of Springfield. Mr. Wallace was a Democrat until twelve years ago, when he cut loose from the old party, and was elected mayor of Springfield on the Independent ticket. Since that time he has embraced the Republican faith and was a prominent candidate for congressional honors at the Washington C. H. convention. Mr. Wallace was at one time regarded as the most eloquent and promising young man in the Democratic party in Ohio. He received the Democratic nomination for attorney-general when only 21 years old. He is a graduate of Heidleburg, the great German university, and a man of magnificent education.

Ex-Governor James M. Ashley, who made a gallant fight for congressional honors in the Toledo district, will respond to the toast, "Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Ashley, while in congress, was a personal friend of President Lincoln.

Others of note will be included in the programme.

## A RUSH OF SETTLERS.

**Crowds of Applicants for Homesteads on the Great Reservoir Strip.**

The great raid on the land office at Wausau, Wis., to file claims on land in the Great Reservoir Strip began at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, and thus far the filing has proceeded without disturbance. At an early hour Saturday Mayor Mueller directed Capt. Bellis, of the Wausau Light Guard, to march his company to the court-house square to preserve order, and 45 blue coats, with glistening bayonets, took up a station close to the land office. The arrival of the military put an effective damper on the ardor of the homesteaders who could not get in line, and everything was peace and quiet when Register Saunders slid back the wicket for the first filing. Up to noon 45 claims, aggregating 8,000 acres of the best land in the strip had been filed and a line of over one hundred men were still waiting at the wicket.

At Eau Claire there was almost a riot. The windows of the land office were smashed, but the land officers succeeded in quelling the disturbance. The trouble was caused by a policeman, who was stationed at the wicket to preserve order, filing a claim for himself. His application was refused. Miss Mamie Richardson, daughter of General Richardson, of Chippewa Falls, fought heroically, and when she reached the desk her hat was gone and her hair dishevelled; but she got a tract worth $5,000.

## A LAND GRAB.

**Sioux City Has a Legal Contest on Her Hands.**

A question involving the title of about 1,000 acres of land on the Nebraska shore, where the town of South Sioux City stands, is soon to come up in the courts of Sioux City, Iowa. When the Sioux City & Pacific road was built it obtained a grant of certain lands within ten miles of the road on either side and this includes a large tract of land in and about South City.

When this grant was made the government notified the officials in the land office to make entries and issue no patents to settlers on the same, but in the course of time the land officials changed and the instructions were lost sight of and patents issued for portions of the lands to settlers, who either held or assigned their claims to others, until they were purchased by the short line railroad company.

After the Sioux City & Pacific secured the lands it assigned them to the Missouri Valley Land company, which in turn deeded its interests to the Iowa Railroad Land company, which now claims title to the property, and alleges that the Short Line people have no right in the property, as their patents to it are prior.

Much of the land was purchased by the Short Line company for from $30 to $40 an acre and if the land company succeeds in perfecting its claim this sum will be lost to the railroad unless it can recover on deeds by which it holds the property.

## AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

**An Awful Crime Expiated in a Terrible Manner.**

Chinese advices of December 22, report the execution of the sentences on the villagers near Shangha, China, for the cruel murder of fourteen salt inspectors, and the burning of the bodies of the wounded and dead. Last March these salt inspectors made a raid on a village. They wore no uniform and the villagers mistook them for pirates.

The inspectors seized a pile of contraband salt, which they found by the side of a house, and while they removed it to their boats they were attacked by villagers and overpowered. Nearly all were only stunned by blows, but a visit to their boat showed the villagers that they had attacked government officers and fearful of the severe punishment they decided to burn the boat and with it the bodies of the wounded inspectors to remove all traces of crime. So they carried the injured men to the boat and despite their entreaties set fire to it and burned the whole. The chief criminal was sentenced to decapitation but committed suicide before the day arrived, and according to law his body was exhumed and the head struck off and exhibited as a warning to the public. Four other were strangled and four exiled after heavy fines.

## FREE COINAGE.

**The Matter to be Tested in the U. S. Supreme Court.**

David H. Moffat, ex-Senator Tabor, and other millionaire mining men, have decided upon a bold step to test the question of free coinage of silver under the present law. Arrangements have been made for an agent of Senator Tabor to have ready a bar of silver containing 1,000 ounces, accompanied by a certificate of its fineness from the mint.

This will be presented at the Treasury department at Washington, and a demand made that it be exchanged for coin. The demand will, of course, be refused, when a writ of mandamus will be obtained from the United States court, and the matter will become the ground for a legal battle. The theory of this action is that the law and its interpretation are unconstitutional, and that the government has no right to refuse coin for bullion.

**Could Not See His Dead Child.**

The Rev. James Campbell, who was on Saturday found guilty of criminal malpractice, and whose infant child, a boy 7 months old, died while he was on trial, was refused the privilege of attending the funeral on December 21. The judge of the Circuit court made an entry allowing the defendant this privilege, but the sheriff refused to carry out the wishes of the court. The Rev. Mr. Campbell offered to go in chains, bound hand and foot.

## A TRUSTED CASHIER

**Embezzles $6,380 and Absconds—Speculation the Cause.**

Nelson C. Jennings, who for four years has been the trusted cashier of the Sunday Creek Coal company, at Chicago, on Dec. 19 absconded with $6,380 belonging to the corporation.

Speculation in stocks is supposed to be the cause of the defalcation. Jennings is 40 years old and has a wife and grown daughter. Jennings worked at the office, which is room 413 Phenix building, until closing hour, and then cashed a $1,500 check and left the city. His whereabouts are unknown. He left on his desk a letter addressed to J. E. Stone, auditor of the company, who is in the general offices at Columbus, O. Monday morning T. C. Loucks, the manager of the Chicago branch, found the letter, but did not open it. Jennings' absence did not cause any suspicion until Tuesday, when an investigation was made.

The letter addressed to Mr. Stone was then examined and found to be in Jennings's handwriting. Its contents confessed Jennings's guilt. A statement was inclosed of the checks and drafts he had cashed and not entered upon the cash-book. The amounts ranged from $250 to $2,700. November 18 the peculations began, and were continued up to the last day of his stay in the city, when he cashed a $1,500 check which had been drawn to pay the employes.

The letter showed that the defaulter was suffering from remorse. "I don't know how I came to do it," he wrote: "it is the first wrong I ever did. Have pity on me, and if not on me, have pity on my wife and daughter. My heart is broken. I will spend the remainder of my life trying to make good the loss."

Mr. Loucks at once telegraphed for Auditor Stone to come to Chicago. Mr. Stone arrived this morning, and is engaged in going over the books. "Yes, Mr. Jennings is gone," he said this morning, "and it is a great surprise to us all.

"The amount of his embezzlement will not exceed $6,380, and the Sunday Creek Coal company will not lose that, as we have his bond for $10,000. The American Surety company is Jennings' guarantor. Mr. Jennings has been cashier here over four years. He had entire charge of the cash and had many opportunities to play dishonest. I believe that he has been speculating and that caused the trouble. November 18 he took the first money, and it was about that time that the flurry in wheat occurred. Every two or three days after that, as his statement shows, he took various sums, until Saturday, when, knowing that exposure was necessarily not far distant, he cashed the pay-roll check and disappeared. None of the books are doctored. He cashed checks and failed to enter them as receipts on the cash book. I am positive that his defalcation will not exceed $6,380, but a thorough examination of the books will be made."

## FOUR BAD INDIANS.

**A Wholesale Execution at Missoula, Montana.**

The most notable execution which ever took place in that section of the country occurred at Missoula, Mont., on Dec. 19, when La Laze, Pierre Paul, Antly and Pascale, four Indian murderers, were hanged.

All died game. Pierre Paul and Antly smilingly bade good-bye to their friends, when the cap was drawn down over their faces. All were cut down twenty minutes after the trap was sprung. Their necks were broken.

The crimes for which these four Indians were hanged was among the most cowardly and brutal of the treacherous fiends. Pascale killed a prospector named J. M. Dunn, in the spring of 1889, near Dernersville. Dunn was trading horses with him, and when he refused to trade back the Indian shot him, taking the horse and what money he had. Pascale hid the body in the brush, where the bones were discovered some months later by another Indian, to whom Pascale admitted the crime. The bones were identified by the remnants of clothing and Pascale was arrested.

Antly's crime was the participation in the murder of three white prospectors, McDonald, Seely and Thompson, in the fall of 1887, at Wolf Creek, near Tobacco Plains. The prospectors were surprised at the camp fire by a party of six Kootenai Indians and were murdered in cold blood. Two of the Indians were captured soon after and lynched by the people of Dernersville. Antly remained at large until the close of the summer. La Laza and Pierre Paul killed two white men names not known in August, 1887, and threw the bodies into Jocko river, where they were found by a half-breed woman who was cautioned by the murderers to say nothing about the bodies. She notified the authorities, and the murderers finally were arrested last summer. The murders were unprovoked, as La Laze said it was fun to kill white men. The four prisoners were tried and convicted before Judge Marshal at Missoula last fall.

**Wants Part of the Town.**

A man representing himself to be a son of Charles Kellogg, formerly of Bloomington, Ill., asserts his title to 160 acres of land, on which is located a part of that city. He says that his father in 1856 went to Cuba, without conveying the title to the land; that it was afterward sold for taxes and that title thus obtained is not good. Kellogg says he will take steps to recover the property.

**Working a Fine Scheme.**

It is asserted that the cattlemen have not yet given up hope of again turning their herds into the Cherokee strip. They expect that the offers by several parties of large sums for the lands—which are believed here to be part of a preconcerted plan—will have the effect of preventing the commissioners from making a deal with the Cherokees, and that this will prevent the strip being opened.

**Senator Gorman's Residence Burned.**

Early on the morning of December 17, fire broke out in Senator Gorman's residence, at Laurel, Md., and it was not discovered until the whole dwelling was enveloped in flames. The inmates narrowly escaped with their lives. The house and contents were nearly totally destroyed.

**Jews for Brazil.**

The newspapers of Berlin report that 80,000 Russian Jews are expected to arrive at Hamburg soon, and that arrangements are being made there to send them to Brazil. It is stated that a committee is now being formed in Hamburg to take charge of the army of emigrants on their arrival.

**Railroads in Trouble.**

The railway strikers at Glasgow, Scotland, have so far succeeded in paralyzing traffic throughout the district. Very few trains are running. The Lanarkshire strikers are conducting their operations with much vigor. Their pickets are doing good work.

**Seals by the Thousand.**

The German sealing schooner Adele, which arrived at Victoria, B. C., from Behring sea on Dec. 17, and which was seized for unlawful sealing, has 400 skins. The crew reports two raids made on the island of St. Paul where seals were gathered in thousands.

**Minnesota's Vote.**

The Minnesota state board of Canvassers has canvassed the state and congressional returns. The plurality of Governor Merriam is 2,267 and the result, as heretofore published, in the congressional districts is unchanged.

**Oklahoma's Capitol.**

Gov. Steele, of Oklahoma, returned the Kingfisher capital bill to both houses of the legislature with a communication setting forth his objections to it. The legislature refused to change the bill.

**To Try It on the Lower Animals.**

The Paris veterinary society has resolved to treat a number of animals by the Koch system of inoculation and to tabulate the results in a most elaborate manner.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Cure SICK HEADACHE.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

## PARNELL.

## A KILKENNY FIGHT.

**Mr. Parnell Temporarily Blinded by Lime Thrown in His Eyes.**

The meeting on December 16 at Castle Cromer broke up in the wildest kind of a riot, and Parnell and his friends drove on amid a shower of stones and mud. Frequent attempts to assail the members of the party were made, and several bags filled with lime were thrown at them.

Mr. Harrington's shoulders were covered with lime, and a mass of lime struck Parnell full in the face, completely blinding him. This insult infuriated Mr. Parnell's friends. Mr. Harrington turned, and advancing toward Father Downey, who was at the head of Mr. Parnell's opponents, shouted: "Coward, you are a disgrace to your church!"

The police here again interfered, and Mr. Parnell's party, who had left their cabs, again took their seats and finally got away on to the road. Mr. Parnell's eyes, which were quite closed, were intensely painful. He was soon obliged to stop his carriage, which he left, and entered a laborer's cabin in a fainting condition. A local doctor attended him. The lime had become caked beneath his eye lids, and the doctor was only able to remove some of it by using a silk handkerchief and some hair oil he found in the cabin. The physician finally advised Mr. Parnell to drive immediately to Kilkenny. So the latter re-entered his carriage and proceeded on his journey.

But the pain again became so intense that a second halt was made, this time at a roadside public house, where the doctor made further efforts to relieve the terrible pain which Mr. Parnell was suffering. The doctor was able at this place to procure a quantity of castor oil, which he poured freely into Mr. Parnell's eyes. He then tried to scrape off some more of the lime, using for this purpose the point of an ordinary lead pencil. The lime, however, had become crusted inside the eyelids, and the doctor, with the crude implements at hand, was only able to remove the torturing substance slowly and with much difficulty.

The doctor poured more oil into Mr. Parnell's eyes and he said he "hoped that the case wasn't as bad as that." Finding that he was unable to remove all the lime, the doctor urged Mr. Parnell to drive with all speed to the town, and this was done.

Arriving at the Victoria hotel Mr. Parnell had to be led from the wagonette to his room. He reclined in an arm chair apparently sightless and suffering the most intense agony.

## PARNELL KNOCKED OUT.

**His Candidate for Parliament Defeated in Kilkenny.**

The result of the election for member of Parliament for Kilkenny on Dec. 22 was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hennessy | 2,502 |
| Scully | 1,356 |
| Majority for Hennessy | 1,146 |

It is stated that out of 5,700 persons entitled to vote at the election, 4,500 cast their ballots. Those who abstained from voting are said to have been mostly Unionists. Mr. Parnell said that his eyes were much better. He went to Avondale Dec. 24, and will remain there a day, proceeding thence to Paris. He will not resume the campaign in Ireland until January.

It is announced here that Dr. Tanner is bringing suit against Mr. Parnell for libels contained in speeches made by the latter during the course of the late political campaign.

The leading members of the Parnellite party in this section, after the announcement of the defeat of Mr. Vincent Scully had been made, were to be seen dolefully parading the court-house passages, apparently being in a very despondent state of mind.

Mr. Hennessy, when he left the court house, claimed that he at least had a majority of 1,000, and when the actual figures were given to the public it was seen that the anti-Parnellite was not far out in his estimate.

## PARNELL'S CAREER.

**How He Came Into Prominence as an Irish Leader.**

While most Americans are familiar with Mr. Parnell's career since his visit to this country ten years ago, his early parliamentary history is known to few. The following, written by D. J. Hishon, assistant secretary of the National league's central council, and published in the Limerick *Leader*, is interesting:

"Mr. Parnell's advent into the political struggles in Ireland took place at the general election of 1874, or rather immediately after it, when Col. Taylor's acceptance of office necessitated his re election for the county Dublin. Mr. Parnell was selected by the Home-Rule league to oppose Col. Taylor, and though the fight from the first was considered to be a hopeless one, Mr. Parnell entered into the struggle with alacrity, and acquitted himself in a manner which drew from his political sponsors (among whom was the late A. M. Sullivan) the highest praise.

"After his defeat nothing was heard of Mr. Parnell in politics until the arrival of John Mitchel in Ireland. When Mr. Mitchel was opposed by Mr. Moore in his candidature for the representation of the premier county, Mr. Parnell supported Mr. Mitchel in an admirable letter, and inclosed a draft of £25 to defray the expenses of the contest.

"In 1875, on the demise of John Martin, who represented the county of Meath in Parliament, Mr. Parnell was selected to succeed him. He was opposed by a Tory and a rival Home-Ruler, but succeeded in beating both. At the close of the poll the numbers stood: Parnell (Home-Ruler), 1,771; J. L. Napper (Tory), 902; J. T. Hinds (Home-Ruler), 138.

"At the time Mr. Parnell entered the house of commons a coercion bill for Ireland was in course of enactment: indeed, Mr. Parnell's first vote in the house was recorded against coercion. It was during the debates on this bill that Mr. Parnell, in company with Mr. Biggar, introduced what was afterward so well known by the name of 'obstruction' into the house.

"Mr. Parnell's first suspension occurred during a debate on the proposed annexation of the Transvaal to the British empire. Liberal and Tory alike were boiling with indignation against Mr. Parnell for upsetting the smooth and easy arrangements of parliamentary debate. Advantage was taken of a breach of parliamentary etiquette, which Mr. Parnell refused to apologize for, and was compelled to withdraw. During this debate Mr. Parnell expressed his sympathy for struggling Nationalists outside in the following manner: 'I feel as an Irishman, coming from a country which has experienced to the fullest extent the result of English interference in its affairs, and the consequences of English cruelty and tyranny, that I have a special interest in thwarting and preventing the designs of the government upon the South African colonists.'

"In 1878 a conference of the Irish party was held, and Mr. Parnell was elected chairman of it. In that year the government so far recognized his power as to accept thirty of his amendments to the government army bill, among which was abolishing flogging in the army.

"In 1879 the county approved of his active policy by electing Mr. Lysaght Finnigan, a follower of Mr. Parnell, for Ennis, in the teeth of very formidable opposition. In the winter of this year also to beseech charity for the people who were stricken with famine, Mr. Parnell, in company with Mr. John Dillon, proceeded to America. His mission was a complete success, and he was treated with distinguished honors by the people of America—the House of Representatives at Washington permitting him to speak before them while in session.

"In March, 1880, he returned to Ireland from America, and at a meeting of the Home Rule members of parliament, held at the City hall on the 17th of May following, he was elected chairman of the Irish party, beating the previous chairman, Mr. Shaw, by a majority of five. This decision led to a secession among the party, and Mr. Shaw's followers went over to the government. On the 19th of October, 1880, he founded the Land league, which had been in existence for some time previously, on a broad basis, at a great meeting at Longford."

**Eyraud and Bompard.**

Eyraud and Mlle. Bompard were convicted at Paris Saturday night. The former was sentenced to death and the latter to 21 years imprisonment.

## SITTING BULL'S LAST FIGHT.

**Some Further Particulars About the Fight and His Death.**

The order for the arrest of Sitting Bull had been given to Col. Drum and Agent McLaughlin, and was to have been carried out on December 5. However, it was delayed for various reasons until Dec. 15. Sitting Bull had asked for a permit to visit the Pine Ridge agency and prepared to leave without it. Bull Head, Sitting Bull's most bitter enemy, was in charge of the police, and he so reported to Mr. John Carrigan, who was in charge of the school four miles from Sitting Bull's camp. Mr. Carrigan wrote a letter to the officials, and Hawk Man, an early ghost dancer, but later a loyal policeman, carried it in, returning with orders to Bull Head. He made the 100 miles in less than 24 hours, and was killed in the fight.

The two troops of cavalry under Capt Fechet started at midnight, one with a Hotchkiss gun and the other a Gatling gun. At 6:30 in the morning the courier met them with news of a fight, and the cavalry came forward into action on the gallop. The hostiles were in the timber and were firing on the police, who defended themselves from Bull's house. A few shots from the Hotchkiss gun sent the redskins scurrying up the river, out of range, and the policemen formed into line, presenting a fine appearance as they received the soldiers, but the spectacle a few yards behind them was horrible in the extreme. Eight corpses lay about on the ground riddled with bullets and mutilated. Sitting bull was on his back, and his face was hardly recognizable, so shot up and battered was it. They were all hostiles and besides Bull were Black Bird, Catch-the-Bear, Spotted Horn Bull, Crow Foot, Brave Thunder, Little Assinaboine, Chase Wounded and two others. Sitting Bull's two sons were there.

Inside the house were the dead and wounded policemen, Little Eagle, Afraid of Soldier, Broken Arm and Hawk Man were dead. Shave Head was mortally wounded in the stomach, having an arm and leg broken and a shot in the stomach. Another policeman was shot in the foot. Shave Head and Bull Head have since died. Clots of blood lay in the trail leading into the wood, and there is no doubt several hostiles were killed and wounded.

**The Fight in Detail.**

The fight came about in the following way: Bull Head, with 40 policemen went into Sitting Bull's camp without arousing any of the band. All halted near the house except Bull Head and Shave Head and eight others. These went into Bull's house, raised him up from his bed and led him out. They tried to induce him to go with them without resistance, but Bull gave the alarm by yelling. Instantly Catch-the-Bear came out of his lodge and started through the camp yelling for all to come and bring their guns.

Instantly the whole band flocked about the policemen. Catch-the-Bear fired the first shot. It struck Bull Head in the leg, whereupon he whirled and put a bullet into Sitting Bull's head, and at the same moment Red Tomahawk shot Sitting Bull in the Stomach. The firing then became general. A part of the hostiles retreated to the stable, a hundred yards off, and the policemen pursued them and drove them out. The policemen also got possession of the house, and took in their dead and wounded.

The hostiles then fell back into the wood and the fight was kept up until the cavalry drove them out. There were more than a hundred hostiles, and the courage and pluck displayed by the little band of policemen was magnificent. Having thoroughly searched the woods and tepees, the policemen fell back to Oak Creek, 14 miles from Grand river, and camped there Monday night. Both of Sitting Bull's wives and one or two very old women and girls were in one house; a small boy, about 9 years of age, had been left in one tepee, and in another was a blind, decrepid old woman whose face was shriveled by age into a mass of wrinkles, and under a bed in the room with Mrs. Sitting Bull were found two youths, one a nephew of Sitting Bull and the other a son of Little Assinaboine. Save these and numerous dogs of all ages, no living creatures were found in the search of the lodges. The women were left, but the two youths were brought as prisoners to the agency. None of the lodges except the one in the ghost dance ring were disturbed.

**Police Killed.**

LITTLE EAGLE.
AFRAID OF SOLDIERS.
HAWK MAN, broken arm.
BULL HEAD, mortally wounded.
SHAVE HEAD, badly wounded, has since died.
ALEX. MIDDLE, wounded on the leg.

**Hostiles Killed.**

SITTING BULL.
CROW FOOT, Sitting Bull's son.
BRAVE THUNDER and his son.
CATCH-THE-BEAR.
BLACK BEAR.
SPOTTED HORN BULL.

**The Victims of the Indian Fight.**

The funerals of the five Indian policemen who gave up their lives so heroically Monday morning took place at agency on December 18. The full military force of the fort were on hand and a regular military funeral was held. It was very impressive. Four were buried in the Catholic cemetery and the fifth, Little Eagle, being a Protestant, will be interred on Grand river.

Sitting Bull's body was laid away in the post graveyard at Fort Yates to-day with few honors.

## THE RED MESSIAH.

**A Scout Has Found Him—Another Arrested.**

A. I. Chapman, a well-known Indian scout, has returned, on December 23, to Portland, Ore., from Nevada, where he went in November for the purpose of interviewing the so-called Messiah, in obedience to orders from Gen. Gibbons. He first went to Walker's Lake in Nevada and talked with the Piutes, who told him the Messiah had been receiving calls from the tribes in the West.

Chapman found the Messiah at the west fork of Walker river, in Nevada. Speaking of his interview, Chapman said: "The Messiah, Quoetize Ow, as he gives his name, is a full-blooded Piute Indian, and has always been peaceful in disposition. He spoke freely of his call to preach. His first experience with the Almighty was one afternoon while hunting. Hearing a noise he started to learn its cause, when he was thrown to the ground from some unknown cause. He was then taken to Heaven and there saw all the whites and Indians that had lived and died upon earth.

"He was afterwards brought back to the earth, to the same spot where he had fallen. God told him He had been looking for a mortal whom He could entrust with a mission, reforming the world, and had decided on Quoetize Owl. Having been informed of his mission he set out to perform it. He taught the Indians they should work and avoid fighting except in self-defense.

"Last summer the Indians told him that unless it rained soon the crops would fail. He told them to go home and in three days an abundance of rain fell. Quoetize Ow got his ideas from a religious family with whom he had lived."

**Found One in the Bad Lands.**

The police at Pine Ridge Agency, on December 23, arrested the Messiah down in Red Cloud's camp. When they pulled the white blanket off they found an intelligent but harmless crank, A. C. Hopkins by name, from Nashua, Iowa. He claimed he was here in the interest of peace, and that he had come because the Indians misinterpreted his message. He wanted to go to the Bad Lands, but Agent Royer changed the address to Chadron, starting him under an escort of police.

## FROM THE INDIANS.

**Sitting Bull's Followers Reported Badly Split Up.**

Couriers and guides in from the Cannonball, on December 22, where Capt. Fountain and his troops have been, report that the latter have moved forward to Grand river. Runners between Short Bull and Kicking Bear are keeping up communication. The latter's band is split up in small detachments.

White Hawk's band of 75 Indians has removed from the Little Missouri, and are reported as heading east. They are likely to cross the Northern Pacific at Hebron or Glenullen. Six lodges are said to be camped on the Heart river, southwest of Glenullen, and sixteen lodges are reported 50 miles north of this place by cattlemen who were here last night.

Sitting Bull's band has left the Grand river fording and is headed due west and is likely to cross east of Glendive, Mont. Maj. Carroll and the First cavalry are advancing along the Cannonball. Capt. Adams and Carr's scouts are slowly closing in from the west side of the Little Missouri.

It looks as though the redskins have been forewarned of the proposed corral by the troops, as none of them have been met with. A system of communication is complete between Maj. Carroll, Capts. Fountain and Adams and Lieuts. Carr and Gaston. The cavalry and infantry scouting in the neighborhood of the Bad Land numbers only 400.

Maj.-Gen. Schofield has received a telegram from Gen. Miles dated Rapid City, Dak., Dec. 22, as follows: "I believe all or very nearly all of the followers of Sitting Bull have been captured. Col. Sumner reports today the capture of Big Foot's band of Sioux, numbering 150. He has been one of the most defiant and threatening. The result so far has been satisfactory."

**Big Foot Surrenders.**

A special dated December 22, says Sitting Bull's band of 150 warriors, led by Big Foot, had just surrendered to Col. Sumner, who, with 200 soldiers, succeeded in surrounding them in the vicinity of Standing Rock, while they were making for the Bad Lands.

**The Indian Trouble Over.**

"Well, the end of our big Indian scare is very near now, I think," said Col. Corbin at Chicago on Dec. 22. "When Two Strike came in with 600 tepees it left only about 700 hostiles all told, and Gen. Miles now has these surrounded and will bring matters to an issue soon."

## A CRISIS AT HAND.

**Men Will Not Work With Coal Mined by Convicts.**

The coal miners' strike at Birmingham, Ala., assumed a serious turn, on Dec. 17, and one that threatens to close every industry in this district. The members of the Amalgamated association of Iron and Steel Workers, held a meeting, and passed resolutions of sympathy and pledged support to the strikers. They agree to refuse to work with coal mined by convict or scab miners, if the strikers ask them to do so.

Mr. McBride, of the executive board of United Mine-Workers of America, arrived from Detroit on the 17th to look into the strike. He says if he cannot settle it he will call out all the iron and steel workers. This means the closing down of all the rolling mills, foundries and machine shops, and 3,000 more men will join the ranks of the strikers. The strike has already seriously injured business and there seems no prospect of settlement.

## NEBRASKA FARMERS.

**The Actual Work of the Convention Becoming Known.**

The Nebraska State Farmers' Alliance closed its session at Lincoln on Dec. 18. John H. Powers was elected president, and H. C. Stewart vice president; J. M. Thompson secretary, and Jay Burrow chairman of the executive committee.

The state Farmers' Alliance adopted a series of resolutions, which have not yet been made public. It is learned, however, that they endorse the Conger lard bill and oppose the Paddock pure food bill; favor an amendment to the constitution converting all fines and licenses moneys into the general school fund, instead of the local school fund; favor the abolition of the two cents bounty on sugar manufactured in this state; favor the adoption of an inter-state law that would forfeit both principal and interest if usury had been taken or contracted, and favor the passage of a maximum freight bill.

## A STRIKE IN VIEW.

**Pittsburg has a Difficult Labor Problem to Solve.**

A general strike of the switchmen, firemen and trainmen on all the roads centering in Pittsburg is threatened. A demand was made yesterday for a reduction in hours from twelve to eight hours a day and an advance in wages of fifteen per cent.

The officials of the Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio and Pittsburg & Lake Erie lines are considering the demands and no answers have been made.

**Important to Shippers.**

Among the decisions announced by the Ohio Supreme court Saturday was one of special interest to express companies, as it holds the company liable for the full value of an article lost in transit whether a value had been placed on the shipment or not. There were two cases, both brought up on error by the Adams Express company—one to the Circuit court of Pickaway county, and another from the Circuit court of Hamilton county. Judgment of the lower court was affirmed in both cases, Chief Justice Minchell and Judge Spear dissenting.

**Honored Americans.**

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American minister at Paris, and Mrs. Reid, who are making a tour of the East, spent several days in Constantinople and were the recipients of marked attentions. Mr. Reid was presented to the Sultan, and was afterward the guest of honor at a dinner given by his Majesty. Mrs. Reid was also honored by the Sultan who conferred upon her the order of the Shefkat, the highest Turkish decoration that can be given to a woman.

**Editorials Come High.**

Myron Van Auken, Republican candidate for district attorney in Oneida county, New York, in 1889, and who was beaten by a large majority, has brought suit against the Utica *Observer* alleging that each of 22 editorials damaged him $1,000, making $22,000 in all on account of editorials. He also charges that he is damaged $10,000 additional by his defeat, accomplished by these publications, and claims $10,000 besides, making a total of $42,000 for injury to his professional reputation.

**'Twas The Work of Sitting Bull.**

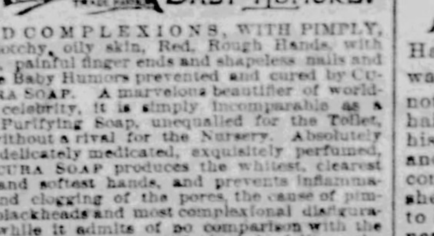
On Dec. 20 there was a number of Creek Indians in Guthrie, Oklahoma, in charge of Straight Line, a Creek interpreter. The latter insisted that neither he nor the people he represented had participated in or had any sympathy with the Messiah craze. Sitting Bull had sent couriers to the different tribes in the territory to incite an uprising, and these couriers had to a small extent been successful in their endeavors, but only with the blanket Indians.

**Winans Will Recover.**

Dr. Smith, who is attending Gov.-Elect Winans, of Michigan, says he is improving nicely and there is no doubt of his being able to assume the duties of his office at the beginning of the new year.

**A Relative of Washington.**

Mrs. Washington Anderson, over 90 years old, was buried at Dubuque. It is claimed that she was the last living representative of the family of Gen. George Washington.

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Aching sides and back, weak kidneys and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

## THE SHAM AND THE REAL.

Every good thing has its hosts of imitators; every genuine article its counterfeits. And imitators always choose the most pronounced, valuable or popular subject to counterfeit, so that when they claim their sham to be equal, or as good, or the same as "So-and-So's," the public may depend upon it that "So-and-So's" article is the best of the kind. The sham is always proving the genuine merit of the thing it copies.

The Royal Baking Powder Company have produced and popularized an article of household use, whose convenience, usefulness and real merit have made for it an immense and universal sale. A hundred imitators arise on every hand, and as they hold out their sham articles to the public, they cry in chorus, "Buy this; its just as good as the Royal, and much cheaper!"

The Royal Baking Powder is the standard of excellence the world over, and its imitators in their cry that theirs is "as good as Royal" are all the time emphasizing this fact. In their laborious attempts to show that their goods are as strong, as wholesome, or as pure as the Royal, by their contortive twistings of chemical certificates and labored efforts to obtain recognition from the Government chemists and prominent scientists who have certified the superiority of Royal over all others, by their copying even the style and wording of the Royal advertisements, they all admit the "Royal" to be the acme of perfection, which it is their highest ambition to imitate.

But the difference between the real and these imitations, which copy only its general appearance, is as wide as that between the paste and the true diamond. The shams all pay homage to the "Royal!"

## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.

**The Government Bounty on Maple Sugar—Facts for Farmers.**

Internal Revenue Collector Waldorf of Toledo, on the 17th received a letter from Commissioner of Internal Revenue Mason, asking him to ascertain, if possible, the number of farmers in the district who will be likely to produce 500 pounds or more of maple sugar, as there is a provision in the McKinley bill offering a bounty of two cents a pound to those who produce this amount. The department desires to adopt some method of weighing the product. Mr. Waldorf said to a BLADE reporter that in his opinion few of the farmers are acquainted with this fact, and desires the country papers to copy THE BLADE's mention of the matter. He also wishes farmers who expect to produce maple sugar to notify him of the fact by letter.

This is the letter that Mr. Waldorf received:

George P. Waldorf, Esq., Collector Tenth District, Toledo, O.:

SIR: You are requested to make an estimate of the number of persons in your district making 500 pounds or over of maple sugar, who will be likely to apply for a license for the coming season, under the provisions of the act of October 1, 1890, relative to bounty on sugars of domestic production.

As it will be necessary that the maple sugar upon which bounty is to be paid, should be weighed, under the supervision of internal revenue officers, you will estimate and report how many weighers or other officers will be required in order to carry out the law in your district, assuming that the officers will be obliged to travel around to the different places where the sugar is manufactured to weigh and inspect it.

Also to estimate and report the number of officers required should it be decided to have the sugar taken to general warehouses established in different localities in your district, where the sugar can be stored until weighed and inspected.

Also state the length of time that these additional officers, weighers or inspectors will be necessarily employed.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN W. MASON, Commissioner.

Mr. Waldorf says the work of weighing will be only a temporary job, and the cost will not amount to any considerable figure.

Here is an extract from the McKinley bill governing the bounty matter:

"Section 231—That on and after July 1, 1891, and until July 1, 1905, there shall be paid, from any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, under the provisions of section 3,689 of the revised statutes, to the producer of sugar testing not less than 90 degrees by the polariscope, from beets, sorghum, or sugar-cane grown within the United States, or from maple sap produced within the United States, a bounty of two cents per pound; and upon such sugar testing less than 90 degrees by the polariscope, and not less than 80 degrees, a bounty of 1¾ cents per pound, under such rules and regulations as the commissioner of Internal Revenue, with the approval of the secretary of the Treasury, may prescribe.

"232—The producer of said sugar, to be entitled to said bounty, shall have first filed prior to July 1 of each year with the commissioner of Internal Revenue a notice of a place of production, with a general description of the machinery and methods to be employed by him, with an estimate of the amount of sugar proposed to be produced in the current or next ensuing year, including the number of maple trees to be tapped and an application for a license to so produce to be accompanied by a bond in a penalty and with sureties to be approved by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, conditioned that he will faithfully observe all rules and regulations that shall be prescribed for such manufacture and production of sugar."

The next section states that a license shall be issued not to extend beyond one year from the date of issue.

**Chinch Bug Cholera.**

The discovery of Prof. Snow, chancellor of the Kansas state university, Lawrence, of the existence of a disease resembling cholera, peculiar to the chinch bug, will doubtless afford farmers relief from the destruction of their crops by this pest.

The professor has now brought his experiments to a final and successful close. During the summer infected bugs were let loose in a bug infested field. The disease spread so rapidly and was so fatal that the field was soon rid of the pests. Many farmers have made application to the professor for carcasses of bugs which have died from the cholera.

**Cut Off Her Flaxen Hair.**

A strange story is told by Mrs. Hanna Schommers, of Chicago, who was recently married, and has been noticeable for her beautiful long flaxen hair. She says an unknown man forced his way into her flat while she was alone and dealt her a blow which left her unconscious several hours. On recovery she found her hair had been severed close to her head and was lying on a chair near by.

**Duties Increased.**

The Spanish government has instructed the minister of finance to issue decrees raising the duties on foreign articles of food. The minister has also been instructed to prepare a new protective customs tariff.

# Census Figures.

**Population of All Cities and Towns of Over 3,000 by This Year's Census.**

Readers of THE BLADE will find below a carefully prepared transcript from the official returns of the federal census of 1890, showing the population of cities and towns of more than 3,000, arranged alphabetically by states, together with the figures of 1880, thus indicating the growth of the last ten years. In a few cases the official returns are not yet attainable, but the figures here given may be relied upon as correct. The list will be continued from week to week until all are given. Cut them out and paste them in a scrap-book, and you will have your own census report.

**Illinois.**

| | 1880. | 1890. |
|---|---|---|
| Alton | 8,975 | .... |
| Aurora | 11,873 | 19,634 |
| Batavia | 2,639 | 3,618 |
| Belleville | 10,683 | 15,360 |
| Belvidere | 2,951 | 3,868 |
| Bloomington | 17,180 | .... |
| Braidwood | 5,524 | .... |
| Cairo | 9,011 | .... |
| Canton | 3,762 | 5,586 |
| Centralia | 3,621 | 4,763 |
| Champaign | 5,103 | 5,827 |
| Charleston | 2,867 | 4,135 |
| Chicago | 503,185 | 1,099,133 |
| Collinsville | 2,887 | 3,498 |
| Danville | 7,733 | 11,528 |
| Decatur | 9,547 | 16,841 |
| Dixon | 3,658 | 5,149 |
| East St. Louis | 9,185 | 15,158 |
| Edwardsville | 2,887 | 3,573 |
| Effingham | 3,065 | 3,260 |
| Elgin | 8,787 | 17,429 |
| Freeport | 8,516 | .... |
| Galena | 6,451 | 6,403 |
| Galesburg | 11,437 | 15,213 |
| Jacksonville | 10,927 | 12,857 |
| Jerseyville | 2,894 | 3,208 |
| Joliet | 11,657 | 27,438 |
| Kankakee | 5,651 | .... |
| Kewanee | 2,704 | 4,554 |
| La Salle | 7,847 | .... |
| Lincoln | 5,639 | 6,1[illegible] |
| Litchfield | 4,326 | 5,[illegible] |
| Mattoon | 5,737 | 6,8[illegible] |
| Mendota | 4,142 | .... |
| Moline | 7,800 | 11,965 |
| Monmouth | 5,000 | 5,837 |
| Olney | 3,512 | 3,828 |
| Ottawa | 7,834 | 11,800 |
| Pana | 3,009 | 5,067 |
| Paris | 4,373 | 5,049 |
| Pekin | 5,993 | .... |
| Peoria | 29,259 | 40,758 |
| Peru | 4,632 | .... |
| Quincy | 27,268 | 31,478 |
| Rockford | 13,129 | 23,589 |
| Rock Island | 11,659 | 13,596 |
| Shelbyville | 2,939 | 3,162 |
| Springfield | 19,743 | 24,852 |
| Sterling | 5,087 | 5,828 |
| Streator | 5,157 | .... |
| Waukegan | 4,012 | .... |

**Kansas.**

| | 1880. | 1890. |
|---|---|---|
| Abilene | 2,360 | 3,540 |
| Atchison | 15,105 | 14,232 |
| Emporia | 4,631 | 7,550 |
| Fort Scott | 5,372 | 11,987 |
| Hutchinson | 1,540 | 8,678 |
| Independence | 2,915 | 3,121 |
| Junction City | 2,684 | 4,477 |
| Kansas City | .... | 38,271 |
| Lawrence | 8,510 | 9,975 |
| Leavenworth | 16,546 | 21,313 |
| Newton | 2,601 | 5,603 |
| Olathe | 2,285 | 3,290 |
| Osage City | 2,098 | 3,232 |
| Ottawa | [illegible] | 6,271 |
| Parsons | [illegible] | 6,736 |
| Salina | 3,111 | 3,02[illegible] |
| Topeka | 15,452 | 31,809 |
| Wellington | 2,694 | [illegible] |
| Wichita | 4,911 | 23,783 |
| Winfield | 2,844 | 5,1[illegible] |
| Wyandotte | 6,149 | .... |

**Kentucky.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bowling Green | 5,114 | 7,790 |
| Covington | 29,720 | 37,375 |
| Danville | 3,074 | 3,766 |
| Frankfort | 6,958 | .... |
| Harrodsburg | 2,202 | 3,194 |
| Henderson | 5,365 | 8,830 |
| Hopkinsville | 4,229 | 5,457 |
| Lexington | 16,656 | 22,356 |
| Louisville | 123,758 | 161,005 |
| Maysville | 5,220 | 5,350 |
| Mt. Sterling | 2,087 | 3,627 |
| Newport | 20,433 | 24,938 |
| Owensboro | 6,231 | 9,818 |
| Paducah | 8,036 | 13,084 |
| Paris | 3,304 | 5,505 |
| Richmond | 2,909 | 4,737 |

**Louisiana.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Baton Rouge | 7,197 | 10,697 |
| Donaldsonville | 2,600 | 3,199 |
| Monroe | 2,070 | 3,251 |
| New Orleans | 216,090 | 241,995 |
| Plaquemine | 2,061 | 3,211 |
| Shreveport | 8,009 | 11,469 |

**Maine.**

| | 1880. | 1890. |
|---|---|---|
| Auburn | 9,555 | 11,238 |
| Augusta | 8,665 | 10,527 |
| Bangor | 16,856 | 19,090 |
| Bath | 7,874 | 8,713 |
| Belfast | 5,308 | 5,175 |
| Biddeford | 12,651 | 14,418 |
| Brunswick | 5,384 | 5,998 |
| Calais | 6,173 | 7,277 |
| Camden | 4,386 | 4,621 |
| Cape Elizabeth | 5,302 | .... |
| Deering | 4,324 | 5,357 |
| Eastport | 4,006 | 4,899 |
| Ellsworth | 5,052 | 4,784 |
| Gardiner | 4,439 | 5,484 |
| Lewiston | 19,083 | 21,668 |
| Portland | 33,810 | 36,608 |
| Rockland | 7,599 | 8,187 |
| Saco | 6,389 | 6,075 |
| Skowhegan | 3,860 | 5,068 |
| Waterville | 4,672 | 7,091 |

**Maryland.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Annapolis | 6,642 | 7,636 |
| Baltimore | 332,313 | 433,547 |
| Cambridge | 2,277 | 4,163 |
| Cumberland | 10,693 | .... |
| Frederick | 8,659 | .... |
| Hagerstown | 6,627 | 11,699 |
| Havre de Grace | 2,816 | 3,210 |

**South Carolina.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beaufort | 2,549 | 3,577 |
| Charleston | 49,984 | 54,592 |
| Columbia | 10,036 | 14,876 |
| Greenville | 6,160 | 8,558 |
| Newberry | 2,342 | 3,028 |
| Spartanburg | 3,253 | 5,582 |
| Sumter | 2,011 | 3,868 |

**South Dakota.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sioux Falls | 2,164 | 10,154 |
| Yankton | 3,431 | 3,866 |